

HOW FAIRFAX DID NOT ESCAPE.

By TIGHE HOPKINS.

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The Quarries. Eighty degrees in the shade—and there was no shade!

"Old" Remnant perceived by a steady movement of his head that the warden's back was turned, and setting down his barrow he pulled off his cap and wiped his steaming head and face. The younger man went on swinging his pick as steadily as ever.

The outdoor gangs had been at work nearly four hours under that scorching sun, and the gray-white quarries were as beds of fire. Civil Guard Tuck went to and fro on his sentry beat against the wall, the sun gleaming from the barrel of his rifle. Except for the rife on Mr. Tuck's shoulder, that boundary wall would have seemed small enough. "Old" Remnant was certain he could take it at a vault. But Mr. Tuck had once severed with a bullet the spine of a man who was curious to know just what height the wall was. I suppose the man also wanted to know what was on the other side of the wall, for in seventeen years he had not passed beyond it.

It was nearly 11 o'clock, and those horrible quarries under that vault of fire would grow yet more promethean hot. "Old" Remnant went forward with his barrow; a brawny convict of five or six-and-forty, as fine as steel, the skin of his face, neck, arms and hands burned almost black. He had a long irregular face, with blue eyes, straight nose, and a beautiful square mouth stocked with the whitest teeth. What hair 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's-head on the right forearm. His knickerbocker suit of drab had the yellow fallings 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 years.

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, ripe to crack, ripe to burst, where you could bet the odds, dash houses to drink and gamble in all night, mash ladies, women friends, and quiet publican 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 sign-board at the door of the Plum and Feathers, right in the middle of the village street, which was just visible from the purgatorial quarries. Fresh men were in there, out of the accused 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. "Matey!" 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 figure 5.

"How does teetotal stand it, matey?" "O, pretty well!" "Ugh, I'd drink the blooming silver Thames!" "Now, then, old un!" cried the warden, "you'll catch a cold if you take it so easy there!" "Right, sir!" chuckled "Old" Remnant, who could swallow a hint professed jest-wise.

The officer in charge of the quarries put his whistle to his lips and blew the "Cease work." "Stops on and fall in!" said the warden of "Old" Remnant's party. The sun smote him sorely through his ill cap and serge tunic and the sword 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 tunics, came behind and to 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 quarries.

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 slowly through the fiery dust of the quarries, Fairfax was, perhaps, the only one who had never stained his inmost self through the eight and twenty years of his Quaker life.

From the broiling gray-white quarries to the blistering heat of the sun, 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 front of his contrivance, fanned himself with his straw and clicked a spur against a buttress of the clock tower. He nodded to the chief warden as the parties were checked off, and said "Hurry up!" in a hoarse voice.

"Ah! You're warrin' that whisky an' soda, ain't you?" muttered "Old" Remnant. "Ain't goin' to put me alongside of one, I expect!" "Remnant!" whispered Fairfax, "what's wrong with you this morning? Don't get in trouble!" He had known his gang companion only as the warriest and most prudent of prisoners. The warden, having a longer acquaintance with him, knew the "old un" as a very tough member when his foot itched for liberty.

"I'm all right, matey," he said, when the search warden had passed down the line. "A bit of trouble would do me good just now. I can do five stretch comfortably, but I gets the hump after that. Matey, I've a notion I'm goin' to sling my hook!" "Don't be a fool," said Fairfax, sotto voce. "No one has ever got away alive from Longstaff!"

"Ah! That's where the ambition comes in, matey. Oh, he's ambitious, is the old un!" Three times had "Old" Remnant broken prison, but never from Longstaff. From Longstaff, as Fairfax said, no one had ever got away alive.

"Freedom-hunger." The next day was Sunday, and Sunday brought with it always one blessed relaxation. The prisoners, tongue-tied on week days, were allowed to talk at exercise. "Old" Remnant seemed pleased with himself that morning; he was sedately jocular. "Enjoy your breakfast, matey?" he inquired of Fairfax, breakfast, matey? "I always do."

"Ah! I ever think of a steak-and-onions, matey?" "Well, it's queer, but I thought this mornin' I'd do a steak-and-onions all round the clock—breakfast, lunch, after-

noon tea, and seven-thirty dinner in my nice white smock. You ain't see me in a white smock, matey. Now, you're a chap that thinks, and I expect you've had dreams; believe in dreams, matey?" "Never mind! I dreamed of a steak-and-onions, matey, two nights before I got out of Borstal!"

"You're on that tack still, are you?" said Fairfax. "Ten years is a long stretch, matey." "You've done five," said Fairfax. "Five's a stretch you can do on your own head. It's when you turns the corner, and sees another bloomin' five!" "Pull yourself together!" said Fairfax. "You can't get out of Longstaff!"

"It's a sad waste of time," mused "Old" Remnant, "and if you come to think, it's rough on the pore old queen. We cost her one-and-eight a day, matey, and she's got a tidy big family to find for."

"[Perhaps we should have thought of that before we came upon our expedition, matey, but I'm a-studying the chart.] These Sunday talks have been disallowed—perhaps not quite without reason. Fairfax did not much believe in "Old" Remnant's project, for the improbability 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 studious as he sat in his cell through the afternoon of Sunday, with the bible across his knees.

"Old" Remnant was aware that every chance was against him, but he had seen freedom in a vision 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 night of a convict in his keeping. Day and night the lag hops and pines for liberty; there is nothing but this longing and the dull hope 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 great 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 La Roche, could not so easily 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—liberty has its master. Durable or pound, there is always one genius who has the open sesame.

"Old" Remnant knew that he had the freedom-hunger very badly, and he knew that it would get the better of him. When it came he had always made his escape, but now, 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; he must either leap, but intuition lighted him no further.

At bedtime he was as empty of ideas as at dinner time, and he wanted another two hours for quiet meditation. He had thought out his last escape in a punishment cell at Chatham, on the Monday morning, and he refused to master for change, and was promptly marched to "chokey."

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

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

It was perfectly dark in the cells, so being mid-winter, it was not until near the morning, who had got clear in that short span of darkness? Fairfax alone, perhaps, divined aright. Every warden on night duty in every hall glanced nervously at the cells around and about 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 warden who could say, "It ain't one of my birds!" No prisoner durst quit his hammock, no warden could leave his hall until the door was unlocked from the other side by the officer of the morning.

But every cell was silent and secure, yet still the bell kept shrieking "Prisoner escaped! Prisoner escaped! Prisoner escaped!"

IV. The Night Warden 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 ten feet below the level of the prison, ran the small, swift river. This outer wall, almost the sole upstanding portion of the castle, was fashioned of enormous granite blocks, and its thickness throughout was nearly 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 led into a little circular yard with very high walls, where prisoners in close confinement were exercised separately during one hour of the twenty-four. This yard communicated, by means of a stone passage and two other wickets, with D hall of the prison, and the night warden in D patrolled the far corridor every fifteen minutes.

That night warden had just discovered that the dark cell into which "Old" Remnant had been locked in the morning was empty. He had seen him, a quarter of an hour earlier, apparently asleep on his cot. If this were strange, stranger a hundred times, was the sight which the cell presented. It was flawless in every part! Not a brick had been displaced, the floor and the ceiling were whole, the fastenings of the door intact.

It is little to say that the warden 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 trace behind him. He leaves a mark through four feet of granite wall, or—somebody lets him out.

During twenty beats of his watch the night warden passed in review his seven wickets, and he reckoned over and over again 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 warden came the governor, and they both looked askance at that clean cell out of which "Old" Remnant had whisked himself in fifteen minutes, with neither chip nor fling to betray his flight.

It was then that the big bell in the tower laid its tongue to that rousing message of "Prisoner Escaped."

The night warden, an old salt with a faultless record in the navy, and a faultless record in Longstaff, stood a little on his dignity. The governor and the chief warden knew him for a very safe hand, but there was a strong cell with not a stone displaced in it, from which a prisoner had vanished in fifteen minutes. Is prison broken and not a brick loosened, not a bar severed? It is impossible to create miracles in the service; the night warden disappeared under arrest.

V. How Fairfax did Not Escape. Fairfax reckoned that he had from ten to fifteen minutes for the business of exploring. Stuffing into his pocket the half loaf of bread he had preserved for "Old" Remnant, if he had trapped himself below, he would break open the "bliss dress" on the solid door in the solid wall and peered down. It was as black as he had dreamed it, but he could just make out the narrow stairs.

Peeping out, he drew the door close, but was careful not to shut it, as "Old" Remnant must have done. Time was everything and Fairfax called softly upon the burglar by name. No answer. The "old un," if he were there, was evidently in good luck. Fairfax called and this time he added his own name. Somewhere from the dark below the answer came:

"It ain't you, matey, is it?" "Yes, where are you?" "Lying down the steps, and thought I'd broke my bloomin' back. Fairly nabbed this time, matey!"

"Well, see about that directly," said Fairfax, who knew that the hidden passage must issue somewhere. "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 loaf. "What made you call?" "Well, matey, I reckoned the 'cat' was better than buryin' alive." Fear, hunger and that narrow 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. I'm going to see where we are first." "He spoke he made another step downward. "Old" Remnant, losing his foothold, falling, 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 taken.

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; he tried to push it aside, but it was too heavy, and he was obliged to grope his way back up to the top of the flight. He pressed, and it yielded as the wall of the cell had done.

"Old" Remnant whispered to "Old" Remnant, but before the burglar had descended Fairfax had the second door open. In another moment they stood together by the swift-running Tene. The governor's boat lay moored at the bank. Liberty at last!

For one only. Even as he stood there Fairfax had taken his resolve. For the burglar, at war with all authority, freedom at any price, but the course which was natural to "Old" Remnant was denied to the political. For a moment, 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 those non-repellant features, but Fairfax gave him no time for words.

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

VI. Uncle Sam's Armored Wagon. Carry 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 gold or with quantities 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 seem an easy way to become a millionaire by "holding up" the courier, but he must be ready to meet the execution of the undertaking would prove exceedingly difficult as well as dangerous to life and limb. Although the route traversed by this daily conveyance of money lies in a comparatively unfrequented part of the city and bordering a park, nobody has ever essayed to interfere with it, nor do the treasury officials awake of nights worrying about its liability to successful attack.

The wagon is of bullet-proof steel, and is constructed in a manner to present great resistance to a forcible attack. On 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 is drawn by three great draught horses that sometimes have a hard pull to move the cumbersome 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, counterfeits 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 pleased.

In addition to the immunity from robbery afforded by the steel casing and the heavy locks and bars the wagon has the protection of an armed guard, which accompanies it at all times when valuable drivers 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 finance, the wagon is escorted by a guard 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 traveling 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 immense sums in greenbacks that they come to regard the money as so much green paper, and it has not the fascination for

them which anyone else would feel in holding a package of 1,000 \$100 bills. When the money leaves the bureau of engraving and printing it is complete, with the exception of stamping a small seal upon each bill, which is done at the treasury, and after that ceremony is finished it is ready for circulation.

FOOL UNCLE SAM'S AGENTS. Tricks Used by Smugglers Carry Them Through Tight Places. The day of the picturesque smuggler is over. No longer does his swift craft steal into the harbor of some seaside village in the dead of night and his brawny men pull for the beach to unload boxes and barrels of rare stuff and hide them on shore until such time as they may be distributed without fear of the revenue officer. But that does not mean that smuggling is a lost art, by any means, for, in spite of the army of men that Uncle Sam employs to guard his sources of revenue and see that no dutiable articles are brought in until he gets a share of the profit on them, hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of goods pass without detection every year. It is estimated, says the Baltimore American, that more than \$1,000,000 worth of diamonds are smuggled in every year, not to mention other precious stones. It is a regular business and the professional smuggler is nearly as numerous, though not nearly so picturesque, as of old.

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 examined by the revenue officer. They well know it is dutiable and have tried to hide in a trunk or about their own persons may be brought to light. Said to say, not many people's consciences are tender when it comes to trying to rob Uncle Sam. Moreover, many temptations to an exciting sort of a game and derive much pleasure from a contemplation of their own cleverness in eluding the revenue officers.

Diamond smuggling 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. Canada admits them free of duty, so that there is no trouble in getting them to Montreal, but then comes the problem of conveying them to 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 the country, except the messenger who carries the gems—for the purpose of necessity he carries 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 Failed to Come. She Accepted a Stranger. The quickest wedding and honeymoon 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 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 was a widow and would not object to giving a newly married couple a dinner for the dinner hour and I extended the invitation. The groom, however, failed to come and we sat down to the feast without him. The woman, as was common with travelers in those days, and I told him we had cooked for a wedding, but as the groom didn't come we had plenty left. He accepted my invitation to come in. He 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 was on his way to the new country. He 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 necessities."

"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 an 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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What stronger words are needed to convince you of the wonderful curative powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura than these from Mr. Heitman, who says: "From constant attention to my business, together with a weak stomach, I was completely unfit for the strain that comes to a man in my profession, and I have found nothing that has so generally helped me and given me back my natural energy as Dr. Greene's Nervura, blood and nerve remedy. I have taken several bottles and can say nothing but good about the results."

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