

Seeley

### A LITTLE WHILE.

It is so natural that we fall asleep  
Like tired children when the day is  
done.  
That I would question why the living  
weep  
When death has kissed the laughing  
lips of one.  
We do not sigh when golden skies have  
donned  
The purple shadows and the gray of  
night.  
Because we know the morning lies  
beyond,  
And we must wait a little while for  
light.  
  
So when, grown weary with the care  
and strife,  
Our loved ones find in sleep the peace  
they crave,  
We should not weep, but learn to count  
this life.  
A prelude to the one beyond the grave;  
And thus be happy for them, not dis-  
tressed.  
But lift our hearts with love to God,  
and smile.  
And we, anon, like tired ones will rest,  
If we will hope and wait—a little  
while.  
—Ella Bentley.

## KENNEDY.

BY ANNABEL DWIGHT.

A pretty cove making in from the ocean, a strip of white sand, and some tall, gray cliffs for a background; and such a bright, breezy morning! The cool waves leaped joyously in the June sunshine, and caught a thousand glittering rays in the golden light.  
Kennedy was just pushing off from the yacht, as Beatrice Grant, accompanied by her friend, Miss Lizzie Fulton, came down to the pier.  
Kennedy was the new skipper. The last one, Dawson, had been discharged for drunkenness, and this man put in his place.  
Kennedy was dark and handsome, of magnificent build, and had a decidedly picturesque look, in his red shirt and white straw hat.  
Beatrice, who was quite an artist, looked at him approvingly with her great, calm, innocent eyes, as seeing that she wished to speak with him, he brought his boat about, and stepped out upon the pier.  
"Is the Spray nearly ready, Kennedy?" she asked, graciously. "Our party arrived today, and papa says we are only waiting now for you and the wind," a little smile revealed the tips of her white teeth.  
"If the wind is fair, we can start tomorrow," Miss Beatrice said Kennedy, with an answering smile, which held an underlook of tenderness, as his gaze rested upon the girl's fair face.  
"Very well," she returned, in calm, unobtrusive tones, "the handsome skipper had presumed to admire her. She turned away, and as she did so, a darned gray silk glove fell upon the pier.  
Lizzie Fulton who was rather near-sighted looking back, whispered hurriedly to Beatrice:  
"I believe that man has picked up your glove."  
Beatrice turned back.  
Kennedy was standing quietly, with folded arms, looking after her.  
"Kennedy," with a sort of cold staidness, "did you pick up my glove?"  
"Your glove, Miss Beatrice?" he said, imperturbably. "Oh no."  
And then, as the young ladies moved on, he threw himself once more into the boat, and pulled swiftly for the Spray, riding gracefully at anchor just off the shore.  
Once on the deck of the dainty yacht, he drew from an inner pocket or his loosened shirt a small, crumpled, gray glove. This he smoothed gently in his strong brown palm, tenderness and amusement both struggling in the smile which crept into his hazel eyes.  
"A proud little lady," he said softly, as he put the glove back again.  
It was a jolly party which left Grant Ledge on the following morning, for a cruise along the Atlantic coast.  
Mr. Grant was the reputed possessor of a handsome fortune; and his motherless daughter, lovely, talented, and just 19 had inherited most of her own particular set, with one or two elderly ladies, for propriety's sake, and now they were off for a month or two of delightful sailing.  
Among the party there were one or two would-be lovers of the girl, and occasionally, to escape their sentimental speeches, she would find Kennedy, and talk to him about the weather, and the course of the yacht, etc., and Kennedy, thoroughly understanding her maneuvers, would aid her with only half-repressed amusement in his eyes.  
But one time, as she approached the wheel where he was standing a lurch of the vessel threw her forward, and as he caught her upon one arm, he brushed his lips lightly over the bright brown waves of her hair. A delicate, bright color flooded her cheeks instantly, and the small head crested itself with the staidness of a queen.  
"Kennedy," she cried, indignantly; "you forget yourself! How dare you presume so?"  
Kennedy's dark face smiled down at her with a conscious strength and manliness.  
"I dare to 'presume' in many ways, Miss Bee. If I cared to," he said, calmly.  
"You must not call me Miss Bee," the girl corrected, haughtily, fire flashing from her clear brown eyes; "that name is only for the friends in my own station. And do not smile at me in that way, Kennedy! Your very look is presumptuous."  
Kennedy bit his smiling lips under his heavy moustache, and turned his gaze seaward.  
"Miss Beatrice," he said gently; "you are a very fortunate lady, as proud as

you are happy. Pray heaven that you may always rule as royally in your kingdom as you do now. You think me presumptuous. Your father's skipper daring to touch a tress of your lovely hair! I am quite innocent of presumption. Except in a pecuniary way, I am the peer of any man on this vessel. Proud as you may be, my little queen, Kennedy dares to love you with a love that will never die."  
Turning his eyes once more upon her, he saw that she was trembling, and that she seemed powerless to move, with her wide eyes fixed upon him in a sort of fascination.  
The night breeze was blowing up cool. Kennedy let the wheel slip about, and taking a wrap from the seat, folded it deftly about her.  
"There," he said soothingly. "It is cold here; go back to your friends. Kennedy will trouble you no more—do not fear."  
And he returned to his post, not again looking toward the slender figure which moved slowly away from him.  
The next day Beatrice, with a great assumption of carelessness, inquired of her father where he had found Kennedy, and who the skipper was.  
"Why, I thought you knew," was the ready response. "Kennedy is the son of old Lady Kennedy, down at Birch Landing, two miles below our place. She is a reduced gentlewoman, and her son is a fine fellow—very much above his present position. He was a wild boy, however; ran away to sea, and learned navigation in a hard school. He might have sailed master of a large steamer to China, but his mother, to whom he is quite devoted, is growing old and feeble, and he would not leave her, although he could find no employment suited to his capacity. He applied for Dawson's place, and I was glad enough to get him, for he is a thoroughly good sailor."  
Beatrice was very quiet all the rest of that day, and watched Kennedy shyly from the corner of her long-lashed eyes. But to all appearance, he had quite forgotten the little episode of the preceding night, meeting some chance remark of hers with a gravely respectful salute, and immediately after requesting her in the most matter of fact manner to step aside, as the great boom swung about.  
There were no more cozy chats with Kennedy. Beatrice was angry with herself to find that she missed them; for the man could be a most delightful and entertaining companion.  
Somehow his passionate words, so different from any she had ever listened to, haunted Beatrice. The senseless compliments of the young gentlemen on board the yacht wearied her. Kennedy had told her wonderful stories of the sea and strange countries. She longed to be again on the old, pleasant footing with him, but she was too proud.  
At last, when they were nearing home, came a terrible gale, when the heavens were black above them and the sea black beneath, and all pandemonium seemed to be let loose, as the storm shrieked about them.  
Beatrice, half dead with terror, felt the Spray crash upon rocks, and was conscious presently of Kennedy's voice in her ear, and Kennedy's strong arms bearing her across the deck.  
She clung close to him, not too proud now to hide her wild, white face against the coarse blouse.  
"The others first," she said, when she became conscious that he was making preparations to send her ashore in one of the boats with the rest of the party.  
So she remained with her father and Kennedy. Then a line was rigged to help them over.  
"You go first Mr. Grant," said the skipper, "and I will bring Beatrice. Go," he insisted, gently, as the old man hesitated; "I will surely bring Beatrice," and he smiled a strangely grand, fearless smile into the father's eyes as he drew the girl toward him.  
"Yes, papa," said Beatrice. "Do not fear; I know Kennedy will save me."  
She clasped her hands about the man's neck, and stood so, looking back at her father as he swung himself over the side of the vessel.  
And Kennedy did save her. They came ashore, Beatrice half senseless in his arms, but alive and unharmed.  
They were all saved, and a week later saw them in their own home.  
Beatrice was quite ill for a day or two, but when she was able to come down stairs, she sent for Kennedy.  
He came in, dark and handsome in his splendid young manhood, and smiled at the slender figure in its white wrapper.  
"I sent for you," she said shyly. "To ask your forgiveness for my foolish treatment of you. Papa," laying a white hand on her father's coat-sleeve, "you told me not long since, to choose a husband. I have chosen," and she made a swift gesture toward Kennedy, which brought him to her side.  
"Bless my soul!" cried papa Grant, laughing a little, and growing very red in the face. "Perhaps Kennedy doesn't choose you?"  
"Mr. Grant," said Kennedy, framing the girl's sweet face in his strong, warm hands, and kissing tenderly and reverently the drooping white lids and the red lips. "I love her, and I do choose her above all other women. I would give my life to make her happy."  
Not a word about his poverty and her riches—no cringing semblance of self-destruction. Kennedy was quite as proud in this way as Beatrice herself.  
"Well, well," said Mr. Grant, winking a tear out of his kindly eyes. "You deserve her, if anybody does. Kennedy, you saved her life. Be good to her, Kennedy, if you don't want me to make your life a burden to you."  
Kennedy smiled, without an answer,

and took a crumpled glove from his pocket.  
"I couldn't help it," he declared, as Beatrice caught it from him with a little stamp of her dainty foot. "I couldn't, and wouldn't, have given up that precious little glove if my life depended upon it."  
And he kissed her again with an audacity that was refreshing to behold.—Saturday Night.

### KNAPSACKS OF MANY NATIONS.

**English Soldiers' the Lightest Because They Rely More Upon Transports.**

When the Germans heard of the recent enormous casualty list on the fatal Aldershot field day, about which official inquiry has been held, there was much self-complacent head-wagging and many unkind things were said regarding the stamina and marching capacity of Thomas Atkins.

As a matter of fact, any body of troops under identical conditions would have had an equal casualty list; but the Germans do not realize these conditions, because in their maneuvers they, and indeed all the crack continental armies, without doubt, "do these things better." But the Germans can march and so can the Frenchmen and Russians, and moreover, the two former in "marching order" carry a bigger load on their backs than the British soldier. Marching with them is an important accomplishment, and one not to be taken for granted.

The German recruit, after he has had his parade-drill ground thoroughly into him, is taken out to stretch his legs. First, he marches in uniform only, then he is given a rifle to carry, next his knapsack, and so on until his marching order is at full weight.

During all this the distances are being gradually lengthened, and finally the pace is increased. When trained he is going his 20 miles regularly twice a week, and he may be called upon to do a 30 mile march occasionally, and, if so he is, he accomplishes it "on his head."

That Tommy Atkins can march, too, nobody will deny, but when comparing his comparatively spasmodic pedestrian efforts with those of the foreigner, general conditions must be taken into account and here he does not, as a rule, compare too favorably except after a fortnight or less in the field.

Then, again, though some of our authorities differ on the point, he must have a breakfast to march upon, and a small amount of food every five hours or so, and an occasional mouthful of water to wash the dust out of his throat.

They get all these things on the continental maneuvers, as a matter of course, in our own country, but in fact, an officer who has been in the front has said that so far as hardships and lack of food are concerned, the Transvaal is a paradise compared to Salisbury Plain as it formerly was.

The continental soldier carries a heavier kit on his back than the British soldier because he relies less upon his transport, and no matter where the baggage train is he can always pitch his tent at night and roll himself up in his blanket.

When in heavy marching order Tommy Atkins carries a coat and cape, mess tin (comprising plate, frying pan and kettle), a valise holding spare uniform, shirts, socks, boots, brushes, etc., a canvas haversack for small articles and a water bottle. This weighs complete, with rifle, pouches, bayonet and 100 rounds of ammunition 66 pounds.

The German is provided with a great coat, one blanket and good sheet, a quarter of a tent and pole, a mess tin (which for the present is also his water bottle) and an axe. His valise contains a spare pair of boots, three pairs of socks or foot rags if he is a Bavarian, spare uniform and fatigue dress brushes etc. The whole equipment, with bayonet, rifle, and 150 rounds of ball cartridge, weighs 72 pounds.

The Frenchman carries much the same, including tent section and blanket, but no waterproof sheet or haversack. The company cooking pots are divided up among the men. A drinking cup and spade completes his rig-out, which weighs, with rifle, bayonet and 110 rounds of ammunition, 72 pounds.

The Russian carries only 68 pounds of kit, but then he has no blanket or waterproof sheet. He is only burdened with 75 rounds of ammunition, which is fastened about him in somewhat clumsy fashion.

So far as food is concerned the red-coat, for all the millions that are spent on him, really fares worse than his conscript comrades. With them biscuit and coffee or chocolate at 5 a. m. is the rule. Dinner is at 12, and consists—and this is on maneuvers, too—of soup, meat, salad and beer for the Germans, and one pint of wine per man for the French. At 6.30 is a supper of cold meat, salad, bread and cheese and more wine and beer. The Russian menu is varied with salt fish, but he fares well on the whole.—London Express.

### American Lace Curtains.

There is a general impression that all lace curtains are imported, but it has been stated recently by a dealer that 4,500,000 pairs of curtains are made annually by the dozen large mills now operating in the United States. It is only within 15 years, however, that this has become the case, the first mill having been opened in 1855 in this state. It was thought at first that the lace produced here could not equal the English in quality, but in a few years the American manufacturers were making lace curtains of as fine quality as the imported.—New York Tribune.

## FARMERS' CORNER.

Flow Early for Fall Wheat.

It is especially important that the ground should be plowed early for fall wheat during a dry season. It is necessary that the ground become compacted before the seed is put in. If early plowing is impossible, accomplish the same results by dragging and harrowing until the seed bed is well flued. The soil moisture is then retained much better than when the ground is loose the roots of the plant become well established and are not so easily affected by hot, dry weather in autumn or freezing weather in spring.

### Infertile Eggs.

The average poultry breeder feels that there is too large a proportion of infertile eggs, and of course he blames the breeder from which he purchased the eggs. In some cases, there is unquestionably carelessness in sending out eggs. In some poultry yards, the management is so reckless that the shipper does not really know whether his eggs are fresh or not, and, under these circumstances it is simply criminal to send out an egg until it is tested, that is tested to see if it is fresh enough to go out. I have received eggs that were clearly too old to have been sent out. If the management of the flock is what it ought to be, the stock is what it ought to be, and the eggs are fresh, there ought not to be so much loss as there generally is. I do not wonder that breeders do not guarantee their eggs. There are several reasons why this would not be practical. If the breeder is not sure of the eggs himself, of course, he does not want to guarantee them. If he is sure of them, or reasonably so, he can not take the responsibility of their care and management after they get into the hands of the buyer. He can not always trust to the honesty of the buyer. If the eggs are to be hatched by the incubator, there is chance for ruling the best eggs that were ever laid. The operator may be a novice, though the careful novice does not have so much trouble as the careless man who is experienced. I have known incubators to be run at a temperature of a difference of 15 degrees every day. It would not be right to shoulder the responsibility for such carelessness upon the man who sold the eggs. A little more care at both ends of the line would produce very gratifying results.—Farm, Field, and Fireside.

### The Care of Young Colts.

As a rule, a young colt on the farm likes the cold. Most experienced farmers, well-settled principles as to the feeding and care of colts. It is generally thought best not to feed grain to them; but we observe that a practical farmer writes in a letter to an exchange that it is no waste of food to give a young colt oats, but a genuine profit. "If the mother's milk is scant, or she is hard worked, and the colt cannot be fed well," says this writer, "then it is often to teach it to drink fresh, sweet milk. I have done this and the colt learned very readily to drink and become a great pet, selling as soon as weaned for \$100. But then there was some blood, as well as milk in his makeup. Not all colts are so tractable. A little one we have now, as black as Black Beauty and only a couple of weeks old, is as tame almost as a kitten, and will come whenever I go near him. If the colt is left loose in the stall with his mother, when about two weeks old he will begin to nibble at her oats in the box. Then fix a little box low down where he can reach it easily and keep in it all the oats he will eat. He will not over eat but he will grow and grow and be an honor to the stable.

"Above all things do not let a young colt follow the mother when she is working in the field or traveling. This weans him down more than one can fear in a good while and it is a cruelty to the colt. A mare may travel 20 miles in a day plowing or in work of that kind. Why should the little colt do the same. It is an easy matter to separate the mother and colt, the habit soon forms, and makes it still easier. It is well, too, to subject the young colt to tying, but he should be watched a little at first to see that he does not injure himself. A colt subjected to the halter and to handling is half broken."—Farm, Field, and Fireside.

### Ideal Pruning.

The ideal pruning is that which commences in the nursery rows when the trees are a year old and continued each year until the trees have served their usefulness in the orchard where they have borne fruit for many years. It is therefore an operation which commences with the nurseryman, and it is his office to see that the trees are symmetrical and with the limbs at the proper distance from the ground. The best and in fact the common way with the majority of nurserymen is to remove just after they have started, the buds which are found below the point where the head of the tree is to be and other undesirable places. This is readily and quietly done by rubbing off these young shoots or buds with the hands. It may be necessary to repeat this operation during the first one or two seasons. The second season, when the trees are transplanted, remove all superfluous limbs close to the body of the tree with a sharp knife, cutting back the remaining three to six, fully one-half

of the previous year's growth. This is the time when the orchardist should receive the tree; yet it is common practice to wait until the plant has attained its second or third year. In any case, the year the trees are finally set in the orchard, they should be well headed in, cutting to a bud which on upright varieties will be left on the outside, and on the more straggling varieties is left on the inside. This bud is to form the new limb and take its place with its fellows in forming the main branches of the tree. If one desires higher-headed trees than those which the nurseryman has to furnish, he simply needs to take up a leader, starting at the head, at the desired point, and removing the lower branches. Each year after the trees are planted they should be gone over carefully, and a limb removed here or there, the object being to prevent rubbing of branches and to allow the top to be free and open.—Home and Farm.

### Improving the Cow Stables.

In my travels over the state I find that there has been but little improvement in Pennsylvania cow stables. They are not in much better condition than 20 or 30 years ago. The time has come when they must be a change. In my opinion the lungs of many dairy cattle are becoming smaller because of the confinement in poorly ventilated stables. It is impossible to keep the milk free from germs and not insist on modern dairy practices. Cows are forced more than formerly. They are fed more and yield more. Consequently in order to do this additional work, they must be given better quarters.

Stables are demanded now which can be kept clean, which can be kept infected and which are comfortable and convenient. One of the most important points is an abundance of light. Light is conducive to cleanliness, it kills many germs, increases the animal's power of resistance to disease and aids nutrition. Therefore, build a stable with plenty of windows. Let the sun shine in on the cow part of the day at least.

A special arrangement should be made for ventilation. Remove the air from as near the bottom of the stable as possible. The carbon dioxide is heavy and settles to the floor of the stable. Foul smells are produced and fermentation takes place there, consequently the air should be removed from below. The best arrangement for ventilating shafts is difficult to determine, but we have found that iron ventilator tubes placed on the inside of the buildings with openings near the floor are quite satisfactory. The top of the shaft should be covered with a cap, so in case of high winds the cold air will not be forced down into the stable. The iron pipes assume the temperature of the air of the stable and are more effective in drawing off the foul air from near the floor than any other kind.

The character of the floor is very important in a cow stable. It should be waterproof, so as to save all manure and to prevent fermentation and consequently contamination of the air. Cement floors with rough surfaces are probably best, being inexpensive and durable. Brick answers very well for flooring, provided it is laid on a firm foundation and the spaces between the bricks filled with cement. The cattle should be made as comfortable as possible, and in my experience I have found that swinging stanchions are the most satisfactory. The managers should be open so that they can easily be cleaned. I would advise partitions between the heads of the cows, as this tends to prevent the transmission of contagious diseases, like tuberculosis. There should be no dark corners or dead spaces in the barn, where dust and trash can accumulate. Walls and ceilings should be as smooth as possible, so that they can be kept whitewashed and free from dust and dirt. Good barns are not necessarily very expensive.—Dr. Leonard Pearson, in American Agriculturist.

### Farm and Garden Notes.

Pick beans closely and they will bear longer. Never hoe or cultivate them when they are wet, as this causes rust.

Asparagus plants are generally set too near together. The biggest stalks come from vigorous plants set three feet apart and manured lavishly.

Indirect manures are those which do not furnish the plant with food directly, but by freeing the plant food locked up in the soil are beneficial to crops.

Weeds are usually introduced in future seed, especially grass and clover seed, and carried from farm to farm or scattered along the roadside by threshing machines.

On the Pacific coast it has been shown that onions can be kept from sprouting if placed in cold storage. The bulbs are kept for almost any length of time in fine condition.

Lime may be applied to the surface of plowed land where it will work in of its own accord. It is best put on a field in the fall. When applied to mowing land, spring applications are satisfactory.

Winter and autumn irrigation are growing in favor. The land when thoroughly soaked during cold weather is in better condition for plowing the following season and needs less water during the summer.

Common salt contains no essential elements of plant food and is consequently of little value as a fertilizer. Occasionally some little benefit is noticed upon its application. This is probably due to its effect in liberating plant food.

## TO FREE AN ANARCHIST.

HOW A WOMAN'S CURIOSITY SUPSET AN INGENIOUS PLOT.

**Thrilling Account of the Attempt to Release Berkman, Who Is Confined in the Allegheny Penitentiary for Shooting H. C. Frick During the Homestead Strike.**

The Pittsburg correspondent of the Chicago Record, writes as follows:  
Woman's curiosity—responsible for many things—led to the discovery of the tunnel by which Alexander Berkman, the anarchist who shot Henry Frick during the dark days of the Homestead strike, expected to crawl to freedom. Had Miss Jennie McCarty not been so curious to know something about new neighbors it is possible that Berkman would now be at liberty.

The western Pennsylvania penitentiary stands on the north bank of the Ohio river in lower Allegheny. On three sides of it are houses, some of them being within 30 feet of the prison wall. Sterling and Refuge streets meet at right angles at the south eastern corner of the prison. Miss McCarty lives on the corner of Sterling street, and almost directly opposite is a two-story brick house at No. 28. From a sentry's box on the top of the 25 feet high prison walls officers of the penitentiary could look into the windows at No. 28. The house is owned by J. W. Langfitt, an engineer in the penitentiary.

In the middle of May a man giving his name as Thomas Brown and his address as Chicago agreed to purchase the house from Langfitt by paying \$250 cash and agreeing to pay the remainder in installments of \$250 every two months. Of course every woman in the neighborhood heard of the sale and all were curious to see the new neighbors. The latter were four or five men and one woman. All the furniture they had was a few chairs, a table or two, a lounge, some coats, a couple of large mirrors and some rolls of matting. The day following their arrival a piano was delivered at the house by a local music firm.

A wagonload of lumber and several hundred feet of galvanized pipe were also unloaded and the stuff carried into the yard behind the house. There are women in every neighborhood who see everything taken into a house by new residents. It was thought a shed was to be erected and new spouting put on the house. Miss McCarty, living opposite with her sister, had been "keeping a line" on the house for ten days and remarked that their new neighbors were peculiar people.

They seemed to keep the front door locked all the time, and the woman sat at her piano by the window, which was always open. She was the first up in the morning in the neighborhood and the last to go to bed at night, and played the piano continuously.

If the postman had a letter, the grocer's boy some vegetables or the milkman was delivering bottles of milk, it was the same. Everything was handed to the woman through the window. The front steps and pavement were never swept, and the woman appeared to do nothing but play the piano, and her voice, a rich soprano, could be heard all over the neighborhood.

"Well, I don't know, but things look mighty funny," said Jennie McCarty one night in June while she and some neighbors were enjoying the music. "That piano wouldn't be going all the time if it wasn't for a purpose. I honestly believe those people are building a tunnel under the street to blow up the penitentiary."

Langfitt, prison engineer, who owned the house, was sent for, and the day following the door was opened.

Warden Wright and the other prison officers never allow themselves to be surprised at anything prisoners may do, but what they saw in this house amazed them. In the front of the cellar was a closet about six feet square. In the bottom of the closet was an excavation six feet long and two and a half feet wide. The hole led out under the foundation of the wall and out under Sterling into Refuge street. The tunnel was explored as far as the guards could go, but foul air in the hole drove them out.

After making sure that there were no men in the tunnel the party explored the house. In a pantry on the first floor was found an ordinary blow fan, by which air was forced through galvanized pipe into the tunnel. Attached to the roll of the fan was a leather belt, and this was also around a large buggy wheel, between the spokes of which was a handle used to turn it. Each revolution of the wheel caused the fan to revolve and blow air into the pipe. The latter ran along the roof of the tunnel, which at no point was less than two feet deep and wide.

In the front room of the house stood the piano. On the wall alongside of the instrument was an electric push button. The wires from this also led into the tunnel. The latter had been properly braced, or shored, the wires being neatly tacked to the woodwork holding up the roof, and the iron pipe also held firmly by hooks. An electric bell was found in the tunnel, and the reason for the existence of the push button was plain. The woman, seated at the piano, without stopping, could press the button and alarm the men working in the tunnel should danger arise. Over the piano was a large mirror and another was at the woman's back. Without turning her head she could see people coming along the street from either direction, and at the same time watch the sentry on the wall.

But little furniture was found in the house. Cheap matting was on the floor and a great quantity of cooked meats in the kitchen. The dining room table was just as it had been left after a meal. There were six soup bowls,

which had been used, and six knives and forks. This led to the belief that six persons were in the plot, and that they had gone away hastily.

Down in the cellar at the entrance to the tunnel was found a suit of clothes, in one of the pockets of which was a cipher letter. It was supposed to be a letter of instructions to the escaping convict telling him where to go. Several experts agree that in the combination of Hebrew, Russian, German and shorthand characters there is something about the East 72d street elevated station and First Avenue. Nobody has yet been found who can read the cipher.

When it was found impossible to explore the tunnel from the Sterling street end because of the foul air which the blow fan could not drive out, excavations were made on the outside. Men who have crawled in went over 150 feet parallel with the Refuge street wall, and the tunnel was easily found. After crossing Sterling street it runs close to the penitentiary wall. The latter is built on piles, which were cut with a saw and hatchet by the tunnelers.

The prison end of the tunnel was five feet from the wall and within 40 feet of the prison hospital. It terminated under a large flagstone, which was over a thin-crust of earth and gravel, about three inches thick. Between it and the prison proper was the large prison stone pile on which convicts work. The flagstone was so wedged in the earth that it could be moved up like a trapdoor sufficient to permit the passage of a man.

Nothing could be easier than for a convict to drop behind the pile of stones if he knew the exact location of the end of the tunnel, jump into the hole and pull the stone after him. If he were missed and the hole discovered, the stone would block the passage of any pursuers. By the time it was got out and other obstacles in the tunnel overcome Berkman could be out in the street dressed in the clothes left for him.

Police officials, miners and others say no better piece of underground engineering exists than this winding, tortuous tunnel. From beginning to end it was 236 feet long. It was finished about July 4, the woman having played the piano all that day, and the miners left it "up to Berkman." It was not the latter's fault that he did not get away. According to a story told by one of the keepers, Berkman was suspected of being up to some kind of mischief and was locked in his cell just about the time his escape was planned. As the time drew near for him to make the attempt he became nervous. This was noted by the keepers, and without giving any reason for it he remained him.

Some months ago Berkman made a mistake, and one of his friends on the outside sent him a canary. The latter he evidently intended to use to get away. He had been noticed kicking at the earth near the hospital. He seemed to be "feeling" the ground with his feet. When one of the keepers asked him about it he said he was merely uncovering new gravel for his canary. In that end of the prison yard there is plenty of gravel, but Berkman gathered enough for a dozen birds.

### WASHINGTON NOMENCLATURE.

No President's Name in the Senate, Four in House, Directory Fall of Them.

In the Senate there is no name corresponding with that of any president.

In the House there are four—Adams of Pennsylvania, Pierce of Tennessee, Polk of Pennsylvania and Taylor of Alabama.

In the city directory of Washington all presidential family names are repeated, and in some instances the Christian names.

There are 14 John Adames, two James Buchanans, one William Henry Harrison, one Benjamin Harrison, 13 Andrew Johnstons, seven James Monroes, two Franklin Pierces, one James K. Polk, 12 John Tylers, four Martin Van Burens, 13 George Washingtons with no middle names, and one William McKinley besides the president.

There are 18 Arthurs, 18 Cleveland, 10 Fillmores, one Garfield, 71 Grants, 20 Lincolns, a raft of Madisons, Taylors galore, Washingtons by the page and a number of McKinleys.

Washington, Jackson, Lincoln and Garfield are the only presidents honored with public statues. Washington and Lincoln have two each.

There is none of any vice president. Daniel Webster is the only cabinet officer and senator who has been so honored, for Garfield never took his seat as senator.

The army has one general, Scott. The navy has Farragut and Dupont. The supreme court has one, John Jay, first chief justice.

The above list does not include the statues in Statuary hall.

The city directory of Washington always includes the president, not one of whom ever was or is a resident of the city, and the same is true of all cabinet officers, heads of departments, senators and representatives and all other officials, few of whom call Washington their home.

Most visitors, and many who live in Washington, speak of Jackson square or park, forgetting that it's the most generally known square in the city, is Lafayette.

### The Best Way.

Castleton—What do you think! Here's a fellow who writes and says I borrowed \$10 of him over eight years ago, and he wants the money.  
Clibberty—Why don't you write him back and tell him it takes more than eight years to change your disposition?—Puck.