



THE OLD NEWGATE PRISON AT EAST GRANBY CONN.

Three recent news events which have revived the world's interest in dungeons and prisoners. Though the United States has five prisons nowadays, time was when prison reform was badly needed here.

Connecticut's old "Newgate" at Granby and its dungeons, one of the most interesting phases of individual work for the good of prisoners.

By OSBORNE SPENCER.

There is something fascinating in stories of prison life, even to the well-balanced intelligence, and two or three recently published news stories have brought out a host of prison anecdotes and incidents.

The first of these was the account of the scientific writing done during the twenty-five years imprisonment in the Schlossberg fortress by one of the prisoners, who was shut up in 1881 because he was supposed to have had a hand in the plot to assassinate the Czar. Morozoff wrote chemistry, and is about to publish his writings as two or three volumes.

The second was the story of one Alvin Karpis, sentenced for life to the Alcatraz prison, who, after twenty-five years, was released, and his amazement at the changes in the outside world that had taken place during his imprisonment were the most striking features of the story.

The third and most recent was the story of J. Watson Hildreth's release from Sing Sing, where he had been serving a life sentence for helping to wreck a train some ten years ago, when only a boy in his teens. There was quite a romance in his story. During the early years of his imprisonment, while he was confined at Auburn, he was regularly visited by a young girl who had been his sweetheart. It was the fact that her visits left him morose and that her infatuation for him seemed bound to wreck her life, that caused his removal to Sing Sing, where she could not see him.

A HORRIBLE CONNECTICUT NEWGATE.

Morozoff's imprisonment, Americans would like to think, was accompanied by more palatial surroundings than the imprisonment of either of the recently released Americans. Yet, though he was at first allowed to have no books, and no writing materials, this rigor was later modified; he was then allowed a variety of reading matter and the pens, ink and paper necessary to the writing of his books. Even in Russia, it seems prison life is not so bad as once it was.

Prison reform, indeed, has made great strides in all civilized lands

in the last century and a half, and though not every American is aware of it, it was needed on this side of the water as surely as anywhere in the world. For the lives of the prisoners in this country were nothing more nor less than "hell on earth." Some of the prisoners were confined along the same lines long after the organization of the colonies into what is now one of the world's greatest, proudest nations, a nation as proud of its prisons and their administration, and as proud of the prisoners, as we are proud of the prisoners.

One of these horrible prisons was located at Granby, Ct. To this day a part of its walls are still standing there, and the dark and noisome underground tunnels and shafts which it was supposed would render it positively fall-break proof are still more or less intact.

STRONG CELLS IN AN OLD COPPER MINE.

The reason for the excavation of the tunnels and shafts wherein the most desperate of Connecticut's criminals were imprisoned in the years just before and just after the revolution, was the discovery of copper there a year more than two centuries ago.

In 1705 the people of Simsbury, as Granby was then called, were thrown into a state of the most intense excitement by the discovery there of copper ore. For almost seventy years thereafter the mine was worked, and in that time the excavations into the earth and rock below the surface reached a depth of seventy feet, and several lateral gal-

eries extending some distance underground were scooped out.

In 1773, three years before the Declaration of Independence, other copper mines that yielded better returns were discovered, and the Granby workings were abandoned. When the Revolution broke out the Simsbury Committee of Safety saw that the abandoned shaft and galleries would make an ideal prison, and forthwith they built a building over the mouth of the shaft and divided it into the galleries up rudely into cells.

Into the unspeakably gloomy dungeons thus created the Simsbury Committee of Safety threw such of their friends and neighbors as they suspected of being friendly to the King's cause. It would be hard to imagine a more horrible place for the confinement of human beings. Sunlight never could by any possibility penetrate its profound depths. It positively fall-break proof are still more or less intact.

The only method of reaching the working levels of the old mine was by way of a perpendicular ladder set up in the main shaft. Any one attempting to get away, it was supposed, would have to climb that ladder, and as the mouth of the shaft was easy to watch, it was believed that escapes would be practically impossible; in fact that, seeing how impossible it was, no prisoner would have the nerve to make the attempt.

Yet many attempts to get away were made by the prisoners. In the old copper mine, and there how legends and records of an attempted general delivery of prisoners which all but succeeded, and involved an extensive shooting scrape, the death

of several prisoners, and the injury of some among the guards. The most striking attempt to get away from the prison in its whole history was made by a prisoner who climbed a rope hand over hand, almost to the top of the shaft. Why he didn't climb the ladder is not related. Perhaps the ladder was in sections, a section being removable at the top, so that escape by the ladder would be impossible, even if the watchman the mouth of the shaft were to fall asleep.

Any way, this liberty-looking prisoner tried to escape by the rope route, but, unfortunately, for him, it broke when he was only ten feet from the end of his hand over hand progress toward freedom.

According to the old legends and records there were plenty of cogent reasons aside from the natural terror of the Connecticut Newgate should desire to get away from it. Many of those thrust into its subterranean depths were sent there by the order of General George Washington himself, because he thought that at liberty they would be likely to work injury to the colonists' cause.

And once locked in the noisome old copper mine's depths, whether by Washington's orders or without them, their lot was hideously hopeless. Not a few of those thought to be most dangerous were chained to the walls or floor, where for years, till released by merciful death, they were kept in a dreumstrous area, almost wallowing in filth, the iron which fettered them to the walls eating into the flesh, and causing hideous sores. They never saw a brighter light than that of a flaring torch, or a feeble tallow dip, and never by any chance could they even get one single

whiff of air that was not rankly fetid and poisonous.

Evils and other diseases caused by bad air, filth and dampness, to say nothing of black despair, unrelieved by any occupation whatever, harassed the prisoners of the sombre-new world "Newgate," and deaths were frequent—how many there were in the years it was used mainly as a political prison no one knows. After the close of the Revolution it was used as a State prison by Connecticut for twenty-five years. During that quarter of a century its conduct was much more sane and civilized, but even then it was a horrible place, far too horrible for the imprisonment of the worst criminals that might be imagined, even.

There has been no more interesting branch of this work than that carried on by the New York Prison Association, of which the late William M. F. Round was president for many years.

This organization pays a good deal of attention to the prisoners themselves and their conduct, but it also makes a specialty of looking after the prisoners when their terms of service have expired, finding jobs for them, giving them shelter when homeless, clothes when in rags, and acting as friend to them when friends are few and far between. During his lifetime Mr. Round's counted Alexander M. Hadden among his ablest helpers in the work on which the hearts of both were firmly set.

Hadden's activities in behalf of the prisoners are unusual, and by no means confined to the sort of work undertaken by the prison association itself. Though both rich and of an exclusive social circle, Mr. Hadden determined soon after he became interested in the association that he ought to give a good deal of his personal time and energy to the good of the prisoners. Being a religious man as well as a cultivated leader, he was at that time one of the most popular "leaders" in New York society—he concluded it to be his duty to exert personally a religious influence upon as many men actually in prison as he could possibly come in contact with.

Accordingly, for years—he may still

be doing so—he made regular weekly visits to Sing Sing prison, on Saturdays, and then called personally upon a selected number of convicts, his sole object being to urge upon each the necessity and desirability of some attention to the higher life. Just how he approached the men no one has ever known, for no one was over present when he was talking to them, and he would never tell anything about it.

Instead of meeting them in the reception room, as other visitors were obliged to do, he was privileged to go to their cell doors and talk with them in the strictest confidence. This could not have been done had not the prison authorities believed thoroughly in Mr. Hadden's integrity, and it was not possible to arrange it at all at first. When he proposed his private visits to the warden, the latter looked upon them with great disfavor, and almost refused to consider the plan; Hadden, however, had the strongest possible endorsement, and finally prevailed. His influence was so good that it was not long before the warden and all the prison authorities were his strongest supporters.

Of the men whom he was able to help make over through his heart to heart talks with them at the cell doors, of those whom he was able to help find their way into honest, self-respecting walks of life, there is no record, and never will be one, for he would not keep it, and becomes almost angry when an acquaintance tries to talk with him about it.

There are many workers among the prisoners of more or less the same type as Mr. Hadden in the United States to-day, and while some of them are perhaps unduly sentimental, as often is charged, yet, on the whole, the type is a noble one. There are stronger evidences of the great progress made by this country in the years that have passed since the abandonment of Connecticut's Newgate prison at Granby, than in the conditions of the prisons of the United States to-day, and while some of them are perhaps unduly sentimental, as often is charged, yet, on the whole, the type is a noble one.

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modern prisons as compared with the prisons of earlier times would require more space than is here at command. Simultaneously with the improvements that have been brought about in prison building and the consist the temptation no longer, and, duct of prisons there has grown up a great voluntary system of "prison work," so called, by men and women anxious to mitigate as much as possible the lot of the prisoners, both while in prison and after their release.

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A FACE IN THE PICTURE

By ANNA BOLTON.

It had come at last—the success we had hoped for, longed for, almost despaired at times of ever attaining; and it had come in overwhelming measure.

We had been working together as usual. Jim Barford and I, working not with light talk and merry jest as at first, but in the deepening silence that had fallen upon us in these latter disquieting days. And suddenly that silence had been broken. A heavy shadow from Jim's pick had loosened a slab of rock, and as it fell crashing down he staggered back and threw up both hands with a cry. I moved quickly toward him, thinking he must have been struck and hurt by the falling stone, and so I ran to him, and as I did so I saw that he had been hit on the head, but it is certain he never felt the wound, and when I saw what he had seen I did not wonder.

For the slab that had fallen had laid bare another layer in the rock, and that layer, for the length of a yard, or more, looked like a shelf of

solid gold. Aye, and it was solid gold, too, or it meant the same thing, and the claim stood, worth to Jim and me—for we shared our luck, for better or worse—fifty thousand pounds at the lowest computation, as we afterward found.

A week later we sat one night for the last time in our hut, the claim sold and the money banked to our credit. To-morrow morning we meant to make tracks for old England.

We had been smoking in silence, content for some little time, each busy with his own thoughts, when suddenly Jim took the pipe away from his lips.

"Old man," he said, "do you know I've been very near chucking it once or twice—this game?"

"So have I," I answered, smoking steadily on.

"And only one thing has kept me on with the grind: all this weary while."

"Same here," I agreed again.

"Here's my reason," said he, with a sort of challenge in his voice, and drawing something that looked like a photograph from his breast pocket, he laid it on his knee and spread a big brown hand tenderly over it.

"Here's mine," said I, not to be behind, and I did the same thing and waited for more.

"It's a woman's face, this," he said slowly, "the face of the only woman I ever have loved, or ever shall. She promised to marry me as soon as ever I'd made my pile,

and I'm going straight back to claim her. God bless her."

I nodded. Once more his case was mine. I think we had known something of the sort all along, and that knowledge had helped to make us the friends we were.

"Show," said I, and half lifted my hand as I spoke.

Slowly the great hand that I used to think matched Jim's great heart lifted itself in its turn, as if unwilling to expose the treasure that lay beneath it; but the light of the solitary candle, stuck in the cleft of the log in front of us, fell upon it at last, and at the same moment fell full upon my treasure, too.

And so for a minute, that seemed a year, we sat and stared, fascinated by the evil thing that black chance had conjured up. Then, with a groan, Jim covered his face with the hand he had lifted from that false picture one, for there was something there that not even his own tender hand might have seen.

"I swore under my breath long and steadily."

For though I had sat staring, scarcely able to credit the evidence of my own senses, it had needed but a glance to convince me that the pictured face was the same in Jim's photo as in mine. The lovely, dancing eyes, the curly fair hair, the dimple up to the left of the smiling mouth, no—I could not see that in his photo, but the head was taken in slightly a different position, and the dimple might not show unless the light

fell in a certain way; in all else it looked absolutely the same. And that woman, who had cried on my neck when I left her, who had given me her false face as a last remembrance, she had tricked another man by the wiles that had caught me, and the mystery that we call Fate had thrown us together and made us friends! Friends in evil fortune and in good; friends still—thank God, I never doubted it—evil such as we had never known before.

And once again silence fell upon us, and lasted until I could stand it no longer. I reached forward and laid my hand gently on his knee.

"Jim," I cried, and somehow, in spite of all I could do, my voice rose to myself sounded strange and as if it came from very far away, "pull yourself together, old man. She's not worth it—no woman is."

I waited a full minute before an answer came.

"She was worth all the world and more to me," Jim said at last with effort, and he got up heavily and went out, forbidding me with a look from following him. I saw him no more that night, though I sat and stared blindly out into the darkness until it gave way to the dawn.

I have had pleasant companions than my own thoughts were through those long hours. I'd have staked my life on that woman's truth, though I'd known her but a month or two before I left England; now I never doubted—there seemed no room

to doubt—that she had played us, two strings to her bow, meaning to marry the first one that met with luck. As for the other—well, what became of the other would scarcely trouble her, I suppose.

Of the days that followed even now I do not care to speak.

Three months later I set foot again in England, richer by a great fortune than I had left it, yet poorer infinitely than I had ever been before.

The train took me, a bare half day's journey, to the village I was bound for, and as if in a dream I found myself at last walking up a little flagged path that led to a pretty creeper-covered cottage.

"Dick! Is it really you?" she cried, her eyes alight, her whole face rosy with happiness. "At last—at last you have come back to me!"

Then the dancing eyes looked into mine, and their light went out. She shrank back from me in fear.

"Yes," I answered her, slowly, cruelly, with my eyes still fixed on her mine, and their light went out. She shrank back from me in fear.

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I thought of poor Jim and the waste of his great love, for there was the ring of truth in that shameless speech I prayed for strength to show her no pity as she had shown none.

Silently I drew something from my breast and held it toward her.

She looked at it and then back at me, and in her face was the dawn of a new fear.

"The hole—what is that hole?" she whispered.

Her shaking finger pointed to a small round hole that cut clean through the pictured face, charred at its edges as if with fire.

"Guess."

"It is a bullet-hole!" Her eyes dilated with terror.

"Yes," I said. "You have guessed aright. The bullet that reached Jim's heart from his own hand three months ago sped through that false—false face of yours on its way!"

I threw the card down on the ground before her, and she staggered back with a cry—a cry that rang in my ears and almost woke me for the first time a little pity. The next moment I hardened my heart again and turned on my heel to leave her. I knew her memories would be sufficient punishment without any added word of mine.

But scarcely had I taken half a dozen steps when she sprang after me and stopped me, clinging to my arm.

"Dick! Dick! You shall not go like this!" she cried. "Oh! how cruelly you have misled me, and yet there is some little excuse, I know. Listen—listen! You must! You shall! Oh! I see it all now—I understand what you think; but you are wrong! This photograph is not mine; it is my sister's—I can prove it easily! Surely you have heard me speak of my sister Mary? You never saw her; she was away with our grandparents the summer you were here, but you must have heard me mention her!"

So I had, I remembered it now, and suddenly I felt my heart give a great leap that almost left me breathless. Could it be true—as it was possible that two faces could be so similar? If so, I had indeed misjudged her—cruelly misjudged her.

"She died three months ago," she said gently, answering my look. "Oh, Dick, I have missed her so! But now I am almost glad—glad that she will never know. And they are both in God's hands."

"Alice, what can I say?" I cried, like that—when they really love, she said softly. "Kiss me, Dick, let us try to forget it all. We have learnt our lesson, and I do not think that anything will ever come between us again."

TRAGIC MESSAGE ON ISLAND

Bottle Drifts Ashore
let Purporting to be
Life Raft.

SAYS J. MELDREN

Dated on June 5th and
Rescue—Life Buoy
Drifts Ashore.

(From Wednesday's

"O" N life raft hundred
Columbia bar, Jo
alive, come to

June fifth, nineteen six." This message was seen bottle which drifted on Vancouver island yesterday. It was given into custody of Kvarne of the provincial telegraphed to Superintendent of the provincial police re-

find. Who is John Meldren? survivor of others who had? Is he a survivor of Is he still alive after the days from the time he was written? These are a few questions suggested by the pur-

message, which, if genuine, is a news of a probable rescue. On the other hand, the suggests itself, is the message one sent adrift by some with misconception of the There is nothing but the received by the superintendent of the provincial police stating that a drifted ashore with the above

The message telegraphed Kvarne also gave a finding on Long Beach of a marked, "Louis, San Francisco, Ore. on May 20, 1906, was reported on at the Golden Gate where a badly anchored still.

Supt. F. S. Hussey of the police is anxious to learn information concerning the contained in the bottle.

CONVICT COMMITS SU

New York, June 20.—His morally unbalanced, an account disgrace, he had brought upon by. Terence Keenan, 27, prisoner in the King's county jail, killed himself today by jumping from the roof of the building, escape to the distance of 70 feet. Keenan was a two months' sentence for a

FIRE AT GRAND FOR

Grand Forks, B. C. June 20.—At 7:30 this evening out in the up stairs of the hotel. The fire department did with three streams of water. The blaze in about ten minutes had spread to the damage done will probably \$65,000 worth of hotel and houses. The Alberta hotel was in flames. The fire was caused by a cigarette, which was bought for \$5,000.

PACKERS RESPONSIBLE

Innocent Greed Does More to Anarchy Than Socialism

Washington, D. C. June 20.—Discussing the agricultural ap in the senate today, Mr. Loevinger to the group of men in packing industries, said the industry had been one of utter law and public opinion. He a recent published interview with Morris in which he showed contempt for writers and the Massachusetts senator the writing of a book about the present situation, it may the packers that "the writing is not so contemptible. The packers for the meat pack Standard Oil monopolies, said have done more to advance anarchy, unrest and unwholesome conditions in the United States than the Socialists in the world. He people would resent their to the ruin of the industry. He more insane greed for money, they are rightly insisting the packers be put on the same other manufacturers.

Torturing, Itching P

It is a great mistake to im the effects of piles are local, matter of fact, they sap the mind and body and slowly lead to the ruin of the system. This is true of itching and as well as of bleeding piles, cause of the loss of blood, in their disastrous effect.

Dr. Chase's Ointment brings instant relief from the itching, stinging sensations of piles a possible and thorough cure in form of this ointment, often times stubborn disease. been proven in so many that to the relief of the sufferer. Dr. Chase's Ointment has been proven to be the most satisfactory treatment that was ever discovered.

Frequently when doctors ha to cure piles, they resort to the use of a knife. Dr. Chase's has proven futile Dr. Chase's has effected thorough cure; 60 box, at all dealers, or Bates & Co., Toronto.