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For those sudden hunger before bedtime, try a few crackers and a cup of beef tea made with

Convicts' Escapes From Prison

Continued on Page Nine.

off his prison clothing all but his shirt, and walked away in a pair of incomplete trousers made by himself from scraps of cleaning rags. He got off without let or hindrance from the many keepers standing around, and was only eventually captured for a fresh offence, and at the other end of the country.

Diagnosis comes as the first and foremost in the aids to escape. The story runs that a convict got clear away from Dartmoor by breaking into a doctor's house and laying hands on the latter's naval uniform, which fitted him well, and took him a long distance on the road.

A clever escape was made by a female prisoner in Millbank by stealing a full set of the matron's clothes. This prisoner was a "clever," who had regular access to the matron's quarters, where she easily laid her hands upon the necessary disguise, a pretty costume, a becoming hat, and all the rest of the outfit.

When dressed, she boldly went to the inner gate, called herself the matron's friend, "on a visit to her," and then permitted to walk out unchallenged. This woman, when recaptured, declared that she had yielded to a sudden impulse when she saw her opportunity, and was in such a hurry that she would not wait to put off her prison dress, but put the disguise over it.

To elude observation is another important advantage, says Major Griffiths. I have known an intending fugitive to be built into a stack of hay by his fellows, who rapidly covered him up when he laid himself down.

At Dartmoor, when it was a war prison, a French prisoner was covered bodily by the new work in progress at a chimney breast, which the mortar being still "green," he threw down the same evening without difficulty.

At Portland once a convict was sent to the beach to get the party, and yet it seemed impossible that he could have left the Bill. After a long search of the many hiding places, the civil guard took to prodding the ground near where he was first seen, and were rewarded with a

sudden shout of pain. They had caught their man buried about a foot or two down.

I once saw a cell window at Oxford prison through which a clever man had won his way. The window frame was of cast-iron; beyond it on the far side were iron bars wide enough apart to allow a man to slip through. He first fixed his jacket against the window frame with wedges made out of his cell stool, and then converted the plank bed into a battering ram, which broke the ironwork noiselessly. The passage free, he climbed up to the sill, and slipped through the outer bars.

SOME UNLUCKY FUGITIVES.
Luck is sometimes against the fugitive. I remember the case of a man who had got out of his cell into the prison yard, and had broken into the ladder shed by smashing the padlock. The ladder helped him to climb to the top of the boundary wall, but he could not draw it up after him, and was obliged to risk a drop on the other side. In falling he broke his ankle, but luck brought a friend down the street, who helped him to crawl away. Now the luck turned, for when snugly put to bed in his own house the news of his injury brought the police, who knew he ought to be in gaol.

Another man in dropping from a boundary wall into a field, fell upon a cow grazing exactly beneath him. Her back gave way, he slipped off on to the grass, and she settled down on top of him, holding him there, with a broken leg, until his shouts brought the assistances that ended all his chances of escape.

Everyone knows that to be steadily, constantly restricted, and for years and years, to an unvarying and not too appetizing diet becomes almost unbearable. I have seen men, says the author, at Chatham greedily devour the railway grease used in the traffic of the trucks. There was a horrible fashion once of eating earth, with serious results to the unnatural feeders.

It was given in evidence before a Royal Commission by Mr. Michael Davitt, that a convict at Dartmoor ate grass, candles, and the dubbing issued to grease the heavy boots. Mr. Davitt declared that he had himself eaten candles when goaded by the pangs of hunger.

One story was that a convict would collect earthworms in the works and eat handfuls with a sprinkling of salt. Another was in the habit of filling his pockets with young frogs alive, and swallowing them in rapid succession on the appearance of a stranger.

WHEN VACATION ENDED

By ETHEL BARRINGTON

The sky was brilliantly blue, but the willows threw a comfortable shade over Eve. She sat looking off into the distance, not meeting the gaze of the man lounging at her feet. Conversation, usually so delightful, hung heavily between them.

"Well, what is it?" he inquired. "I was thinking I ought to congratulate you. Why did you not tell me? Perhaps you thought with so famous a writer the news must be known of all the world."

"Meaning my engagement?" John Pierce brought the words out slowly. "Who told you? Well, I suppose you had to know. After the holiday I should have told you myself."

"My vacation is ended. I am leaving in the morning."

There was no answer.

"It would be polite to say you are sorry," suggested the girl.

"I'm not in one sense. We can never recall these past days. It's fitting you should go with them." Pierce rose to his feet. "May I sit here? I want to tell you a little about myself."

"Is that necessary?" questioned the girl.

"For me it is, and men are selfish. It is not our fault we are created so. You know the hardships of my boyhood. I've told you of the farm, of the narrowness of life out there in Iowa. I grew up with one ambition, one aim, to become a writer. My mother, God bless her, could not understand, but she never stood in my path. I worked my way through college, like many another. Afterward, with nothing but a trunk full of manuscripts, I went to New York. You can guess the struggles, the difficulties. At last I gained a hearing. My first book was a success. Through that I met—I met Hilda Chauncey. I had never known any one like her before. She realized my ambition, she touched my imagination, and one day we found ourselves engaged. She helped me in a thousand ways. When you came—"

Eve stirred uneasily. The power and magnetism of the man seemed cruel under the existing circumstances. Pierce continued: "Of course I appreciate my roughness, my crudeness. I am not, never shall be,



"WELL, WHAT IS IT?" HE INQUIRED.

of your world. I knew there could be no danger to you. As for me, I value your friendship over and beyond anything on earth. You will let me keep that?"

"Gossip says your fiancée arrives this afternoon. You have barely time to meet the train."

"We are friends," he persisted.

"Of course," she agreed lightly. He seemed about to speak, but swung suddenly on his heel and left her. She watched his long stride and the strength of his broad shoulders until her lips trembled.

"No danger to you," she repeated slowly. How should there be? She was only a girl, and it is unmanly for woman to give her love before it is asked. The chatter of life belongs to women; the important things are reserved for the men to say.

Eve walked restlessly down the road. The breath of the sound cooled her cheeks, but she turned inland toward the village.

"Young lady, am I going right for the Washington hotel?" The speaker was a little old woman, with brisk energy beyond her years. She was laden heavily with a large telescope bag and a market basket. Eve nodded. "Yes, follow the road."

"It's a longish way from the depot." The woman rested her burden on the sandy path and wiped her brow.

"You should have taken a carriage; those things are heavy."

"Ah, my dear," the other laughed cheerily. "I'm used to doing for myself where I come from. There was a pack of men shouting to help, but I mistrusted I'd ever set eyes on my belongings again. Now when I've got them in my hand I know where they are."

"I am staying at the hotel. Let me assist you." Eve took the basket. The woman demurred at first, but finally accepted assistance as a neighborly act, and together they reached the hotel. A porter met them. Eve bade him care for her companion. She smiled

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DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE

Interesting Events of Ye Olden
Times Gathered from The Plan-
et's Issues of Half a Cen-
tury Ago

Continued on Page Nine.

and has been named the Asia, as it is the first discovery of the kind which has been made in that quarter of the globe. It is an asteroid between the eleventh and twelfth magnitude.

The Canadian Society of the County of Kent celebrated their sixth anniversary by a public dinner on Friday, the 13th of September.

The Chatham Dramatic Club gave an entertainment in the Town Hall Monday evening, Sept. 9. They put on a comedy, "Used up," characters by amateurs and ladies; comic song and dance by Wesley Fletcher; third and fifth acts of Shakespeare's tragedy of Othello. Characters, Othello, Mr. Fredericks; Iago, Mr. J. Russell, supported by a company of amateurs. The farce of Box and Cox was also presented and the entertainment concluded with the romantic drama of Robert Macaire or the two Murderers. Robert Macaire, John Russell. Jacques Strop, Mr. Fredericks.

The court of general quarter sessions of the peace and county court in and for the County of Kent opened before W. B. Wells. Matthew Scott, Thomas McCrae and G. W.

Foot, Esq., were associated with him on the bench as magistrates. The grand jury was composed of the following: Joseph Tilt, foreman; John Balmer, W. A. Crow, Jos. Hart, Thomas Johnson, Alexander Marsh, Wm. G. Taylor, Philip A. Toll, Charles Bennett, Thos. Crow, Dennis Hickey, James McPherson, L. Stewart, John Terry and Henry Wells.

THE OLDEST LOVE-LETTER IN THE WORLD.

What is believed to be the oldest love-letter in existence was recently discovered in Chaldea. It was written on clay, probably in the year 2,200 B. C., and is described as follows in the Corriere della Sera (Rome):

"We possess many love-letters of the old Egyptians, but a genuine love-letter had not heretofore been found. Only recently, in Chaldea, was a love-letter found, written on clay. Though the letter has much formality for such a missive, the reader can feel the tenderness that lies hidden between its lines. The document was produced, we should say, in the year 2200 B. C., and was found in Sippar, the biblical Sappharat. Apparently the lady lived there, while her beloved was a resident of Babylon. The letter reads:

"To the lady, Kasby (little ewe), says Gimli Marduk (the favorite of Merodach), this: May the sun god of Marduk afford you eternal life. I write wishing that I may know how your health is. Oh, send me a message about it. I live in Babylon and have not seen you, and for this reason I am very anxious. Send me a message that will tell me when you will come to me, so that I may be happy. Come in Marchesvan. May you live long for my sake."

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Most things are done best when they are done according to rule.

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