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CONVICT No. 3420

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We had read all about him before he appeared at the prison under a sentence of ten years. The daily papers had said that his name was Salters and his age about forty. He had taken rooms at a fashionable boarding house on a certain street in Chicago and let it be known that he was a broker. On each side of the boarding house were private dwellings, and farther down the street, but to be reached over the roofs, was a large art store.

The first thing to happen after the arrival of Mr. Salters, but with which his name was not at all connected, was the robbery of the art store. Other robberies followed. While the detectives were after the burglar the daily papers were after the detectives, and things were being made hot all around when the rooms of eleven guests in the boarding house at which Mr. Salters stopped were robbed on the same night.

The house was filled with detectives, and everybody was examined and cross examined, but it was no use. The rooms had been entered and despoiled while the guests were sleeping.

They were waiting in fear and trembling for the next outbreak when a stupid headed servant girl in the boarding house solved the puzzle. From one of the side houses had been taken an unset catseye stone. This was found under Mr. Salters' bed one morning when the girl swept the room.

Mr. Salters was asked to explain. As he couldn't explain, he was traced to another room half a mile away and all the plunder found. He simply laughed when put under arrest. He laughed when put on trial. He had been caught so dead to rights that he smilingly pleaded guilty and took his ten year sentence without moving a muscle.

The police were on to Mr. Salters for one of the sleekest chaps in the business, and they would have given a great deal to trace his past and have him answer certain questions. He was mum on all points, however. They could not trace him back a month, and, as to how he entered the houses and rooms and left no trace behind, that was one of his professional secrets.

When Mr. Salters reached prison the first glance at him caused everybody to wonder where they had seen him before. Face, form, pose and gait all reminded us of somebody, but who that somebody was we could not recall. Had he not been passed along to the barber and from thence into stripes so soon some of us might have been the wiser. He was quiet and respectful, and it was figured that he would make a model prisoner.

After three days he was put at work in the shoe department, and all reports coming in about him were favorable. At the end of six weeks he had a chill and was sent to his cell, and the doctor gave him some medicine. Up to this time the man had not asked for a book from the library nor to see the chaplain. Many prisoners who had no religious feelings will ask for the chaplain now and then in order to have a talk and hear a human voice. On this day that he was taken ill Mr. Salters asked that the good man be sent to him, and I carried the message. I also noted that the chaplain remained with convict No. 3420 for a full hour, and when he left the cell and came down the corridor his perturbation did not fail to attract my attention. He was very pale and had been weeping.

Prison chaplains listen to many sad

tales, and now and then their sympathies are aroused, but in the three years I had known our Mr. Davis I had never seen him so greatly affected. He stopped as if he would speak to me, but his tears fell afresh, his lips trembled, and he finally passed on without a word.

Mr. Salters took more medicine next day and was excused from work. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the chaplain visited him without being sent for and remained for two hours. I heard him praying long and fervently. When he left he was pale and had an anxious look, and yet there was also a look of resolve in his face. There is so much hypocrisy among convicts in the matter of religion that my curiosity in this case was not very great. The greater the rogue the harder he will try to bamboozle the chaplain into believing that he wants to walk in new paths. It was a question with me whether Mr. Salters had seen the error of his ways or was only shirking his work.

The next forenoon at 11 o'clock the chaplain paid his third visit, and as the bell rang for the convicts to march in to dinner he came forth from the cell and passed me, and the guard at the end of the corridor opened the gate for him. Other guards did the same thing, and in five minutes he was clear of the prison. It was two hours later when the doctor came in. I accompanied him to Salters' cell, and there we found the convict undressed and in bed and weeping. No, it was not the convict. It was the chaplain, though but for his long hair I should have been longer deceived. The doctor spotted him almost at once. The convict's striped suit was lying on the floor.

"You have changed clothes with No. 3420 and let him walk out!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes," was the tearful reply.

"But why, man, why?"

"Because he is my twin brother and has promised to lead a better life!"

The chaplain was forced to resign and was also arrested and put on trial and convicted, but I believe the governor stood his friend and had sentence suspended. M. QUAD.

AN EXPLANATION

[Original.]

A lady sat in a train on her way home after a summer outing. Her attire was half mourning and a bit of white ruffling in her bonnet marked her for a widow. A gentleman sitting near her arose and, approaching her, raised his hat and said:

"Mrs. Sands."

The lady looked up and met a kindly glance with one the reverse of kindness—it was icy cold.

"You have forgotten me?" said the man.

"Not at all. I have good reason to remember Ogden Rockwell."

The man stood, evidently undecided whether to return to his seat or remain and prolong the interview. The lady removed a bag from the vacant seat beside her, though she did not ask him to be seated. He sat on the arm instead.

"A great deal has passed since we last met," he said.

"I remember the circumstance very well. It was a week before my wedding. You took it upon yourself to give me advice."

"The scene is equally vivid to me. I remember some things I said to you, but if I advised you I have forgotten it."

"At that meeting, or rather parting, you told me that if I married Laurence Sands I would regret it. I did not believe that you would aid in any

regret a wife might feel in her husband's weakness."

"Nor did I dream that fate would make it my duty to expose that weakness. As cashier I was responsible for any leak in the funds of the bank."

"You could have screened him for the sake of the woman you had professed to love."

"Hanford was suspected of having taken the money. Would you have had me sacrifice him?"

To this there was no reply.

"Granting," the man went on, "that there was no matter of duty or justice, would you expect me to shield a man who had taken away from me all that made the world attractive to me?"

"You struck through him the woman whom you say was all that might have made the world attractive to you."

There was a brief pause at the end of which the man said:

"I asked what you would have expected."

"I would only expect a man of wonderful nobility of soul to shield a rival."

"You would put it better if you said, 'Only a cur would fail to shield a rival when the woman they both loved was to suffer.'"

She looked up at him inquiringly.

"My part in the exposure was what hurt me," he added. "That I could not help, though it wounded you."

"Why was the exposure necessary when there was a way out of the matter, as is evident from the fact that Laurence was not prosecuted?"

"It was known to the officers of the bank that a considerable sum of money had disappeared. As I have said, Hanford was suspected. The real culprit must at least be known."

The woman bent her head. The discussion of the matter was terribly painful, even though it had occurred five years before. She put her handkerchief to her eyes and wept. Then, drying her tears, she said:

"There is one and only one feature of the case on which I love to dwell. That is the noble act of Laurence's friend, Edward Horton, who paid the indebtedness and saved Laurence from prison."

The man dropped into the vacant seat. When he did so he was too absorbed in his thoughts to be conscious of the act. At the end of a brief silence he said:

"You were misinformed as to Horton's part in the matter. Horton was implicated in the embezzlement and threw the whole blame on your husband."

The lady turned in astonishment. "Horton implicated! Horton threw the blame on Laurence?"

"Horton, not I, was responsible for the matter coming out."

"Why, then," she asked indignantly, "was I led to believe that Horton furnished the means to save Laurence? From the first I was deceived—deceived by everybody, by you, from whom I might have expected"—

"You were Laurence Sands' wife."

"Was this a reason why I should be deceived as to the person who befriended him?"

"Yes."

"Will you explain?"

"The person who furnished the means to make good the deficit did so on the condition that some one should stand in his place to you as the donor. Horton, as Laurence's friend, made an excellent substitute and, being implicated, could be compelled to accept the part."

"Why did the donor desire to hide his noble act under the cloak of a thief and a traitor to his bosom friend?"

"Because he was a man and you were a married woman."

"Well?"

"He loved you."

She sat staring at him, her eyes seemingly growing larger and larger.

"You?"

"I."

Even the rattle of the train was not sufficient to hide the words both would have spoken. There were no words. He felt a hand on his and saw tears starting from the eyes of the woman who had so long supposed he had wronged her, while really he had saved her unutterable suffering.

F. A. MITCHELL.

\$20,000 for Cotner.

Lincoln, Aug. 4.—Chancellor Aylsworth of Cotner university announced that Abraham Teachout of Cleveland had given \$20,000 to the institution. The announcement aroused much enthusiasm among the visitors of the Christian Missionary convention.

Farmer Killed in Runaway.

Pilger, Neb., Aug. 6.—Matt MeVicker, a prosperous farmer of Wayne county, was run over by a runaway team while on his way to Pender, sustaining injuries from which he died. He leaves a widow and two sons. His remains were taken to North Bend for interment.

New Naturalization Law.

Lincoln, Neb., Aug. 6.—H. C. Lindray, clerk of the supreme court, has received a copy of the new naturalization law enacted by congress, with a letter in which it is stated certificates issued since 1903 are invalid and new certificates must be secured from the federal courts, which under the new law have complete control of naturalization matters. The copy and the letter were sent out by the department of immigration and naturalization.

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