

IN STRIPES, BUT NOT A CONVICT.

A Case of Love and Mistaken Identity.
By GARRETT GEERLINGS.

There was excitement at the Allegheny county penitentiary. Potters had succeeded in tunnelling into the enclosure from a house directly opposite the massive walls. The strange actions of inmates of this house aroused a woman's suspicions and the authorities were placed on their guard. The cellar was examined immediately, and the great mass of earth piled up in front of an opening convinced the officials that the hole must extend many feet in length. Several men volunteered to enter, but after advancing a short distance were forced by the stifling fumes to retreat.

The authorities next decided to sink a shaft from the street to the hole. To determine the exact spot to dig the hole it was necessary to secure the services of an experienced mining engineer.

Robert Masters, a well known young engineer, was communicated with and next day came prepared for business.

"This is a very dirty piece of work," said Warden Wrex to the engineer. "I advise you to don this suit of convict's clothes. It is strong and cannot be pulled."

Robert Masters attire himself in the suit without hesitation. He was intent on the work before him. The city was interested in the extent of the tunnel and his success or failure would be made public in the papers. He determined to succeed and the forming of convict's stripes for the caston did not embarrass him.

The warden and two convicts who were to assist in the work accompanied the engineer across the street to the celleryway. A large crowd had gathered to watch the operations.

Helen Morse and two of her friends were among those who were watching the work. She could not help but notice the difference in the convicts. Two were pale and listless, cowering and abashed, while the third, who to her seemed unusually familiar with the warden, was bright, energetic and alert, indifferent to the starting crowd. This convict evidently interested her more than did the tunnel.

"What a handsome man!" said Helen to her friends. "He certainly must be a desperate character. He has a bearing of much intelligence and shrewdness to be classed among the ordinary criminals. I wonder who he is?"

Helen was visiting friends in the city. She lived in a small town, where she was popular and known in social society. She was young and her studies had thus far prevented her from becoming familiar with incidents which occur daily in a great city. So the proposition to visit the penitentiary and see the tunnel had been accepted with enthusiasm.

The young engineer remained underground for hours; the crowd was thinning out. Helen's friends wanted to go home, but she insisted on remaining. She had become interested in a convict and wanted to see him again.

When Robert Masters reappeared he was covered with mud, but there was a sparkle in his eye, denoting confidence that he could determine upon an opening in the street which would communicate with the tunnel. Some calculations were made and speedily two convicts with pick and shovels were digging a hole.

Masters watched the progress of the diggers; just as intensely did Helen watch the features of the young engineer. He gave orders, talked with the reporters and received courteous treatment from the warden. All this convinced Helen that he was no ordinary prisoner and she edged up more closely.

"They have struck the tunnel!" suddenly exclaimed the engineer as a volume of cold air rushed up from the opening. Robert Masters, who had been confident that he had made no errors, and proud of his success, he joined the warden and convicts as they returned to the prison.

Helen concluded that the handsome convict had earned his liberty; if not, then he certainly was a desperate character.

Jack Thibet, a life prisoner, was one of the men who had assisted the engineer in determining the windings of the tunnel. While in the hole he had advanced beyond his companions and found that the opening terminated with six inches under the prison yard. This he knew, because he heard the convicts crushing stone above. Quickly returning, he stirred up the pools of foul water as he went, which emitted such an odor that his companions gave up the work for that day.

That evening the warden visited Thibet's cell. He was worried about the attempt which had been made to liberate the prisoners and was anxious to gain information from Thibet, who had been in the hole. During the conversation the convict complained of severe headache. The warden attributed to the foul odors which the men had encountered and he gave Thibet permission to exercise for a short time in the prison yard.

Armed guards stood upon the massive walls and no prisoner had ever attempted to scale them. Thibet walked briskly, to and fro and after repeated steps was convinced that he had located the spot where the tunnel terminated. The difference in sound told him so. Until now he had been resigned to his fate as a life prisoner—but he had a chance. He decided he would wait for the rumble of a street car or a passing train. Just then a steamboat on the Ohio river blew its sonorous whistle. Thibet leaped into the air and then went thrubling through the earth. The guards had seen nothing, and he was free.

Thirty minutes later when the keeper went to look for his prisoner the hole was discovered and the alarm given. A rush was made for the opening to the tunnel across the way, but the prisoner had escaped. A suit of clothes intended for the man whom the plotter had planned to rescue was missing and a convict's garb lying in its place.

Early next morning Helen was on her way to the penitentiary. She pursued distributing a basket of fruit among the prisoners, or rather to a prisoner. When she arrived at the prison she was told of the daring escape and when told that the convict was one of the men who had assisted in locating the windings of the tunnel she hoped it was not the man for whom the fruit was intended.

"I should like to have him free and yet, if free, how shall I ever see him again," she mused.

From tier to tier and from cell to cell she passed, but the basket of fruit remained intact. The convict she was looking for was not there and she concluded that he had escaped. The visit over she did what had been done when she arrived—left the fruit for some deserving prisoner.

"I suppose the man whom I consider the most deserving in the prison management considers the most undeserving—if caught," thought Helen. "I'm glad he is free, yet it is far easier to catch a man in a penitentiary than out of it."

"Why, Helen, what an interest you are taking in the daily papers. Here you have a copy of each one published," said her hostess one morning.

"Yes, I'm so concerned about those poor missionaries," volunteered Helen.

"What is the latest news?" asked her hostess.

"Oh, they haven't found him yet," answered Helen.

"Found who?"

"Why—why, Andre, the explorer," and Helen wondered and wondered why she should have hesitated to tell the truth.

"Tomorrow we leave for the seashore,

"And I'm going home tomorrow." "But what has a woman's heart to do with your going home?" asked Helen nervously.

"As a friend you might again send me behind the bars, but do you know, Helen, that a wife need not testify against her husband?"

"Then Robert, I place myself where I can never again feel obliged to say a word against you."

DRESSING WINTER WINDOWS.
Graceful and Easy Ways of Adjusting New Draperies.
No room lacks in charm if its windows are prettily draped. So many are the adequate and inexpensive materials suitable for winter draperies that a woman is hardly to be forgiven if she fails to expend wisely all funds she purposes to lay out on fresh curtains. If the allowance for autumn renovation is not very generous and the householder yearns after a gradually artistic effect she must refuse even to consider any of the cheap cotton-filled damasks and imitation Oriental silks that blaze with crude colors, but go back to the simple and cheap denim, cheese cloth, soft dull-colored India silk and dotted cream-white Madras.

For 15 cents a yard one can buy really lovely imitations of French and English

downs and room are lofty, ponderous wood or brass poles with large rings and balls are no longer considered in good taste. They would not for example be utilized with such hangings as are represented in the sketch of a tall window draped with a view to shutting out an ugly prospect and yet securing all possible light. For this window the sash curtains are made of cheap cream white Madras at 21 cents a yard. The sewing and bands of insertion are done with an inexpensive wash lace and then the whole window is framed with two long Singapore mats. So universally popular are these widths, woven of grass and dyed in bands of red and blue and yellow, that they need no recommendation. In this instance the fringed ends of two mats meet at the center of the upper part of the window and units in a large loose knot. Drawn from the line, to right and left, the lengths are knitted again around big iron hook nails driven in the top corners of the window casing and then they drop their fringed ends to the floor.

For a long low window no more suitable drapery can be suggested than the design given in sketch for dressing a long street window. Here the problem was confronted, securing all the light possible and yet avoiding a view of a neighboring backyard. Very skillfully and at the expense



TWO USES OF SCARF DRAPERY.

of \$5 the upper glass of the sashes were, by the inhabitant of the room, painted in yellow to imitate leaded panes. Below this, over the sheets of clear glass, one width of pale yellow India silk was draped like hunting, from frame to frame, and made fast by rosettes of narrow yellow ribbon. When silk and ribbons sell they are taken down, wrung out in a bath of refined gasoline and tacked in place, all in the space of half an hour.

Down in the Dumps.
Sad, with a heavy anxious feeling—the Blue Canarates Candy Cathartic at once! All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

SHORT RECORD OF CATASTROPHES.

What the United States Has Suffered From Fire, Water and Wind.
The greatest conflagrations which the United States has ever had, says Leslie's Weekly, were the one in Chicago in 1871, in which \$100,000,000 of property was destroyed; the fire in Boston in 1872, in which the damage was \$80,000,000, and the blaze in New York in 1825, in which 600 warehouses were destroyed and the damage was \$30,000,000.

As the population of New York at that time was only about 250,000, at about like that of Newark, N. J., now, the loss was severer proportionately than one many times larger would be in 1900. Chicago's fire, though, and Chicago had a population of only a little over 300,000 at the time—was the most destructive of the floods, which have done in the world, with the possible exception of that in Moscow in 1812. Chicago's certainly exceeded the damage at the conflagration in London, which is called the Great Fire, which occurred in 1666.

Johnstown, Pa., in 1889 furnished the most destructive of the floods, which have done in the world, with the possible exception of that in Moscow in 1812. Chicago's certainly exceeded the damage at the conflagration in London, which is called the Great Fire, which occurred in 1666.

In the meantime Helen Morse had been sent for. Masters was determined to spend every cent he owed and could borrow to punish the party who had brought upon him this indignity.

When Helen appeared his fierce resolves vanished. "She believes I am a convict; no wonder she repulsed me," thought Robert.

"Miss Morse, you have made a very serious mistake," said Warden Wrex. "This man was never an inmate of the Allegheny county penitentiary."

The girl was embarrassed. She knew then a mistake had been made, but believed that her error would be excused when a statement was made.

"I did see that man in your company at the penitentiary, Mr. Wrex, and at the time he was wearing a convict's garb. That same night a prisoner escaped. When I saw Mr. Masters, I recognized him as one of the convicts and reported the fact."

Robert Masters laughed in such an unbecoming manner that the tears went coursing down his cheeks.

"Miss Morse," said the warden, "permit me to introduce Robert Masters, an engineer of Pittsburg, who was of great service to me in locating the trend of the tunnel dug for the purpose of freeing a prisoner from the penitentiary. At the time he wore a suit of convict's clothes so as not to soil his own."

Helen said that she had never left her quiet home. The officers looked upon her with contempt. The reporters eyes gleamed with pleasure as he was writing up the separation of the season.

"Very well, warden, I'll go to your hotel. I imagine they won't entertain me at the hotel at which I have been stopping," said the engineer.

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