OICES FROM THE TOMBS. BY CLARTA MORRIS. TOMBS. THE OF THE PERSON, and we will it the prison, and we will it the prison and we will be prison and we will it the prison and we will be pri

ARLY in the year I write of a their faces, the one under direct examinately murder had been committed. The victim, a man of unavory reputation, had yet touched the fancy and won the hearty liking of that great body of people from which mobs are drawn. The excitement had been remendous, but now in the slow mover in the public waited for accrehing aummer the public waited for its master's foe.

The victim lay with clay clogged ears in his quiet grave, and the guilty man but with this light-fingered Jimmy? He was supposed to lie either manacied or was supposed to lie either manacied or was supposed to le either manacied or was supposed to le either manacied or hardy waiting trial. I say "supposed," because you care to come to such close quarters' you care to come to s

Some few weeks earlier than the day I "Why, yes." he answered. "When my write of I had gone, at Mr. Augustin think I'm being pinched."

Daly's wish, to the Tombs Court to study We were scatch on the appearance and marked characteristics, or their absence, of a noted crook who was famous through the criminal world for the miracles performed by his exquisitely sensitive thief's fingers. He was my reach, fanning themselves with the platform, but away from the witness stand, &c. My companions were slitting directly behind me; one of that ever growing grows.

quisitely sensitive thief's fingers. He was one of that ever growing group of Nathan murder suspects. Though the crime itself was rapidly fading from the memory of the city, the police were continually bringing suspicious characters here from distant points for the sole benefit of the suspect's health and pocketbook.

Mr. Daly had sent a couple of gentlemen with me, and as we stood a moment at the open door of the courtroom Judge Downing, advised of our coming, recognized us and came down to receive and welcome un. Every one knows that the Judge could not for his life either spell or define the word dignity, but he had a keen sense of justice, a big, generous heart, and for a possible joke the scent of a hound.

"No, you do not disturb me one bit. We

I shook my head. 'He's not as fair as the morning, but he looks as honest; and his snormous hands would jar your whole system if he tried to do any light finger

"Hands!" cried the Judge. "Why, they

my reach, fanning themselves with their

oke the scent of a hound.

"No, you do not disturb me one bit. We And there's a locket, too, on the chain

"No. you do not disturb me one bit. We still have a few minutes before Hibernian justice takes his seat. But I'm wondering what there can be that Daly wants you to observe."

Suddenly a thought seemed to come to him. He hurried us over to where a line of men was formed, ready for an attempted identification.

"See here; in that line is standing a star crook, the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world, a very company to the pride of the under world and there's a locket, too, on the chain round your neck"—

"But—but"— I stammered, 'it's beneath my dress."

"Yes, that's the trouble. I don't quite who whether it's too showy for day wear for sentiment and not worth the lifting and it is to the pride of the under world and the pride of the under world an



"I shook it angrily from my skirt."

"See here; in that line is standing a star crock, the pride of the under world, a very king of light ingered workers. Look those fellows over and see which noe looks most fellows over and see which noe looks most the hidden chain and pendant of gold crusted thickly with small diamonds, "tom other people's pockets. Why, I could, sports and crocks, the safe men and sectled my compensions," was a ury at the picking."

I was going steadily from face to face which one will be solded the second with a standing a star crock, the pride of the under world, a very king of light in great per cook, the pride of the under world, a very king of light in great per cook, the pride of the under world, a very king of light in great per cook, the pride of the under world, a very king of light in great per cook, the pride of the under world, a very king of light in great per cook, the pride of the under world, a very king of light in great per cook, the pride of the under world, a very king of light in great per cook, the pride of the under world, a very king of light in great per cooks, the safe men and sectles a unique to the collar of my gown, brought use the hidden chain and then all of an averted eye I caught the white crust of the world, a very light in great per cooks, the safe men and sectles and then all of an averted eye I caught the white crust of the world was a cooks, the safe men and sectles and then and sectles and then all of an averted eye I caught the white crust of the world was a cooks, the safe men and sectles and the principle of the world was a cooks, the safe men and sectles and the sum of the world was a cooks, the safe men and sectles and the sum of the world was a cooks, the safe men and sectles and then all of an averted eye I caught the white crust of the world was a cooks, the safe men and sectles and the sum of the world was a cooks and then averted was the label of the world was a cooks and then averted was the world was a cooks and then averted was the label of the world was a cooks and then averte

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The state of the property of of the pr

credible escape. The story would be

We had an officer and the matron to guide us, and I followed along until I knew we were coming to the half window from which a woman had made an almost in-

depressing place.

visit the prison, and we "did" it thorough-iy. Hence on this particular day of great heat I was a most unwilling visitor for the ascond time as a forced chaperon, to the

credible escape. The story would be droned, exclamations made, measurements taken; and, oh, dear, I couldn't face it all again! The sickening smell had really made me faint and ill. So I begged to be allowed to retire and checked the growing frowns by adding:—'You go right on and see all you wish to see while I wait for you down stairs. I can find my way No. I down stairs. I can find my way. No. I I am not afraid to pass a lot of barred doors. And after many promises of patient waiting I descended to the first floor and entered the dusty, negected little office room.

fice roun.

A man was there, sleepy, idle and sullen looking. He eyed me so strangely I thought best to explain my presence.

"Huh." he grunted. "Too hot for you, eh? Well, me loo-sit down." I obeyed. "Where did you leave your gang?" "Near the little window of the escape." "Well, you're in for a long wait. I guess." He looked at his watch-counted a bit on his fingers, and then exclaimed: "I guess I'll get out for a time." and slapping on his hat, without further word or look he left me alone.

The heat in that close little place was

or look he left me alone.

The heat in that close little place was suffocating. I fained and fained, and then rose and listened to the stairs. Note of signs of my party returning—so I went back. Then a door was thrown open autocoping with a bank and as I saxed somewhere with a bang, and as I gazed dully, straight shead, I noted some broom straws filting along the passage I started up-"Ah, air!" I exclaimed. "A current straws filting along the passage I started up—"Ah, sir!" I exclaimed. "A current of air—where from, I wonder?" I looked out—the door at the end of the hall was wide open. I went toward R, and next moment found myself looking out into a court-yard. About and above me were those symbols of sin and shame—iron bars. Through the crevices of the broken stone pavement some blades of graas pushed greenly upward; and from an open window near by came laughter and the chatter of women; and I thought the keeper's family apariments were not far off. Lifting my eyes to the bit of blue sky I realized now precious it had suddenly become and how very beautiful—"What was thar?"

blue sky I realized how precious it had suddenly become and how very beautiful—"What was that?"

'A delicate "Ahem!" My eyes followed the direction of the sound, and there to my left, lounging in a chair placed in a little strip of shade, was a gentleman orwell, at all events, a very exceptionally good looking man, so perfectly dressed that no single detail attracted attention. A flower on the lapel of the coat give h m a touch of jauntiness; while it startled one to see that the jetty hair framing his dark, young face was thickly grayed at the young face was thickly grayed at the temples. My eyes strayed to an open window near him, beneath which stood a wooden bench, and something lying there shone brightly where the sun struck. Trying a Flirtation.

Again that faint sound, and a sudden movement drew my attention, and lo! his hand was at his curled mustache; his bold dark eyes were making great playthe gentlemanly scamp was trying with promptness and despatch to set up a firtation. Instantly I assumed the stolidity of a graven image. Had any one else been about I should simply have been angry; Again that faint sound, and a sudden about I should simply have been angry; as it was I felt a bit frightened. I was for going at once back to the little office-but, said second thought:-

"He may follow you." Oh, if only my

I shook it angrily from my skirt and merely as a ruse called into the hall:"Oh, you are down at last!" and lo, the