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# HOW FAIRFAX DID NOT ESCAPE

By TIGHE HOPKINS

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Eighty degrees in the shade, and there was no shade! Old Remnant perceived by a stealthy movement of his head that the warden's back was turned, and, setting down his barrow, he pulled off his cap and wiped his steaming forehead and face. The younger man went on swinging his pick as steadily as ever.

The outdoor gangs had been at work nearly four hours under the smiting zephyr, and the gray white quarries were as beds of fire. Civil Guard Truck went to and fro on his sentry beat against the wall, the sun gleaming from the side of Mr. Truck's shoulder, his boundary wall would have seemed small enough. Old Remnant was certain he could take it at a vault. But Mr. Truck had once severed with a bullet the spine of a man who was curious to know just what height the wall was. I suppose the man also wanted to know what was on the other side of the wall, for in seventeen years he had not passed beyond it.

It was nearly 11 o'clock, and those horrible quarries under that vault of fire would grow yet more promethean hot. Old Remnant went forward with his barrow, a brazen convict of five or six and forty, as fine as steel, the skin of his face, neck, arms and hands burned almost white. He had a long, irregular face, with blue eyes, straight nose and a beautiful square mouth stocked with the whitest teeth. What hair the convict barber had left him was just passing from deep brown to gray. His arms were tattooed profusely, and he was especially proud of the death's head on his right forearm. His knickerbocker suit of drab had the yellowed facings of a second class prisoner, for Old Remnant could never stay long in the first class, and the figures on his sleeve badge told that he must wear that suit for ten dreary years.

He cast a look beyond the wall, the look of a man who would do very indiscreet things if chance would but give him the very thinnest opening, for just beyond that petty barrier lay the fair world of freedom, crime to crack, race courses where you could bet the odds, flash houses to drink and gamble in all night, music hall, women friends and quiet public houses of the Thames where you could enjoy a bit of cock-fighting undisturbed. But, above everything else, it was the thirst that plagued him, and Old Remnant's eyes were fixed upon the green signboard at the door of the Plum and Feathers, right in the middle of the village street, which was just visible from the purgatorial quarries. Free men were in there, out of the accursed sun, drinking what they pleased. Old Remnant almost fainted at the thought of the ale flow frothing into the pewter pots. Five years since he had raised a pewter to his lips!

The young man continued steadily to swing his pick. "Matey" whispered Old Remnant. "Well!" And you could tell by the voice that the younger one was a "gentleman lag," a "toff." His sleeve carried the figure 5. "How does teetotal stand it, matey?" "Oh, pretty well!" "Ugh! I'd drink the bloom'n' sly'er Thames!" "Now, then, old un," cried the warden, "you'll catch a cold if you take it so easy there!" "Right, sir!" chuckled Old Remnant, who could swallow a hint proffered jestwise.

The officer in charge of the quarries put his whistle to his lips and blew the "cesso work!" "Slaps on, and fall in!" said the warden to Old Remnant's party. The sun smote him sorely through his stiff cap and serge tunic, and the sword at his belt seemed to scorch his leg, but not a muscle of him was relaxed. Drawing on their slop jackets, the men of each party formed in double file; party advanced to join party; the military guard, sweltering in their scarlet tunics, came behind, and the civil guard, with their guns to shoot down lags, brought up the rear. The long drab column began limply to march through the burning quarries. Beside Old Remnant walked Fairfax, the one with the 5 on his sleeve. He stood two inches above his comrade and was reckoned the best looking convict in Longstaff.

Old Remnant, who was fastidious in his choice of a pal, had frozen to Fairfax, who had sacrificed his liberty for five years in an hour of political sleep-walking in Ireland. He was the only "political" on the roll of Longstaff, though there were two or three scores of "gentleman lags," with very ungentlemanly records at their backs. In all that drab colored column, moving slackly through the ferried dust of the quarries, Fairfax was perhaps the only one who had never stained his innocent self through the eight and twenty years of his quack life.

From the broiling gray white quarries to the blistering gray ranks of the prison and up the asphalt slope to the parade ground, search parade, caps off, slops unbuttoned, arms outstretched, as if, unless excepted, you could fetch in a book or a file or a saw from the quarries of Longstaff!

The deputy governor, in from his canteen by the river, fanned himself with his straw and clicked a spur against a buttress of the clock tower. He nodded to the chief warden as the parties were checked off and said "Hurry up!" at intervals. "Ah! You're wantin' that whisky an' soda, ain't you?" muttered Old Remnant. "Ain't you'd put me alongside of one, I expect?" "Remnant!" whispered Fairfax, "what's wrong with you this morning? Don't get in trouble!" He had known his queer companion only as the warden and most prudent of prisoners. The warden, having a longer acquaintance with him, knew the "old un" as a very tough member when his foot itched for liberty.

"In all right, matey," he said when the search warden had passed down the line. "A bit of trouble would do me good just now. I can do five stretch comfortable, but I gets the bump afore that. Matey, I've a notion I'm goin' to sling my book!" "Don't be a fool!" said Fairfax sotto voce. "No one has ever got away alive from Longstaff."

"Ah! That's where the ambition comes in, matey. Oh, he's ambitious,

pled a short corridor, one end of which was inclosed, while at the other end an iron wicket led into a little circular yard with very high walls, where prisoners in close confinement were exercised separately during one hour of the twenty-four. This yard communicated by means of a stone passage and two other wickets with the hall of the prison, and the night warden in D patrolled the far corridor every fifteen minutes.

That night warden had just discovered that the dark cell into which Old Remnant had been locked in the morning was empty. He had seen him, quivering and pale, apparently asleep on his plank. If it were strange, stranger a hundred times was the sight which the cell presented. It was flawless in every part. Not a brick had been displaced; the floor and ceiling were perfect, the fastenings of the door intact.

It is little to say that the warden was dumfounded. His feeling of the matter went deeper, for he saw how desperately black it looked against his face. Miracles occurred, a prison door was unaided open, a double proof cell and leave not a trace behind him. He floats magically through four feet of granite wall, or—somebody lets him out.

During twenty beats of his watch the night warden passed to and fro on his years' untroubled service and reckoned up his very certain chances of punishment. Then he did his duty and pressed his finger on the electric button at the wicket.

On the heels of the chief warden came the governor, and they both looked askance at that clean cell out of which Old Remnant had whisked himself in fifteen minutes, with neither chip nor filing to betray his flight.

The warden had evidently heard nothing. The voice had made no sound beyond the ribbed and plated door of the cell.

When the warden had passed a second time, Fairfax slid down from his plank bed and went cautiously on hands and knees over the narrow area of the floor, pressing it closely, inch by inch. Then he moved both hands slowly over the surface of the granite wall. But what he looked for he did not find.

He spent half an hour at this task, creeping back to his plank at the sound of the warden's foot, and twice again he heard Old Remnant calling.

For a last move, when the felt shoes had shuffled off a third time, Fairfax set back close against the granite wall and edged his way inch by inch along it. Midway beside the two side walls the wall at his back seemed to give. He laid all his weight against it, and the granite sank behind him like a cushion. Turning around, he pressed one finger on the spot that gave, and the solid wall opened to his touch.

The mystery was solved—the two prisoners had happened on a secret spring which no finger had found for 300 years!

# Railroads.

## Manchester & Oneida Ry.

### TIME TABLE.

Train No. 2 leaves Manchester at 6 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 10:30 a. m. Connects with west bound C. G. W. No. 5. Returns leaves Oneida at 6:30 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 6:05 a. m.

Train No. 4 leaves Manchester at 7:15 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 11:45 a. m. Connects with east bound C. G. W. No. 6. Returns leaves Oneida at 7:30 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 6:20 a. m.

Train No. 6 leaves Manchester at 8:45 a. m., arrives at Oneida at 12:15 p. m. Connects with the north bound C. G. W. No. 2. Returns leaves Oneida at 8:30 a. m., arrives at Manchester at 8:00 a. m.

Train No. 8 leaves Manchester at 9:05 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 2:40 p. m. Connects with C. G. W. No. 4. east bound and west bound. Returns leaves Oneida at 9:25 p. m.

Train No. 10 leaves Manchester at 4:55 p. m., arrives at Oneida at 6:30 p. m. Connects with east bound C. G. W. No. 6. Returns leaves Oneida at 5:15 p. m., arrives at Manchester at 5:15 p. m.

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No. 8:15 p. m. The Express	No. 4:15 p. m. The Express	No. 4:15 p. m. The Express
No. 5:30 a. m. Local Express	No. 8:42 a. m. Local Express	No. 8:42 a. m. Local Express
No. 8:15 p. m. Local Express	No. 4:15 p. m. Local Express	No. 4:15 p. m. Local Express

NEW SHORT LINE  
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CEDAR RAPIDS TIME TABLE.

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