HOW FAIRFAX DID NOT ESCAPE.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

The Quarries.

was no shade! "Old" Remnant perceived by a stealthy movement of his head that the warder's back was turned, and setting down his barrow he pulled off his cap and wiped his of Borstal." steaming head and face. The younger man went on swinging his pick as steadily as Fairfax.

The outdoor gangs had been at work nearly four hours under that smiting zenith, and the gray-white quarries were head. It's when you turns the corner, and as beds of fire. Civil Guard Tuck went to sees another bloomin five! and fro on his sentry beat against the wall. the sun gleaming from the barrel of his rifle. Except for the rifle on Mr. Tuck's shoulder, that boundary wall would have Remnant; "and if you come to think, it's seemed small enough; "Old" Remnant was rough on the pore old queen. We cost her certain he could take it at a vauit. But one-and-eight a day, matey, and she's got a Mr. Tuck had once severed with a bullet tidy big family to find for." the spine of a man who was curious to know just what height the wall was. I before we came upon her charity." suppose the man also wanted to know what was on the other side of the wall, for in it's never too late to mend, as the croaker seventeen years he had not passed beyond told us this blessed Sunday mornin'.

It was nearly 11 o'clock, and those hor rible quarries under that vault of fire majesty's charity for the time she has been would grow yet more promethean hot.

"Old" Remnant went forward with his barrow; a brawny convict of five or sixand-forty, as fine as steel, the skin of his blue eyes, straight nose, and a beautiful table am I robbin's square mouth stocked with the whitest "So you're going teeth. What bair the convict barber had left him was just passing from deep brown to gray. His arms were tattooed profusely and he was especially proud of the death shead on his right forearm. His knickerbocker suit of drab had the yellow facings of a second class prisoner, for "Old" Remnant could never stay long in the first class, and the figures on his sleeve-badge told that he must wear that suit for ten dreadful

He cast a look beyond the wall, the look of a man who would do very indiscreet things if chance would but give him the very tiniest opening. For just beyond that paltry barrier lay the fair world of freedom, cribs to crack, race courses where you could bet the odds, flash houses to drink and gamble in all night, music hall, women friends, and quiet publics south of the Thames where you could enjoy a bit of cock fighting undisturbed.

But, above everything else, it was the thirst that plagued him, and "Old" Remnant's eyes were fixed upon the green signboard at the door of the Plum and Feathers. right in the middle of the village street. which was just visible from the purgatorial quarries. Free men were in there, out of the accursed sun, drinking what they pleased. "Old" Remnant almost fancied he could hear the ale flow frothing into the pewter pots. Five years since he had raised a pewter to his lips!

The young man continued steadily to swing his pick. whispered "Old" Remnant.

'Well?" And you could tell by the voice that the younger one was a "gentleman lag." a "toff." His sleeve carried the

How does teetotal stand it, matey?" "O, pretty well!" "Ugh, I o'd drink the blooming' silver

"Now, then, old un!" cried the warder, "you'll catch a gold if you take it so easy

"Right, sirt" chuckled "Old" Remnant who could swallow a hint proffered jest-

The officer in charge of the quarries put his whistle to his lipe and blew the "Cease

'Slops on and fall in!" said the warder of "Old" Remnant's party.

The sun smote him sorely through his stiff cap and serge tunic and the award at his belt seemed to scorch his leg, but not a muscle of him was relaxed.

Drawing on their slop jackets, the men of each party formed in double file; party advanced to join the party; the military guard, sweltering in their scarlet tunies, came behind and the civil guard, with their guns to shoot down lags, brought up the rear. Then the long drab column began limply to march through the burning

Beside "Old" Remnant walked Fairfax, the one with the 5 on his sleeve. He stood two inches above his comrade and was reckoned the best looking of her majesty's convicts in Longstaff. "Old" Remnant, who was fastidious in his choice of a pal, had frozen to Fairfax, who had sacrificed his liberty for five years in an hour of political sleep-walking in Ireland. He was the only 'political" on the roll of Longstaff, though there were two or three scores of "gentleman lags," with very ungentlemanly records at their backs. In all that drab-colored column, moving slackly through the fervid dust of the quarries, Fairfax was, perhaps, the only one who had never stained his in-

years of his Quixotic life. From the broiling gray-white quarries to the blistering gray yards of the prison and up the asphalt slope to the parade ground. Search parade, caps off, slops unbuttoned. arms outstretched, as if (novels excepted) you could fetch in a hook or a file or a saw from the quarries of Longstaff!

The deputy governor, in from his canter by the river, fanned himself with his straw and clicked a spur against a buttress of the clock tower. He nodded to the chief warder as the parties were checked off, and said "Hurry up" at intervals.

"Ah! You're wantin' that whisky an soda, ain't you?" muttered "Old" Remnant. "Ain't goin' to put me alongside of one, I

"Remnant," whispered Fairfax, "what's wrong with you this morning? Don't get

He had known his gang companion only as the wariest and most prudent of prison- led into a little

The warders, having a longer acquaintance with him, knew the "old un" itched for liberty.

"A bit of trouble would do me good just warder in D patrolled the far corridor every now. I can do five stretch comfortable, but I gets the hump after that. Matey, I've a notion I'm going to sling my hook." "Don't be a fool," said Fairfax, soito voce.

Three times had "Old" Remnant broken Not a brick had been displaced, the floor ofprison, but never from Longstaff. From and the ceiling were whole, the fastenings Longstaff, as Fairfax said, no one had ever of the door intact. got away alive.

"Freedom-Hunger."

The next day was Sunday, and Sunday brought with it always one blessed relaxa-

tion. The prisoners, tongue-tled on week days, were allowed to talk at exercise

"Old" Remnant seemed pleased with himself that morning; he was sedately jocular. "Enjoy your breakfas', matey?" he inquired of Fairfax.

"Ah! Ever think of a steak-and-onions,

"Well, not for breakfast."

laid its tongue to that rousing message

(Copyright, 1900, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) | noon tea, and seven-thirty dinner in my nice white choker. You ain't see me in a The Quarries.

Eighty degrees in the shade—and there that thinks, and I expect you've had "What sort?" "Never mind! I dreamed of a steak-and-

nions, matey, two nights before I got out "You're on that tack still, are you?" said

Ten years is a long stretch, matey. You've done five," said Fairfax. 'Five's a stretch you can do on you

"Pull yourself together," said Fairfax You can't get out of Longstaff. "It's a sad waste o' time," mused "Old"

Perhaps we should have thought of that "I don't say but we should, matey, though

"Well," said Fairfax, "now that we're in for it. I fancy we had better accept her

good enough to impose it on us." "It don't seem quite the square thing, She's gettin' on in years, an' got a blame expensive fam'ly, an' you an' me's a-fatface, neck, arms and hands burned almost tenin' on her victuals. I'm puttin' on flesh walnut. He had a long irregular face, with myself, and who's a-feedin' me? Whose

> "So you're going to try it, then. Well, what's your plan?" "I ain't exackly fitted out the expedition,

catey, but I'm a-studying the chart." These Sunday talks have been disalowed-perhaps not quite without reason. Fairfax did not much believe in "Old" Remnant's project, for the impregnability of Longstaff was a kind of proverb in all her majesty's prisons, but the face of that able burglar and prison breaker was very atudious as he sat in his cell through the afternoon of Sunday, with the bible across

"Old" Remnant was aware that every chance was against him, but he had seen freedom in a vision, and he could see nothing else. This fierce freedom-hunger is the chief disease of convict prisons, and all the prison people know it well, from the governor down to the commonest little sneak of a convict in his keeping. Day and night he lag hopes and pines for liberty; there is nothing but this longing and the dull ope of its fulfillment that solaces his bondage. For the years do not roll with him, they trail and slug along, and seem perpetually to lose their course, as if some cruel hand put back the clock a little and a little every day. But most prisoners lack the energy, and a yet greater number lack the courage that is wanted for the great attempt. For prison breaking is not what it

was. A Cellini, a Casanova, a Trenck, a Latude, a Sheppard, could scarcely eat his way out of the thin modern prison that is watched and haunted at every point, moment by moment, through every hour of the twenty-four. But-old prisons or new prisons every prison has its master. Bastile or pound, there is always one genius who has the open sesame.

"Old" Remnant knew that he had the reedom-hunger very badly, and knew that it would get the better of him. When it gnawed like this he had always made his rush, and three times he had succeeded, but here, for the first time, he had neither plan nor inspiration; he was ignorant of everything that was to come. His time was at hand for another leap at the bars; must make that leap, but intuition

lighted him no further. At bedtime he was as empty of ideas as at dinner time, and he wanted another twelve hours for quiet meditation. He had hought out his last escape in a punishment cell at Chatham. On the Monday morning, accordingly, he refused to muster for chape and was promptly marched to "chokey."

"I'll get it here," said "Old" Remnant, as the door closed upon him in the dark cell.

The Bell. Boom went the bell, the great bell in the ower, and 1,200 convicts, less one, sat bolt up in their hammocks and listened. Not a warder patrolling his ball in felt shoes, lantern in hand, but stood and listened to the No sound ever moves the prison an that does, for the angry message of the bell was this: "Prisoner escaped!"

It was perfectly dark in the cells, so, being mid July, it could be nowhere near the morning; who had got clear in that short span of darkness?

Fairfax alone, perhaps, divined aright. Every warder on night duty in every hall glanced nervously at the cells around and above him. He knew that in each of those cells a convict was sitting up wide-eyed and with both ears straining; and whilst that bell was clanging none could tell what next

might happen. Happy the warder who could say, "It ain't one of my birds!" most self through the eight and twenty No prisoner durst quit his hammock, ne warder could leave his hall until the door

was unlocked from the other side by the officer of the morning. But every hall was silent and secure, yet still the bell kept shricking. "Prisoner es-

caped! Prisoner esca-a-aped!

The Night Warder of D. The new punishment cells were in the southeast angle of the prison. They had been built against an outer wall of old Longstaff castle, at the base of which, some twenty feet below the level of the prison. ran the small, swift river Tene. This outer wall, almost the sole upstanding portion of the castle, was fashioned of enormous grannearly four feet.

The five new punishment cells occupied a short corridor, one end of which was enclosed, while at the other end an iron wicket circular yard awoke with very high walls, where prisoners in close confinement were exercised as a very tough member when his foot separately during one hour of the twentyfour. This yard communicated, by means "I'm all right, matey," he said, when the of a stone passage and two other wickets. search warder had passed down the line. with D hall of the prison, and the night

fifteen minutes. That night warder had just discovered that the dark cell into which "Old" The Remnant had been locked in the morning beat. "No one has ever got away alive from was empty. He had seen him, a quarter of an hour earlier, apparently asleep on his that a call was coming. It came, rising as 'Ah! That's where the ambition comes plank. If this were strange, stranger a in, matey. Oh, he's ambitious, is the old hundred times was the sight which the cell presented. It was flawless in every part!

> It is little to say that the warder was dumfounded. His feeling of the matter went deeper, for he saw how desperately black it looked against himself. Miracles suspended, a prisoner does not pass unaided out of a double-proof cell and leave not a race behind him. He floats magically through four feet of granite wall, or-some-

body lets him out. During twenty beats of his watch the night warder passed in review his seven years' untarnished service; and reckoned up his very certain chances of punishment. Then he did his duty, and pressed his finger on the electric button at the wicket. On the heels of the chief warder came It's queer, but I thought this the governor, and they both looked askance mornin'. I c'd do a steak-and-onions all at that clean cell out of which "Old" He spent half an hour at this task, creepround the clock—breakfas', lunch, arfter—Remnant had whisked himself in fifteen ing back to his plank at the sound of the paper, and it has not the fascination for

etray his flight It was then that the big bell in the tower

of "Prisoner Escaped." The night warder, an old sait with a faultless record in the navy, and a faultder knew him for a very safe hand; buthere was a strong cell with not a stone dis- around, he pressed one flager on the spot placed in it, from which a prisoner had that gave, and the selid wall opened to vanished in fifteen minutes. Is prison his touch, broken and not a brick loosened, not a The mys har severed? It is impossible to credit miracles in the service; the night warder which no finger had found for 300 years. disappeared under arrest.

Pairfax Follows "Old" Remnant. When a prisoner has escaped the governor and his staff expect to be busy. The small percentage of dangerous convicts, found in every prison, grows very warm. It is sugry and envious, ripe for mutiny, and sore inclined to follow in the footsteps of the fugitive. And every class in the prison-

men." whose release is near-feels the disturbing influence of a bold escape. Great that day, amongst all the brotherhood of the broad arrow, was the fame of

"Old" Remnant. Fairfax was a prisoner of approved be havior. He kept himself a man, as far os one may do under that Egyptian sway; and having sense enough to ignore the waspish incivilities of the type of warder who likes to "put the gentleman lag in his place," it was rare for him to be in trouble. In two years he had not once tried to find out the

in that unsportive arena. But Fairfax had a livelier and more per sonal relish of "Old" Remnant's flight than any other man in Longstaff, since he alone had been privy to the design; and Fairfax the self-contained had the fidgets as badly as anyone that morning. He hoped he was

weak places in the rules-a favorite sport

not going to lose his head. A man in one of the quarry parties struck work and said they might as well let him out as "Old" Remnant. No one except Fairfax believed that he had broken unas sisted out of Longstaff.

"We'll run you in instead," said the warder of the mutineer, and off they marched Pairfax himself was twice bidden to be

brisker with his work; Fairfax the diligent. It annoyed him, for he was working below his form. All the warders were inclined to show their teeth and when a much-fretted warder does this it may be nasty for the lag within

his reach. Fairfax had no mind to take fire if he could help it, but all tempers were touchwood that morning and the pricking heat did not soothe them. "Keep step there, won't you! ome to you this morning?" This was addressed to Fairfax on the

march off from the quarries. Fairfax was aware that his step was perfect. "Be hanged to you!" The imprudent answer had left his tongue almost before his mind had framed it.

"Very well, my boy!" came the ominou retort. Early as it was the chief warder had dealt with a number of petty cases (the governor holds his court later), and his temper, too, was on the down grade. "Abusive language" to an officer, as striking too deeply at discipline, is never condoned in prison. But Fairfax had a very clean bill of conduct, and the gray-bearded chief warder, despite his unwonted irritation, was not disposed to make this a case for the

governor. "A prisoner of your station and educa tion." he said, "is expected to keep a civil tongue in his head, even when his temper is a little tried. Perhaps twenty-four hours' solitary confinement with plain fare will be long enough for you to get this lesson by heart.

As penalties are meted out this was a mild one; many a man has been tied to the triangles for a hot retort upon a warder. Fairfax, then, instead of returning to his own cell, was hauled away to "chokey." Chokey, the punishment cell, is no longer the "black hole" of the old days, but it is very still and dismal, and twilight reigns there through all the gaudy noons of summer. A deal plank is the only furniture, there is nothing to read and "plain" is generous description of the fare. Chokey was unusually full that day (thanks, in the main, to "Old" Remnant's example), or the apartment which had been assigned to Fairfax might have been sealed, for particular

As he took in its solid proportions, his eye growing reconciled to the murk, his spirit within him did obeisance to the genius of "Old" Remnant. What a man, to have eluded such a fastness! Fairfax examined the iron-plated door, sounded the cement flooring with his foot and smote the walls softly with his hand. How was i done? Had "Old" Remnant bribed his warder after all? If not, then the annals

of prison-breaking held no feat worthy of a place with this. It struck Fairfax as curious that the wal facing the door, which appeared to be of granite, was not whitewashed like the other walls, but he remembered that these cells were scarcely out of the hands of the con-

vict builders.

A trap in the door fell inward and dinner was served: One pound of bread with water; the sybarites in the ordinary cells were feasting on stewed mutton and hot potatoes. Fairfax stretched himself upon his plank and contemplated the luxury of a noonday's sleep. He had eaten only half his bread and he was hungry; but he was also wearier than he had supposed and sleep came easily. As he slept he dreamed that a voice rose from beneath him, and even in his dream he was conscious that he turned over and strained his ear. Then the voice clearer, and it said, close to him and quite

plainly: "Remnant! 'Old' Remnant!" Still dresming, he beheld "Old" Remnant lying in a swoon on a narrow, spiral stairway, between two walls, and it was pitch ite blocks, and its thickness throughout was dark. Dreaming, he arose and groped his way downward, touched Remnant and passed him, until, at a bend in the spiral passage, he saw, far below, a point of light like a pin hole. He cried aloud cheerily and

> He must have slept away ten hours of his sentence, for the cell was as black as the stairway of his dream, and he could see the twinkle of the gas in the corridor. Hearing the warder coming on his round, he lay still upon his plank.

If he had known at that moment that he was in the cell from which "Old" Remnant had escaped the night before! The warder passed and returned along his

Then Fairfax sat up and listened, certain it had risen in his dream, from some spot beneath him. Scarcely audible at first, it mounted higher and became a distinct cry

"Remnant! 'Old' Remnant!" "It's the man himself!" said Fairfax under his breath. A pause and the cry was repeated:

"Remnant! 'Old' Remnant It was no spook. Fairfax knew the voice 'Old" Remnant, alive, but still imprisoned lay somewhere underneath. The warder had evidently heard nothing; the voice had made no sound beyond

the ribbed and plated door of the cell. When the warder had passed a second time Fairfax slid down from his plank bed and went cautiously on hands and knees over the narrow area of the floor, pressing it closely, inch by inch. Then he moved both hands slowly over the surface of the granite wall. But what he looked for he did not find.

warder's foot; and twice again he heard them which appone else would feel in hold-'Old" Remnant calling.

For a last move, when the felt shoes had the money leaves the bureau of engraving shuffled off a third time. Fairfax set back and printing It is complete, with the exclose against the granite wall and edged ception of stamping a small seal upon each his way inch by inch along it. bill, which is done at the treasury, and Midway beside the two side walls, the after that ceremony is finished it is ready less one in Longstaff, stood a little on his wall at his back seemed to give. He laid for circulation dignity. The governor and the chief war- all his weight against it, and the granite sank behind him like a cushion. Turning

> Tricks Used by Smugglers Carry The mystery was solved, the two prisoners had happened on a secret spring

> How Pairtax Did Not Escape. Fairfax reckoned that be had from ten of rare stuff and hide them on shore until to fifteen minutes for the business of ex- such time as they may be distributed withploring. Stuffing into his pocket the half out fear of the revenue officer. But that Rempant, if he had trapped himself below, art, by any means, for, in spite of the arms must be hungry as a rat), he pushed open of men that Uncle Sam employs to guard

except, perhaps, that of the "blue dress nant must have done.

evidently in doubt. Again Fairfax called as numerous, though not nearly so picturand this time he added his own name, esque, as of old. Somewhere from the dark below the answer "It ain't you, matey, is it."

this time, matey!" "We'll see about that directly," said Pairfax, who knew that the hidden passage people's consciences are tender when I must issue somewhere.

"Yes; where are you!"

He felt his way down until he came upon "Old" Remnant at an angle of the stairs. "Are you badly hurt?" he asked. "No; I seem all right now, but I'm that sharp set, matey!"

Fairfax produced his half loat. "What made you call?" "Well, matey, I reconed the 'cat' was

better than buryin' alive." Fear, hunger and that parrow passage of darkness had almost cowed "Old" Remnant. 'Where's the 'screw'?" he asked again.

"He had just passed when I slipped out. At the worst, we can go back, but we've a few minutes yet. "But how in the world did you get here, matey? Fancy you in chokey!

"I'll tell you that when there's time. going to see where we are first." As he spoke he made another step downward. "Old" Remnant, losing his foothold, fall-

ing, swooning and coming to his senses with the frightful conviction that he had buried himself alive, had shouted, in the desperate hope that he might be rescued and retaken. But at the moment of his fall he was within a few feet of liberty. Some half-dozen steps brought Fairfax to

the bottom of the flight. Here, however, the way was barred by another mass of stone but Fairfax, remembering the point of light his dream had revealed to him, groped until he came upon a small round hole in the wall. Was this another door with a spring? He pressed, and it yielded as the wall of the cell had done! "Quick!" he whispered to "Old" Rem-

nant, but before the burglar had descended Fairfax had the second door open. In another moment they stood together by the lay moored at the bank. Liberty at last!

No: for one only all authority, freedom at any price, but the the dinner hour and I extended the invitacourse which was natural to "Old" Remnant was denied to the positical. For a mo- and we sat down to the feast without him. with the sweet air of freedom in his nostrils, and the thought of the quarries on the morrow, flight tempted him-but he could not steal away with the felon. He judged that he had still some two or

three minutes left him. Silently pointing to the boat, he held out his hand to "Old" Remnant. Astonishment was writ in capitals on

gave his man no time for words. 'Goodby, old chap, and good luck," he said, and, slipping behind "Old" Remnantwhom he never saw again-he made fast the door in the wall.

Then he mounted to his cell, and, closing noiselessly behind him the second of those magic doors, he stretched himself once more upon his plank. The night warder approached the door on

tip-toe, peeped in, and passed on,

UNCLE SAM'S ARMORED WAGON.

arries a Big Fortune Daily Through the Streets of Washington. Almost any day on the streets of Washington there can be seen a wagon loaded with \$1,000,000 or more in cash, or with housands of dollars' worth of stamps and quantities of the priceless paper used in the printing of money. This is the United States treasury's cash wagon. It might at first sight reem an easy way to become millionaire by "holding up" the outfit and getting away with the contents, but the execution of the undertaking would prove exceedingly difficult as well as dangerous to life and limb. Although the route traversed by this daily conveyances of money lies in a comparatively unfrequented part of the city and bordering a great park, nobody has ever essayed to in-

terfere with it, nor do the treasury officials

lie awake of nights worrying about its lia bility to successful attack. The wagon is of bullet-proof steel, and is constructed in a manner to present great resistance to a forcible attack. It opens at one end by the removal of immense steel bars, and the unlocking of an intricate system of safety locks. The body of the wagon hangs low to the ground and is covered with a wooden roof and awning, the conveyance being drawn by three great draught horses that sometimes have a hard pull to move the cumbrous affair. This is when it is loaded with box after box of precious "greenbacks." newly printed money in bills of all denominations, or with the even more valuable paper from which the money is made. As a matter of fact, counterfeiters would rather have the paper than the printed money, for with that in their possession they could turn out as much money and in as large denominations

as they chose. In addition to the immunity from rob bery afforded by the steel casting and the heavy locks and bars the wagon has the protection of an armed guard, which accompanies it at all times when valuables are aboard. Four men, in addition to the driver, usually go with the conveyance. They carry big navy revolvers on their persons, and several Winchester rifles are ready at hand under the driver's seat. While the money is being loaded and unloaded at the treasury building or at the bureau of engraving and printing the escort guard is augmented by the presence of watchmen from the building, who stand around in an unostentatious way, but ready for business. A careful system of checks and receipts requires accounting for the contents of the wagon, and there is no

possible loophole for anything to get away. The vehicle travels between the bureau of engraving and printing, where money, stamps and bonds are made, and the treasury of the United States, where they are stored.

The men who handle the money become

so accustomed to seeing and fingering im-

mense sums in greenbacks that they come

Them Through Tight Piaces. The day of the picturesque smuggler is over. No longer does his swift craft stea into the harbor of some seaside village by the dead of night and his brawny men pull for the beach to unload boxes and barrels

FOOL UNCLE SAMS AGENTS.

ing a package of 1,000 \$100 bills.

loaf of bread he had preserved (for "Old" does not mean that smuggling is a lost the solid door in the solid wall and peered his sources of revenue and see that no down. It was as black as he had dreamed dutiable articles are brought in until he it, but he could just make out the narrow gets a share of the profit on them, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods Stepping out, he drew the door close, but pass in without detection every year. It was careful not to shut it, as "Old" Rem- is estimated, says the Baltimore American. that more than \$1,000,000 worth of diamonds Time was everything and Fairfax called are smuggled in every year, not to mention softly upon the burglar by name. No an other precious stones. It is a regular busi The "old un," if he were there, was ness and the professional smuggler is nearly

Not only are the professional smugglers engaged in the business, but many good and worthy church members stand shivering with fear while their baggage is being ex-Slipped down the steps, and thought I'd amined, lest some articles that they well broke my blooming back. Fairly nabbed know is dutiable and have tried to hide in a trunk or about their own persons may be brought to light. Sad to say, not many somes to trying to rob Uncle Sam. Moreover, many regard it as an exciting sort of a game and derive much pleasure from a contemplation of their own cleverness

in cluding the revenue officers. Diamond amuggling is perhaps the most profitable part of the business. Most of the gems come from Canada over a regular route from Montreal to New York. Capada admits them free of duty, so that there is no trouble in getting them to Montreal, but then comes the problem of conveying them acress the border. Not only does the government have a custom house wherever a railroad crosses from one country to another, but there are a number of secret service agents who keep watch on the dealers agents and are continually traveling about to intercept the messenger who carries the gems-for they must of necessity be carried by hand, as it would be too dangerous to send them by mail or express. The duty on the uncut gems is but 10 per cent. It was made low, so that there might not be too much temptation to evade the payment of it. But, nevertheless, there are many sharp men and women who make a good profit out of the business and it is not often that they are caught.

BRIDE MARRIED ANOTHER MAN.

Expected Groom Falled to Come, Se She Accepted a Stranger.

"The quickest wedding and honeymoor trip I ever saw," said an old minister who lives in West Virginia, and who is now visiting Chicago, to a Tribune reporter, occurred at my house when I was living in North Carolina. The bride had come to my house alone on horseback and said her best man would be along pretty soon swift-running Tene. The governor's boat and that they were to be married. While waiting for the groom the woman gave me her name, age and place of residence She said she reckoned I would not object Even as he stood there Fairfax had taken to giving a newly married couple a dinhis resolve. For the burglar, at war with ner for a sendoff. It was not far from tion. The groom, however, falled to come woman did not appear much con

cerned over the disappointment. "Later in the day a man halted his wagon in front of my place and asked the road to a certain town. He was an immigrant and said he was on his way to the far west. He asked if he could get something to eat, as was common with travelers in those days, and I told him we had those not repellant features, but Fairfax the remnants of a feast which had been cooked for a wedding, but as the groom didn't come we had plenty left. He accepted my invitation to come in. seemed a bit curious about the wedding which did not come off and I related the details. He said he had thought a good deal about marrying since he had started

for the new country. "He asked me if the disappointed woman took it much to heart and, when I said she didn't act as if she were going into a decline, he replied that she must have a good deal of sand, as he expressed it, and

said he would like to see her. "She consented and met him while he vas eating the remnants of the feast, I had occasion to leave the room for a few minutes and when I returned they were standing together, hand in hand,

"'Rather than disappoint a woman,' said the traveler, 'I will take her myself. Go ahead with the necessaries."

"I married them and in less than an hour they were on their way to the new country. She had her nag hitched to the tail end of his wagon. Ten years after that they came back on a visit to the old tarheel state and he told me he reckoned there never was as good a wife as his and she said she had thanked her stars many times that the other man didn't show up, as she reckoned the man who came along afterward was one of the best of the world."

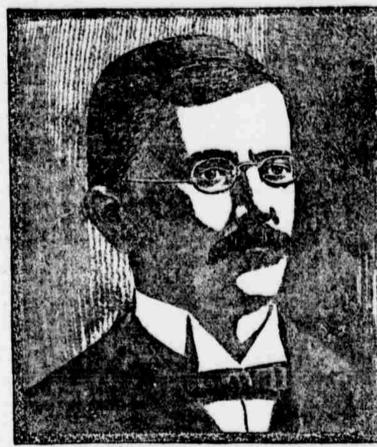
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