

THE INMATE OF THE DUNGEON.

CONTINUED.

"After the warden had made a good man out of me I worked faithfully, sir; I did everything they told me to do; I worked willingly and like a slave. It did me good to work, and I worked hard. I never violated any of the rules after I was broken in. And then the law was passed giving credits to the men for good conduct. My term was twenty years, but I did so well that my credits piled up, and after I had been here ten years I could begin to see my way out. There were only about three years left. And, sir, I worked faithfully to make those years good. I knew that if I did anything against the rules I should lose my credits and have to stay nearly ten years longer. I knew all about that, sir; I never forgot it. I wanted to be a free man again, and I planned to go away somewhere and make the fight all over,—to be a man in the world once more."

"We know all about your record in the prison. Proceed."

"Well, it was this way. You know they were doing some heavy work in the quarries and on the grades, and they wanted the strongest men in the prison. There weren't very many; there never are very many strong men in a prison. And I was one of 'em that they put on the heavy work, and I did it faithfully. They used to pay me money, but the value of the money in candles, tobacco, extra clothes, and things like that. I loved to work, and I loved to work extra, and so did some of the other men. On Saturdays the men who had done extra work would fall in and go up to the captain of the guard, and he would give to each man what was coming to him. He had it all down in a book, and when a man would come up and call for what was due him the captain would give it to him, whatever he wanted that the rules allowed."

"One Saturday I fell in with the others. A good many were ahead of me in the line, and when they got what they wanted they fell into a new line, waiting to be marched to the cells. When my turn in the line came I went up to the captain and said I would take mine in tobacco. He looked at me pretty sharply, and said: 'How did you get back in that line?' I told him I belonged there,—that I had come to get my extra. He looked at his book, and he said, 'You've had your extra; you got tobacco.' And he told me to fall into the new line. I told him I hadn't received any tobacco; I said I hadn't got my extra, and hadn't been up before. He said, 'Don't spoil your record by trying to steal a little tobacco. Fall in.'"

It hurt me, sir. I hadn't been up; I hadn't got my extra; and I wasn't a thief, and I never had been a thief, and no living man had a right to call me a thief. I said to him, straight, 'I won't fall in till I get my extra, and I'm not a thief, and no man can call me one, and no man can rob me of my just dues.' He turned pale, and said, 'Fall in, there.' I said, 'I won't fall in till I get my dues.'

With that he raised his hand as a sign, and the two guards behind him covered me with their rifles, and a guard on the west wall, and one on the north wall, and one on the portico in front of the arsenal, all covered me with rifles. The captain turned to a trusty and told him to call the warden. The warden came out, and the captain told him I was trying to run double on my extra, and said I was impudent and insubordinate and refused to fall in. The warden said, 'Drop that and fall in.' I told him I wouldn't fall in. I said I hadn't run double, that I hadn't got my extra, and that I would stay there till I died before I would be robbed of it. He asked the captain if there wasn't some mistake, and the captain looked at his book and said there was no mistake; he said he remembered me when I came up and got the tobacco and he saw me fall into the new line, but he didn't see me get back in the old line. The warden didn't ask the other men if they saw me get my tobacco and slip back into the old line. He just ordered me to fall in. I told him I would die before I would do that. I said I wanted my just dues and no more, and I asked him to call on the other men in line to prove that I hadn't been up."

"He said, 'That's enough of this.' He sent all the other men to the cells, and left me standing there. Then he told two guards to take me to the cells. They came and took hold of me, and I threw them off as if they were babies. Then more guards came up, and one of them hit me over the head with a club, and I fell. And then, sir,—here the convict's voice fell to a whisper,—"and then he told them to take me to the dungeon."

The sharp, steady glitter of the convict's eyes failed, and he hung his head and looked despairingly at the floor.

"Go on," said the chairman.

They took me to the dungeon, sir. Did you ever see the dungeon?"

"Perhaps; but you may tell us about it."

"The cold, steady gleam returned to the convict's eyes, as he fixed them again upon the chairman.

"There are several little rooms in the dungeon. The one they put me in was about five by eight. It has steel walls and ceiling, and a granite floor. The only light that comes in passes through a slit in the door. The slit is an inch wide and five inches long. It doesn't give much light, because the door is thick. It's about four inches thick, and is made of oak and sheet steel, bolted through. The slit runs this way,—making a horizontal motion in the air,—and it is four inches above my eyes when I stand on tiptoe. And I can't look out at the factory wall forty feet away unless I hook my fingers in the slit and pull myself up."

He stopped and regarded his hands, the peculiar appearance of which we all had observed. The ends of the fingers were uncommonly thick; they were red and swollen and the knuckles were curiously marked with deep white scars.

"Well, sir, there wasn't anything at all in the dungeon, but they gave me a blanket, and they put me on bread and water. That's all they ever give you in the dungeon. They bring the bread and water once a day, and that is at night, because if they come in the day time it lets in the light."

"The next night after they put me in—it was Sunday night—the warden came with the guard and asked me if I was all right. I said I was. He said, 'Will you behave yourself, and go to work to-morrow?' I said, 'No, sir; I won't go to work

till I get what is due me.' He shrugged his shoulders, and said, 'Very well; maybe you'll change your mind after you have been in here a week.'

"They kept me there a week. The next Sunday night the warden came and said, 'Are you ready to go to work to-morrow?' and I said, 'No; I will not go to work till I get what is due me.' He called me hard names. I said it was a man's duty to demand his rights, and that a man who would stand to be treated like a dog was no man at all."

The chairman interrupted. "Did you not reflect," he asked, "that these officers would not have stooped to rob you?—that it was through some mistake they withheld your tobacco, and that in any event you had a choice of two things to lose,—one a plug of tobacco, and the other seven years of freedom?"

"But they angered me and hurt me, sir, by calling me a thief, and they threw me in the dungeon like a beast. . . . I was standing for my rights, and my rights were my manhood; and that is something a man can carry sound to the grave, whether he's bond or free, weak or powerful, rich or poor."

"Well, after you refused to go to work what did the warden do?"

The convict, although tremendous excitement must have surged and boiled within him, slowly, deliberately, and weakly came to his feet. He placed his right foot on the chair, and rested his right elbow on the raised knee. The index finger of his right hand, pointing to the chairman and moving slightly to lend emphasis to his narrative, was the only thing that modified the rigid immobility of his figure. Without a single change in the pitch or modulation of his voice, never hurrying, but speaking with the slow and dreary monotony with which he had begun, he nevertheless—partly by reason of these evidences of his incredible self-control—made a formidable picture as he proceeded:

"When I told him that, sir, he said, 'he'd take me to the ladder and see if he couldn't make me change my mind.'"

Yes, sir; he said he'd take me to the ladder." (Here there was a long pause.) "And I a human being, with flesh on my bones and the heart of a man in my body. The other warden hadn't tried to break my spirit on the ladder. I didn't believe the warden when he said he would take me to the ladder. I couldn't imagine myself alive and put through at the ladder, and I couldn't imagine any human being who could find the heart to put me through. If I had believed him I would have strangled him then and there, and got my body full of lead while doing it. No, sir; I could not believe it."

"And then he told me to come on. I went with him and the guards. He brought me to the ladder. I had never seen it before. It was a heavy wooden ladder, leaned against the wall, and the bottom was bolted to the floor and the top to the wall. A whip was on the floor." (Again there was a pause.) "The warden told me to strip, sir, and I stripped. . . . And still I didn't believe he would whip me. I thought he just wanted to scare me."

"Then he told me to face up to the ladder. I did so, and reached my arms up to the straps. They strapped my arms to the ladder, and stretched so hard that they pulled me up clear of the floor. Then they strapped my legs to the ladder. The warden then picked up the whip. He said to me, 'I'll give you one more chance: will you go to work to-morrow?' I said, 'No; I won't go to work till I get my dues.' 'Very well,' said he, 'you'll get your dues now.' And then he stepped back and raised the whip. I turned my head and looked at him, and I could see it in his eyes that he meant to strike. . . . And when I saw that, sir, I felt that something inside of me was about to burst."

The convict paused to gather up his strength for the crisis of his story, yet not in the least particular did he change his position, the slight movement of his pointing finger, the steady gleam of his eye, or the slow monotony of his speech. I had never witnessed any scene so dramatic as this, and yet all was absolutely simple and unintentional. I had been thrilled by the greatest actors, as with matchless skill they gave rein to their genius in tragic situations; but how inconceivably tawdry and cheap such pictures seemed in comparison with this! The clapping of the music, the lights, the posing, the wry faces, the gasps, lunges, staggering, rolling eyes,—how flimsy and colorless, how mocking and grotesque, they all appeared beside this simple, unadorned, but genuine expression of immeasurable agony!

The stenographer held his pencil poised above the paper, and wrote no more.

"And then the whip came down across my back. The something inside of me twisted hard and then broke wide open, and went pouring all through me like melted iron. It was a hard fight to keep my head clear, but I did it. And then I said to the warden this: 'You've struck me with a whip in cold blood. You've tied me up hand and foot, to whip me like a dog. Well, whip me, then, till you fill your belly with it. You are a coward. You are lower, and meaner, and cowardlier than the lowest and meanest dog that ever yelped when his master kicked him. You were born a coward. Cowards will lie and steal, and you are the same as a thief and a liar. No hound would own you for a friend. Whip me hard and long, you coward. Whip me, I say. See how good a coward feels when he ties up a man and whips him like a dog.' Whip me till the last breath quits my body; if you leave me alive I will kill you for this."

"His face got white. He asked me if I meant that, and I said, 'Yes; before God, I do. Then he took the whip in both hands and came down with all his might.'"

"That was nearly two years ago," said the chairman. "You would not kill him now, would you?"

"Yes. I will kill him if I get a chance and I feel it in me that the chance will come."

"Well, proceed."

"He kept on whipping me. He whipped me with all the strength of both hands. I could feel the broken skin curl up on my back, and when my head got too heavy to hold it straight it hung down, and I saw the blood on my legs and dripping off my toes into a pool of it on the floor. Something was straining and twisting inside of me again. My back didn't hurt much; it was the thing twisting inside of me that hurt.

I counted the lashes, and when I counted to twenty eight the twisting got so hard that it choked me and blinded me; . . . and when I woke up I was in the dungeon again, and the doctor had my back all plastered up, and he was kneeling beside me, feeling my pulse."

The prisoner had finished. He looked around vaguely, as though he wanted to go. "And you have been in the dungeon ever since?"

"Yes, sir; but I don't mind that."

"How long?"

"Twenty-three months."

"On bread and water?"

"Yes; but that was all I wanted."

"Have you reflected that so long as you harbor a determination to kill the warden you may be kept in the dungeon? You can't live much longer there, and if you die there you will never find the chance you want. If you say you will not kill the warden he may return you to the cells."

"But that would be a lie, sir; I will get a chance to kill him if I go to the cells. I would rather die in the dungeon than be a liar and sneak. If you send me to the cells I will kill him. But I will kill him, without that. I will kill him, sir. . . . And he knows it."

Without concealment, but open, deliberate, and implacable, thus in the wrecked frame of a man, so close that we could have touched it stood, Murder,—not boastful, but relentless as death.

"Apart from weakness, is your health good?" asked the chairman.

"Oh, it's good enough," wearily answered the convict. "Sometimes the twisting comes on, but when I wake up after it I'm all right."

The prison surgeon, under the chairman's direction, put his ear to the convict's chest, and then went over and whispered to the chairman.

"I thought so," said that gentleman. "Now take this man to the hospital. Put him to bed where the sun will shine on him, and give him the most nourishing food."

The convict, giving no heed to this, shambled out with a guard and the surgeon.

The warden sat alone in the prison office with No. 14,208. That he at last should have been brought face to face, and alone, with the man who he had determined to kill, perplexed the convict. He was not manacled; the door was locked, and the key lay on the table between the two men. Three weeks in the hospital had proved beneficial, but a deathly pallor was still in his face.

"The action of the directors three weeks ago," said the warden, "made my resignation necessary. I have awaited the appointment of my successor, who is now in charge. I leave the prison to-day. In the mean time, I have something to tell you that will interest you. A few days ago a man who was discharged from the prison last year read what the papers have published recently about your case, and he has written to me confessing that it was he who got your tobacco from the captain of the guard. His name is Salter, and he looks very much like you. He had got his own extra, and when he came up again and called for yours the captain, thinking it was you, gave it to him. There was no intention on the captain's part to rob you."

The convict gasped and leaned forward eagerly.

"Until the receipt of this letter," resumed the warden, "I had opposed the movement which had been started for your pardon; but when this letter came I recommended your pardon, and it has been granted. Besides, you have a serious heart trouble. So you are now discharged from the prison."

The convict stared, and leaned back speechless. His eyes shone with a strange, glassy expression, and his white teeth glistened ominously between his parted lips. Yet a certain painful softness tempered the iron in his face.

"The stage will leave for the station in four hours," continued the warden. "You have made certain threats against my life. The warden paused; then, in a voice that slightly wavered from emotion, he continued: "I shall not permit your intentions in that regard—for I care nothing about them—to prevent me from discharging a duty which, as from one man to another, I owe you. I have treated you with a cruelty the enormity of which I now comprehend. I thought I was right. My fatal mistake was in not understanding your nature. I misconstrued your conduct from the beginning, and in doing so I have laid upon my conscience a burden which will embitter the remaining years of my life. I would do anything in my power, if it were not too late, to atone for the wrong I have done you. If, before I sent you to the dungeon, I could have understood the wrong and foreseen its consequences, I would cheerfully have taken my own life rather than raised a hand against you. The lives of both of us have been wrecked, but your suffering is in the past,—mine is present, and will cease only with my life. For my life is a curse, and I prefer not to keep it."

With that the warden, very pale, but with a clear purpose in his face, took a loaded revolver from the drawer and laid it before the convict.

"Now is your chance," he said, quietly: "no one can hinder you."

The convict gasped and shrank away from the weapon as from a viper.

"Not yet,—not yet," he whispered in agony.

The two men sat and regarded each other without the movement of a muscle.

"Are you afraid to do it?" asked the warden.

A momentary light flashed in the convict's eyes.

"No!" he gasped; "you know I am not. But I can't—not yet,—not yet."

The convict, whose ghastly pallor, glassy eyes, and gleaming teeth sat like a mask of death upon his face, staggered to his feet.

"You have done it at last! you have broken my spirit. A human word has done what the dungeon and the whip could not do. . . . It twists inside of me now. . . . I could be your slave for that human word." Tears streamed from his eyes. "I can't help crying. I'm only a baby, after all—and I thought I was a man."

He reeled, and the warden caught him and seated him in a chair. He took the convict's hand in his and felt a firm, true pressure there. The convict's eyes rolled vacantly. A spasm of pain caused him to raise his free hand to his chest; his thin, gnarled fingers—made shapeless by long use in the slit of the dungeon door—clutched automatically at his shirt. A faint, hard

smile wrinkled his wan face, displaying the gleaming teeth more freely.

"That human word," he whispered,—"if you had spoken it long ago,—if—but it's all—its all right—now. I'll go—I'll go to work—to-morrow."

There was a slightly firmer pressure of the hand that held the warden's; then it relaxed. The fingers which clutched the shirt slipped away, and the hand dropped to his side. The weary head sank back and rested on the chair; the strange, hard smile still sat upon the marble face, and a dead man's glassy eyes and gleaming teeth were upturned toward the ceiling.

(THE END.)

THE BRITISH ARMY.

A Year's Cost of the Present Establishment—Few Changes Contemplated.

The estimates for the British army, including the ordnance factories, amount to \$90,405,000 for the year 1894-95. This is an increase of \$1,390,500 over those of a year ago.

It appears from the official memorandum accompanying them that on Jan. 1 last the total number of effectives, including India, was 219,400. Excluding those serving in India, the number in the home and colonial establishments is 155,347. What is known as the First Class Army Reserve numbered 83,349 at that date, against 78,655 a year earlier. It is noted that during the year recruiting for the English army was quite easily effected. Indeed, even a year ago, so numerous were the applicants as compared with the force needed that it was found practicable to dispense for a time with the enlistment of "specials," and to raise the standard for enlistment in the Foot Guards. Measures had then been adopted also to equalize the number of battalions at home and abroad, but it is said that "circumstances have not yet admitted of a reduction of the force in Egypt sufficient to effect this desirable result." In the volunteers the number of effectives continues to increase, and there is a much larger attendance at brigade camps. The recruiting for the militia has been brisker. A noteworthy provision is that by which a soldier, instead of accepting his new allowance of clothing, may retain his partly worn clothing, and receive commutation with fewer restrictions than heretofore. It is believed that beneficial results may be expected from the change when it is in full force.

Large supplies of magazine rifles for the infantry have been received, so that a good part of the work at the factories during the coming year will be devoted to carbines. On the whole, very little change in Great Britain's military establishment seems to have been planned for the coming year, and this is an indication that neither the condition of the army nor its prospective service point to the necessity of noteworthy changes.

Fruit for the Farm.

Fine, fresh fruit, and plenty of it—in variety as well as quality—is what every farmer ought to have. Nothing more helpful to the housewife, anxious to provide a varied bill of fare for the workers in the field, could be done than to furnish her with ample supplies of luscious, life-giving fruits in their season. Bulletin XCII of the Ontario Agricultural College, published by the Department of the Minister of Agriculture is a 32-page pamphlet of large, clear type, with a number of appropriate illustrations scattered through the text that will very materially aid in bringing about a consummation so devoutly to be wished. There are five parts to this little book about fruit culture, each dealing with a different line of that increasingly important branch of agricultural industry. It is this feature—the variety of fruits treated of—making the valuable information given by the different writers available all over Ontario, which is particularly to be commended in this publication. The introductory article is by Prof. Pantou. It treats of the grape and the diseases which detract from success in growth of the vine. The next, by J. W. Beadle, formerly of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association, tells how the farmer's apple orchard may best be made and cared for. Then follows "Strawberry Culture," by W. W. Hilborn, of Leamington, Ont. It is doubtful whether there is a farm in Ontario on which strawberries cannot be grown profitably for family use, and still there are thousands of farmers who do not grow them. This should not be the case, as they can be grown with so little trouble and expense. Strawberries ripen during the heat of early summer, when such an addition to the diet is most healthful and necessary. What is more delicious than a lush, ripe plum? The fourth essay, by Mr. G. W. Cline, Winona, is devoted to that delectable fruit. Plum growing is a source of profit too often neglected by the farmers of this Province. With the exception of perhaps the apple the plum can be grown more easily and cheaply than any other fruit.

The last part is a compilation of fruit statistics, showing the number of apple, pear, plum and cherry trees, and of grapevines in the townships of Ontario, as computed for 1892 and 1893, from returns sent in by farmers and fruit growers to the Department of Agriculture (Bureau of Industries). There were last year 750,000 of young trees and nearly 2,250,000 of bearing age.

Now, when grain-growing alone is practically played out, fruit culture comes as a boon and a blessing to farmers, in so far as it offers with dairying and one or two other special lines new sources of profit for the enterprising agriculturist.

Coming so soon after the glorious victories achieved at Chicago by the Ontario fruit exhibit, the advice contained in this bulletin as to cultivating the wider field which the Columbian Exposition afforded the Province an unexpended opportunity and means of advertising to the world for the sale of those fruits we are able to grow to perfection, the issue and thorough distribution through the country of this fruit bulletin is a good move. Sent as it is to the members of farmers' institutes and the Patrons of Industry, there are yet many others to whom it would prove a timely guide. Upon application to the Department of Agriculture, Toronto, anyone so desiring may obtain a copy of the bulletin.

An Instance in the Family.

Mrs. Clatter: "Do you believe that cures can be effected by the laying on of hands?"

Mrs. Clatter: "Most certainly. I cured my boy of smoking in that way."

THE LYNX.

He Is a Dangerous and Troublesome Animal in Norway.

The lynx is a very troublesome animal in Norway, and the folds of the farmers are never safe from its depredations. All day long the lynx lies in some cool covert, and as the night comes on or in the gray of the morning, he descends upon the sheep, satisfying the cravings of a bloodthirsty nature by killing all that come in his way. It is not an uncommon occurrence for a farmer to lose ten or twelve sheep in one night. During the winter the lynx kills foxes and hares, and those birds which he can surprise in numbers; and what seems incredible, sometimes attacks elk. Lynxes vary in size, the largest ones being but a trifle smaller than a wolf, while others are as small as a domestic cat. At times they are very ferocious, and often attack dogs without the slightest provocation.

The lynx, being proverbial for acuteness of sight, often outwits his hunters; but after discovering the tracks of a lynx, the usual way of following him is this: A man follows the tracks in the snow until he has reason to believe that the lynx is not far distant. Then starting either to the right or left, as the nature of the ground permits, he describes a large circle. Should he not again fall in with the track, he is of course aware that the lynx is within the circle. If, on the contrary, he again cuts the track in his detour, he makes a fresh circuit from that point, and so on, until he succeeds in drawing a ring around the beast. He may then proceed to make his circle by small degrees, providing always there be no cause to think the animal is on the alert; in which case to do so is perilous work. In this way the lynx is sure to be found sooner or later.

The question of running the lynx down on snow shoes has often been discussed. A young Norwegian, who had gained quite a reputation for killing bears and elk, was once persuaded to attempt it. He started out on a brilliant moonlight night, and kept on for three days and nights, resting on two of the nights only, and then in disgust gave it up, as the lynx persisted in keeping to the thickest brakes and hardly ever crossed a bit of open to give the pursuer a chance of a spurt.

The only sure way to bag a lynx is to hunt him with dogs expressly broken for the purpose; but for visitors this is an extremely difficult matter, as dogs that will face a lynx are not easily obtained. The "belghund" used in Scandinavia for elk and bear hunting (usually an Esquimaux or mongrel of that breed), would eagerly follow the lynx and bring him to bay; but a well-broken dog of this species is so valuable that its owner would be unwilling to slip him upon an animal that would certainly maim him for life, if not kill him altogether. Dogs of this sort sell anywhere from \$100 to \$300, according to their sporting merits.

One can seldom be certain of shooting a lynx when heaters try to drive him toward you, stationed on one side of the ring, with other shooters in a line. He can easily hide himself from the beaters in trees, rocks etc., and also seems to possess a certain degree of the cunning of the fox. When the fords are frozen the lynx sometimes makes expeditions to the islands in the vicinity of his abiding place.

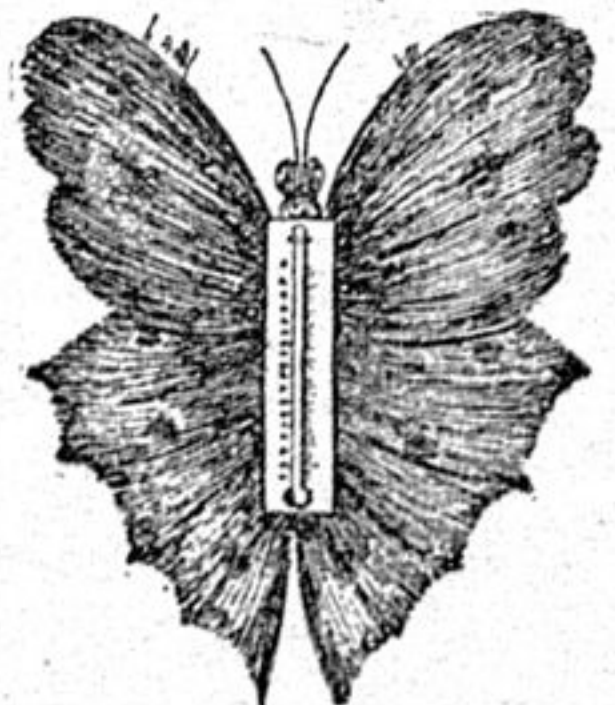
As a rule, it is only young lynxes that take to a tree when hunted or alarmed, but exceptions occur. The landsman of Skjerdalen, a kind of chief constable, waiting at his post for a hare which he knew to be about by the baying of the dogs, was amazed to see a large gray animal, very unlike a hare, come bounding out of the brake and rush up a tree near him. He fired both barrels of his gun with no apparent effect, and speedily loading again called out to the man on the next post to come quickly as there was a bear in the tree. He then went underneath the tree and fired a third time, when the animal crashed through the branches to the ground, dead. It proved to be a very large lynx, quite two feet in height.

The color of the lynx is generally of a dark reddish gray, spotted with reddish brown, but when the snow falls he turns a light gray or cream color, and the spots are not to be distinguished.

Butterfly Thermometer.

This is a handsome ornament for any room and one that it is not difficult to make. Cut the body from cardboard, with two sets of wings of any desired size; the larger, the plainer the figures of the thermometer will stand out.

Cover the back wings with pale yellow crepe paper, pasting it around the edges on the wrong side, and drawing it into shape by small stitches at the body part of the foundation, so that the crinkles will all run lengthwise of the wings.



Cover the front wings, folding the edge which laps over the back wings so they will look distinct from them; paste around the edges on the wrong side, and gather the paper into the body with stitches.

Roll a piece of cotton for the head and the upper part of the body, and cover with the crepe paper, tying it in tightly at the head with gold thread, and attaching a fine gold wire to the head for the feelers.

Border the edge of the wings with gold paint, and place large blue watercolor and gold spots on the wings as indicated, and shade the wings from the body with sepia.

Tack a thermometer, such as comes for fancy work, over the body, and line the whole with plain tissue paper, either placing a dress ring at the back to hang it by or attaching ribbon under each wing for that purpose.—[Toronto Ladies' Journal]

An innkeeper in Norway is not permitted to have female attendants in his tap-room, unless it be his wife.

Reports from Florida state that the alligator is rapidly becoming extinct. It is reported that fully 2,500,000 of them have been killed in the past dozen years.