



CONVICT NUMBER 1307.

By Laura Ellen Beale.

JACK POWELL sat with his back to the wall of the cell, occasionally glancing with unseeing eyes at the few objects in the narrow space. As his gaze fell upon the grating which served for a window, with its few lances of the sky liberty mocking him through the bars, he sprang up and took a quick step toward it, just as the sweet strains of music drifted in from a band passing near the prison walls. Then a bell rang somewhere in the distance.

Oh, those sounds from the great free world without! How terrible they seemed to the grief-stricken man! He shuddered violently and dropped back on to the cot.

"No, no! I must not ruin it all now. Oh, God, help me to live through the next two years!" he exclaimed, and burying his face in his hands, he groaned aloud in the agony of despair.

Though he yearned for freedom with a longing that was almost frenzy, still the notion of escape did not often tempt him; but to-day a man had escaped, and the breast of every prisoner had been filled with envy and longing.

The year already spent behind those walls seemed an eternity. Could he live through two more years of such misery? he asked himself. Yes, he could and he would, for he had work to perform when the time of his sentence should have expired. He must go back to Oklahoma and prove his innocence; must live down the disgrace among the very people who had believed him guilty, where no one thought him innocent.

Ah, yes! there was one who had believed in him, who had stood by him through it all, and the fires of renewed courage kindled in his eyes as he thought of Nellie, his promised wife. How brave she had been—how staunch and true! Even when the trial was ended, and he had not succeeded in making the judge and jury believe his story, she had not wavered in her loyalty, but again assured him of her love, begging him to shorten his term as much as possible by good behavior, then to come home—he would find her true, and together they would prove somehow, that he had been wrongfully accused.

In the year of his imprisonment Jack had been a model prisoner. At times, in the depths of his despair, he had felt that he could not stand the mad-dening routine another moment, that he must attempt escape or he would surely die; but the thought of Nellie, his sweetheart, and her confidence, had strengthened him to successfully combat these hopeless feelings. Attempt at flight, even if successful, meant only the destruction of his fondest hopes and those of the brave girl who had risked so much because of her love for him.

To-night, sitting dejectedly in his cell, Jack cursed the folly which had caused his trouble. Many times he had decided to "quit drinking," but was never staunch in his resolution. Now he meant it, for if he had not been on a "spree" he would never have been arrested for theft. He thought of the farm, the stock, and the neat little house which she had planned, and which was soon to have been their home. He groaned involuntarily.

When he had begun to "drink," his less prosperous neighbors had smiled in grim satisfaction, and when the trouble had come, the general verdict had been, "It serves him right." When he insisted that he had bought the horse and saddle, but that he did not know the man who sold them to him, they winked knowingly. The property had been stolen from the Catonsville postoffice, and was found in Jack's possession. He was here in consequence.

"Well," he declared mentally, "it does serve me right, but I'll prove my innocence to those people if it takes me years to do it!"

A little before noon the next day his attention was attracted to a line of new arrivals, walking handcuffed together in pairs, in charge of armed guards. As they passed close to where Jack stood, the look of hopeless misery on the face of one of the men made his heart throb with pity. Perhaps he too was innocent! Just then a man looked up and Jack gave a sudden start. The face seemed very familiar. Surely he had seen that man before. The line passed on into a building, but somehow he could not get the face of the man who wore the number "1307" out of his mind, and many times during the day he asked himself, "Who is he, and where have I seen him?"

When he returned to his cell that night, and the guard told him he was to have "company" for awhile, Jack would have been almost surprised had the man been other than "1307." In the closer range of the narrow cell, he was more strongly than ever filled with a perplexing sense that he had somewhere seen this sullen, defiant face, but where he could not remember.

In the days and weeks that followed, during which time Joe Stretcher remained gloomy and remorse, repulsing all overtures, Jack vainly racked his memory for some clue by which to establish his identity. Gradually, however, the new comer began to "thaw out" a little, and the two prisoners became sociable, even friendly. Jack soon learned that Joe's home was in Indiana, and as he said he had never

been in Wisconsin, where Jack had always lived prior to his going to Oklahoma, he was finally forced to the conclusion that his fancy of having seen Joe before was but a trick of his imagination.

Occasionally, during the winter, Joe talked of escape; but as Jack did not enter into any of the plans, the subject would be dropped. The acquaintance of the cell mates deepened gradually into strong friendship, and when, one night in the early spring, the subject uppermost in Joe's mind, escape, was again mentioned, Jack told his friend his reasons for not desiring to make the attempt—told him something of his life; his bright prospects, his folly, his ruin.

As he related the story, not defending himself in the least, of his downward course, and finally of his arrest and inability to prove his innocence, Joe sat pale and uneasy. Several times he opened his lips as if to speak, then with feverish nervousness, he would spring up and pace forth and back across the cell. As Jack finished the recital of his sweetheart's fidelity Joe suddenly stopped, and laying his hand on the other's shoulder, said impulsively:

"Jack, I did not dream—that is, I—of course you are innocent! I have known that all the time; but I did not imagine that it was I who could clear you."

"You clear me?" exclaimed Jack, incredulously. "What do you mean?"

But Joe had turned away and thrown himself upon his cot; then he said, hesitatingly:

"I only meant that I could help you to escape, Jack, that's all," and despite his friend's efforts to continue their conversation, he would say no more.

In a short time Jack was fast asleep, and dreaming of the time when his release should come and his innocence be proven.

Joe Stretcher, however, spent the night in fitful slumbers from which he awoke with a start, sometimes half rising with the evident intention of arousing Jack; then his mood would change, and after some moments of indecision, he would again sink upon his bed.

Harden criminal that he was he knew his duty, but he was selfish enough to fight against and at last overcome the promptings of his conscience, as he well knew that his chances for escape alone were small. If he could but persuade Jack to go with him, why, he could then find some means of proving his innocence. In fact Joe fully made up his mind to tell Jack all as soon as they were free, so the "still small voice within" was silenced.

After that night Joe kept constantly urging Jack to accompany him in his attempt at escape, and at last gained his reluctant consent.

For some time Joe had been at work in the harness shop of the prison, and upon every opportunity he possessed himself of things and bits of leather. A large steel ring and a small file were also deftly concealed in his clothing and conveyed to the cell. Then the full details of the plan were unfolded to Jack, who was amazed at the ingenuity of his comrade.

It took some time for the ring to be filed into a hook, which was made very sharp. Then it was carefully covered with pieces of leather wound around in such a manner that only the point was visible. After this was completed, many wearisome nights were spent, one of the men standing upon the shoulders of the other, working alternately to remove the bars from the window.

At last this, too, was accomplished, the narrow strips were cut from their blankets, which, strengthened by the leather thongs, were braided into a stout rope to which the hook was securely fastened. Now came the most tedious task of all, and many nights were spent in futile attempts to throw the hook over the edge of the cornice and catch it firmly there. Hundreds of times the hook fell back, and but for its leather covering, would have struck the bricks with a ringing sound. Sometimes the hook caught and held slightly, and the hearts of both men would beat fast with hope, only to have their spirits drop to the depths of despair the next moment, when the hook loosened and fell.

But even in this their work was rewarded, and there came a time when the hook caught and held, the combined weight of both men in the cell falling to dislodge it. The two prisoners stood for a moment gazing at each other, speechless with emotion. The next instant their hands clasped, and each promised the other to notify his friends in case any accident befell him. Joe promised to find some way to tell Nellie of Jack's fate, but when Jack was asked to tell Joe's mother where she would find the last stolen valuables he drew back involuntarily, for in the close friendship existing between them he had not thought of Joe as a criminal, only unfortunate. But to suddenly realize that even Joe's mother was implicated, and had no doubt encouraged her son was a shock to the honest but foolish and easy-going Jack. It was only a second, however, that he hesitated, then he pledged his word.

Joe insisted upon trying the hook first, and as he pushed himself through the window and swung slowly out in-

to that terrible space, Jack held firmly to his clothing. He felt sick when he thought of the consequence if the hook should slip or the improvised rope break. He breathed more freely when he saw Joe, after only a slight hesitation, start carefully to ascend the rope. He soon reached the cornice, and in another moment was on the roof. Adjusting the hook somewhat, he leaned over the edge of it and signaled to Jack, and, he, too, made the ascent in safety.

Crouching low for a few seconds they waited breathlessly, but heard no sound. Thus far they had been unobserved. Taking the hook and rope, they crept cautiously along in the shadow of the cornice to the corner of the building, from which they lowered themselves to the roof of another, and from this they swung out and down upon the wall, and then to the ground and—freedom.

Jack, who descended first, waited for Joe, and for a moment the two stood in silence. Neither spoke. Jack felt fairly bursting with emotion. To be outside of those walls—free—was more than he could realize. It seemed too good to be true. But suddenly the booming peal of a bell and the sharp clatter of feet aroused them, and they started to run.

Then came a yell, loud and terrible, changing quickly from rage to exultation. A shot rang out—then several others, followed by the spiteful hum of many bullets. Jack ran as he never ran before. Joe was slightly in advance, and Jack saw him hesitate and stumble, then with his hands tossed high above his head, he staggered and sank down.

In a flash Jack was kneeling beside him. Joe turned toward him muttering:

"Are you mad? Go! For God's sake, Jack, save yourself! Don't waste your own life!"

"No! I will not go. Are you badly hurt, Joe?" asked Jack, as his comrade dropped back into his outstretched arms.

They were almost immediately surrounded by the guards, but Jack lifted the wounded man upon his knee, holding him close against him with one arm, while with his free hand he tore open the neck of Joe's shirt, upon which a crimson stain now appeared. As Joe sank back limply, Jack shook him, crying:

"Don't give way, old fellow! Here, Joe, don't die!"

But the head on his shoulder only sank the closer.

Suddenly he opened his eyes, and seeing the guards, said between gasps of pain and weakness:

"Jack, I'm done for. Don't think too hard of me because I didn't tell you. I couldn't help it—I knew you wouldn't come. Forgive me if you can, I knew all the time—since that night—that I was—the man who sold you that horse. You are witnesses," he said falteringly to the guards. "Tell them—governor—he is innocent. I stole the horse and saddle and sold them to him for twenty dollars—at Pawnee crossing in Oklahoma. I never knew of the arrest, Jack, but when I came here I thought you were the fellow—didn't know for sure till that night—you told me about—Nellie. Forgive—I'm done for this time."

Then, arousing himself with almost superhuman effort, he again stammered to the guards:

"See, I'm dying—you are—witnesses. Jack didn't steal them—I did—Catonsville, Oklahoma. Met Jack two days after—coming from Kaw Reservation. Didn't know him—didn't care—just wanted to get rid of—stolen stuff. He was drunk. Forgive me, Jack—if you can."

He stopped speaking, his head sank, and the body stiffened in Jack's arms. —Waverley Magazine.

THE CHURCH "AD." TAKES.

Ohio Minister Puts It in Display Type and Says It Makes Converts.

A decided innovation in church circles has been introduced by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Whittaker, of Ashtabula, Ohio, pastor of the Park Street Methodist Episcopal Church. He is using large display newspaper advertising to announce his church services, and testifies to the fact that two ten-inch advertisements resulted in doubling his average Sunday evening attendance and were instrumental in making converts to religion. His advertisements are set double measure, "top of column next to reading matter." They are written in an attractive manner, and are set in heavy, black-faced type. Here is a sample of one of them:

"Wanted—A few more saints, a few more men, a few more Methodists, a few more sinners, to become saints. Meeting to-night at the First M. E. Church. Subject: 'Fools and Their Companions.'"

The dodger cannot take the place of a newspaper display advertisement, the Rev. Whittaker says, and he is not satisfied with the "Church Notices" department. Dr. Whittaker pays full rates for his advertising.

Mimicking the Queen.

Few people are perhaps aware how thoroughly Queen Victoria enjoyed a joke. A Gentleman-in-Waiting, whom we will call Mr. B—, distinguished for his imitative powers and dramatic talent, was a frequent visitor at both Windsor and Osborne. One day the Queen, looking with a certain austerity straight into his face, demanded: "Now, Mr. B—, I am perfectly well aware that when my back is turned you imitate me! I wish to see how you do it this minute!" Poor Mr. B— fell straightway into the royal trap, crimsoned, faltered and utterly lost his countenance. "Ah!" exclaimed the Queen, "I see I was right. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" and then added, laughing as heartily as any schoolgirl, "but, mind you, don't do it again."—London Chronicle.

It requires pluck to succeed in Wall street, and the most successful man is not particular as to whom he plucks.

And now the X-rays may tell us whether old masters are genuine or not. The only thing that has nothing to fear from science is truth.

The farmers of Southern Wisconsin are being rapidly supplied with telephone service at \$12 per year; and in some cases electric cars stop at their front gates.

If you want to be really interested read the dictionary. It will tell you how very badly other people spell our language, and, incidentally, what a tiny cupful of words we each dip up out of its ocean.

Professor Hayes, of Wellesley College says that unlike the men of Massachusetts those of Patagonia make equals of their wives. Yet, we have never heard a Massachusetts woman express a desire to exchange places with her sister of Patagonia.

The Washington Humane Association has adopted a resolution declaring against the clipping of horses in winter as cruel. One member expressed the opinion that in some peculiar cases the effect was beneficial, but he said that as a general thing he was opposed to it.

A man in New Jersey has had a young woman arrested because she kissed him on the street against his will. What is a man worth, anyway, who has to be kissed "against his will"? And what is a woman worth who can't make the man dream that he is doing the insisting?

In the section where irrigation prevails the people are independent touching crops. The rainfall is immaterial to them. Old Mother Earth will always respond when her thirst is satisfied. There is water, water, everywhere. Why should not humanity exercise its ingenuity to discover and disseminate it?

A short time ago it was stated that black hair was all the rage, and that fair hair was no longer the fashion. Now matters have progressed a little further. At a fancy-dress affair in New York City hair artistically gray was much in evidence. In certain cases the wigmakers had done the needful, while in others the effect was produced by a dye. The question arises—What next?

Wireless telegraphy is expected to render valuable assistance in the search for the pole. Communication with a series of supply bases may be kept up in that way—a most important consideration in all exploration. Whether the North Pole is worth discovering or not it is going to be visited by white folks before this century is many years old, optimistically predicts the Minneapolis Tribune.

The evils of indiscriminate street almsgiving are shown in the recent exposure of a school for teaching boys to beg in New York City. The head of this new educational scheme was making out of it an income of about \$25 a day, besides the greater cost of the demoralization of the boys he instructed. So many of these schemes have come to light that it is a matter of wonder that even the average easy-going benevolence will give unhesitatingly at any kind of an appeal a clever rogue may make.

A woman in Pennsylvania worked for weeks in a coal breaker, dressed as a boy, to support her children and her sick husband. She worked nine hours a day for sixty-five cents. Her fingers were cut and bruised by the tumbling coal, but she kept on until she was found out and discharged. On the same day on which this discovery was made a woman in Bridgeport died two hours before her daughter, for whose sake she had worked herself to death. When you read about idle women in society, remember that there are also women who do things like these.

The development of electric trolley systems throughout the country is sure to mark the immediate future, says the New York Independent. In some of the Western States these are already creeping out into the farming districts. These cars can be made to serve to a great extent as mail carriers. St. Louis was the first city to use her street cars for carrying the mail. The system is now very perfect. Communication along routes is almost as speedy as by telegraph—possibly more so. A letter can be mailed and an answer received within a few hours. Some letters never see a post office. They are taken up by the carrier, put on a mail car, and handed by the car to another carrier, who delivers them to the person addressed.

BOA CONSTRICTOR HUNTERS.

Men in South America Who Hunt the Snake For a Livelihood.

"The boa constrictor is fairly common in the forests of Western Nicaragua and Costa Rica," said one of the canal engineers who was in the city recently, "and there are natives in that section who hunt them exclusively for a livelihood. While we were engaged in the survey work we heard a good deal of these big snakes, and all the white men in the party stood in the greatest dread of them, although they are not half as dangerous as the small poisonous variety. During two and a half years spent in the country I saw only one live boa, but the experience is pretty firmly stamped on my memory and I have no yearning for another. I had gone out, with a couple of native assistants, from a town called Zapán, on the south side of the lower lake, to shoot some plumage birds, and while we were crossing a rather open piece of forest I noticed what I supposed to be a peculiarly malformed limb on a large spicewood tree. It sagged down from the trunk of the tree and seemed to be attached to another growth nearer the ground. I started toward it to investigate, and when only a few yards away, the thing I had taken to be a limb suddenly raised itself in the air, and I saw that it was a gigantic snake, hanging head down from an upper bough. I had often heard the expression 'paralyzed by fear,' but I never knew what it meant until then. I was so badly scared that I couldn't have moved if the fate of the universe depended upon it, and I simply stood there, stock still, and staring while the boa swung back and forth a few times and finally glided into the upper foliage. It seemed fifty feet long and as big around as a barrel. I think it was really about twelve. At that juncture my natives came up, and when they heard what had happened they at once insisted upon catching the monster. They made a noose which they attached to a pole, and while I retired to a safe distance one of them climbed the tree and seized the snake by the tail, while the other tried to slip the loop over its neck as it lowered its head. It was too agile for them, however, and escaped into another tree, where it went too high for pursuit."

"The Central American boas are brownish red in color, with black blotches on the sides and back, and the native hunters tan the skin by stretching it over a log. A good skin with no bullet marks and including the head sells for \$10, Mexican, down there, and to avoid holes and mutilation the hunters always catch the snakes in a noose and kill them by a stab under the jaw. They make all kinds of leather articles out of the hide—belts, pouches, leggings, slippers, and even neckties. I made many inquiries during our stay, but I could never hear of a case in which a boa had attacked a human being. The snake I saw was undoubtedly lying in wait for some small animal, and, if one had passed under the tree, would have dropped on its back. The Indians of the region call the boa 'chula,' which is the same word they use for coward; so, you see, they have no great opinion of its fighting qualities."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Morgan Clerkship.

Among places eagerly sought after are clerkships in the great banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co. Fathers with sons just starting out in life watch for openings at the corner of Wall and Broad streets. The waiting list is nearly as long as that of the Union Club in its palmiest days. The head of the house takes a personal interest in the welfare and advancement of his employes, and never engages a beginner at a salary of less than \$1000 a year. Only capable, worthy young men are admitted to his employment, and he feels that a boy who does not deserve \$1000 a year deserves nothing—that is, he does not want him at any price. While clerks in the average banking-business houses are starting off with \$10 a week, and glad to get so much, the lucky ones at Morgan's are receiving \$19.18.

Morgan has made a great many successes out of men under him. Faithful clerks soon buy homes in desirable quarters of the city. Whether the firm puts them in the market or not the writer is in no position to say. Possibly when Morgan makes a million for reorganizing a railroad he declares an official dividend, taking in all the staff. Phil Armour had a similar way with him. He, like Morgan, would not pay a salary of less than \$1000 a year to a clerk in his office.—New York Letter to Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Machine to Lick Postage Stamps.

As a result of the persistent complaints of persons licking postage stamps the French Minister of Posts, Telephones and Telegraph instructed the engineers attached to his department to design a slot stamping machine. Two types are now being experimented with. In one, after the coin is inserted, the machine wets and affixes the stamp automatically if the letter is properly placed. The other weighs the letter, shows the amount of postage required and immediately upon the insertion of the price the stamp is printed directly from inked plates. Both machines are speedy and reliable. Every French postoffice will be provided with several as soon as they can be manufactured.

An Epitaph.

In the churchyard of Leigh, near Bolton, will be found a tombstone bearing the following amazing sentence: "A virtuous woman is 58, to her husband." The explanation seems to be that space prevented "a crown" being cut in full, and the stonemason argued that a crown equals 58.—Notes and Queries.

GRANDMA.

When grandma puts her glasses on And looks at me—just so— If I have done a naughty thing She's sure, somehow, to know. How is it she can always tell So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one, 'Tis written in your eye!" And if I look the other way, And turn, and seem to try To hunt for something on the floor, She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on And look in grandma's eyes, Do you suppose that I should be So very, very wise? Now, what if I should find it true That grandma has been naughty, too?

But, ah! what am I thinking of, To dream that grandma could Be anything in all her life! But sweet and kind and good? I'd better try myself to be So good that when she looks at me With eyes so loving all the day I'll never want to run away. —Sunshine.

PITH AND POINT.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I can't tell the truth?" "By no means. It is impossible to say what a man can do until he tries."—Chicago Post.

The man who never stops to think Through haste is oft bereft. The man who stops to think too long Stands round till he gets left. —Washington Star.

"My wife," boasted the happy young Benedick, "is an open book to me." "Mine, too," declared the old married man; "I can't shut her up."—Philadelphia Press.

Muriel—"Your brother proposed to me during the service in church last Sunday." Zoe—"You mustn't mind him. He often talks in his sleep."—Smart Set.

Lena—"I don't know what to make of Harry Harmless." Alma—"Well, if you were to do as a good many of the girls have done, you'd make a fool of him."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"What's new?" asked Borem, then to make himself at home commenced. The patient man replied: "That point you're leaning up against."—Philadelphia Press.

"I understand," said the neighbor, "that your husband is a dramatic critic." "No," replied the little woman, bitterly, "he is even worse than that. He is a household critic."—Chicago Post.

Tramp—"Madam, have you an axe?" Lady of the House—"No." Tramp—"Have you a saw?" Lady of the House—"No, I have no saw." Tramp—"Then give me something to eat, please."—Harlem Life.

"What do you think, Clarice went out and sang at an entertainment in a private insane asylum." "Did she say whether they showed their insanity much?" "Oh, yes; they encored her three times."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Aha!" exclaimed the policeman, "reading a paper, are you? I thought you claimed to be a blind man." "So I am," replied the beggar, who had been taken off his guard; "my trade is putting blinds on windows."—Philadelphia Press.

Manager—"What do you mean by using such language? Are you the manager here, or am I?" Employee—"I know I'm not the manager." Manager—"Very well, then; if you're not the manager, why do you talk like an idiot?"—Tit-Bits.

"Your daughter's voice," said the professor, after the first lesson, "really has a fine timbre." "There," said Mrs. Rockley, "I always knew it. I've told my husband ever since the day Adeline was born that she took after him. He was in the lumber business when we got married."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Instrument Made in Washington.

"Washington may not be a great manufacturing city," said a dentist, "but there is one little instrument that is made here that goes all over the world. It is an indispensable article in the dental business, and one that is familiar to thousands of people, probably millions. It is the instrument with which the dentists remove the nerve of a tooth after the nerve has been killed. The purpose of killing the nerve is to fill the cavity that exists and that has exposed the nerve to air, causing pain and trouble. After the dentist has treated the nerve some time and believes it is dead, he takes one of these instruments, pushes it down into the cavity, turns it around a few minutes and pulls out the dead nerve—a long, string-like thing. The end of the little instrument is made rough, having tiny teeth. When these come in contact with the dead nerve they catch it on the little prongs and the dentist takes it out without any trouble. It is called a canal cleanser, in technical terms. The instruments are made in Washington, and are distributed throughout the world by means of a New York firm that has the sole agency. The owner of the patent has probably made a fortune."—Washington Star.

Röntgen Rays For Baldness.

At a meeting of the Vienna Society of Physicians Dr. Klenbock introduced a man, twenty-six years of age, whose hair had been partially restored by the application of the Röntgen rays. He had been bald for some years. The cure was effected in the following way: A round patch on the scalp was subjected six times to the influence of the rays for fifteen minutes, and during the two months the treatment lasted the man regained his old thick, dark-colored hair on the parts exposed to the action. The parts not yet treated remain as before.

During the discussion which followed several members expressed doubts as to whether Dr. Klenbock has really found a remedy for baldness, but he was encouraged to continue his experiments, and invited to report on them to the society at a later date.—London Standard.