



**THE GIRL FROM DENVER**

I felt in another pocket to find my own and was surprised to discover a letter enclosing a photograph of a young man, who, to my mind, was decidedly good looking.

Frank glanced at it and remarked that he was not aware that I had such a handsome friend. With just a bit of vexation apparent, I told him about my cloak and the story of the saleswoman.

"Then it must be that the lady from Denver is visiting Boston and has a penchant for the theater also," he remarked with a smile.

Hoping to discover a clue to the owner of the cloak so as to return the mittens, the cloaks were exact counterparts and equally new, I read the letter, which was addressed to Miss Annie Shaw, Scotia, N. Y. It began, "Dear Nan," and ended "Ever thine, Fred." It was brimful of nonsense, but contained nothing to indicate the relationship of the parties. I immediately concluded that they must be lovers.

"A fair exchange is no robbery," it is said, so as the principal point of difference in the property was in the mittens, I made no effort to find Miss Shaw, convinced that she was but a visitor to the city and that I could not trace her through the directory.

"Cloaks? Yes, madam," a dubious compliment to the maturity of my appearance. "Will you have a fur circular? Here is one of the best silk with a mink lining, only one hundred and twenty-five dollars."

Poised very humbly, I made known the fact that a cloth cloak was what I was seeking, and the young woman led the way to another department.

"Now here is one that I can fully recommend," she said after I had finally made her comprehend that twenty-five dollars was my limit. "This is a pattern cloak and but two of them were imported, the other was sent to Denver. We only use them for suggestions, never copying exactly, so you need not be afraid of having a common garment."

I confess that the last argument was convincing, as I despised the ready-made garments which were sold by the hundreds exactly alike, making a class of buyers look as though they were in uniform. Turning regretfully away from the handsome garments, I purchased the cheaper one, the sole specimen of its style. Feeling that of a truth poverty has its stings, I doubt if I was really grateful for the cloak that I was able to possess as I thought of the more beautiful one, which I wanted so badly.

My new cloak was like charity, inasmuch as that it would cover many sins in the way of shabby dresses, and enable me to make quite a respectable appearance despite my too obtrusive poverty, for I was but a working woman.

My dear father little thought of the sorrow in store for his petted daughter when he so tenderly provided for her every want and would not permit her to learn self-reliance or any means of support. When he passed away, about four years prior to the opening of my story, the little property that was left after all was settled up, simply provided a small income for mother, brother and I having renounced our claims thereto. Frank urged us both to make our home with his family, but I did not want to. Mother being able to pay a small sum for board was very happy with her children and grandchildren and I sought to earn my living in Boston forty miles distant from the family.

It was very stern discipline for me to go directly from a fine home into the struggle of life, especially as I had no idea how I could turn my talents, entirely untrained, into money. I am sure that were it possible for my father to be conscious of my trials, he would share my sufferings and bitterly regret that I had not been educated to a regular business.

Embroidery, in which I was skilled, offered small compensation, but I thankfully accepted it and at last learned to do acceptable work, and for my own trade, so that I felt measurably independent.

I had long needed a cloak and had

greeted my ear, and I turned to see the smiling face of Mr. Jackson.

With a laughing negative I was about to pass on when he looked at his watch and declared that I had lost my car, and as I had a full hour to wait invited me to take supper with him at a popular restaurant not far off. We had a lively chat over a dainty repast and time passed unnoted until Mr. Jackson remarked that as it was so late if it was agreeable to me he would be happy to escort me to see Booth and Barrett who were starting together at that time. Such a treat was not to be lightly passed by and I stifled my feeling that possibly "Dear Nan" might object. "Thine forever, Fred" taking another girl to an entertainment.

This was but the beginning of a delightful acquaintance. At first I would make some passing remark about Miss Shaw and she occasionally made one of the party when we passed an evening together, but gradually we ceased to miss her. Once I taxed him with neglecting her, when he calmly replied that she had filled him, saying that she was like most girls who did not care for attentions from their own brothers when some other girl's brother was around. Quite to my surprise I learned that Mr. Jackson was Annie's half brother, both having had the same mother. Fred was ten years older than his sister and as they were orphans, had been made her guardian. An intense affection for his mother led him to be very tender of her youngest child.

It was somewhat strange to me to note the intense relief that this explanation gave me. It was New Year's eve and we were going to the service the next day. He had been passing the evening with me. We were to meet Annie and a friend at the church and I was to go home with her and spend the holiday.

What Fred thought of the expression on my face as I realized that my absurd jealousy of Annie was without foundation, I was soon to learn. As I glanced at him I caught a look of puzzled surprise and then he seized both my hands in his as he drew me to him.

"And so you were jealous of my little sister?" he said. "Ah, Nellie, my darling, the question that I dared not ask is answered. I love you dearly and have been getting up my courage to ask for that greatest New Year's gift that you can give, your own sweet self to be my bride. May I claim it, for I know now that you love me?"

Fred blessed that cloak which first made us acquainted and although I have a handsome suit now, will not consent to parting with it. He looks over my shoulder as I write and says that I should have called this story "My Fortunate Cloak," since it brought me a husband. Men are so conceited.



THIS IS NOT NAN.

diligently read the papers, however, lest she might desire to regain the photo and would advertise, but I saw no notice.

Not long afterwards as I was rushing through the street to a car station, suburbanites are always in a hurry, I heard hasty steps behind me and a strong arm was laid upon my shoulder with a, "What's your hurry, Nan? I am all out of breath chasing you."

I turned my head and the stranger saw my face, he raised his hat courteously and said:

"Pardon me, but you are not Nan if you are wearing her new cloak."

I well knew that it was decidedly improper to speak to a stranger on the street, but zeal to discover Miss Shaw and restore her mittens led me to answer him in his own spirit.

"Thanks, but this is not Nan's cloak, it is my own."

With a confused apology he was about to leave me when I detained him and rehearsed the story of the exchange of garments and asked his assistance to regain my own. With a peculiar reticence, I refrained from mentioning the photo as I recognized its original before me, telling only of the mittens as the point of difference.

He said that he knew the young lady well, in fact had been her escort that evening as she was visiting friends of his own. For some unexplained reason she had seemed very desirous of regaining her cloak although, so far as he could perceive, there was no difference between them.

Feeling anxious to restore Miss Shaw's property, for that was her name, I gave him my address and he promised to bring her to call upon me. By this time we had reached the car station and after assisting me into the car he turned away.

Not long afterwards Miss Shaw and "Fred," whom I learned was "Mr. Jackson," called and we had a merry evening as we discussed the contrivances of the cloaks, especially as "Nan" said:

"I could not understand the exchange as I prided myself on being the sole possessor of a cloak of this peculiar style of trimming."

"Are you from Denver?" I asked. She looked a bit puzzled and then laughed heartily as she told the same story which had inveigled me into the purchase.

Miss Shaw declared that she would embroider her name and address on a ribbon hanger, as the stores do, to identify her cloak in the future, and I mentally determined to do likewise.

After that I was fairly haunted by duplicate of my cloak made after such an exclusive model. The church which I attended had free seats and persons were at liberty to sit wherever they chose. I generally took the same one every Sunday as was the custom of other regular attendants. One day as I entered the pew and knelt for silent prayer I noticed a stranger in it, or rather, saw a garment like mine; I thought at first that it was Nan Shaw, but soon discerned that it was a stranger.

"The lady from Denver this time surely," I thought, but did not address her. The story of the cloak I fear intruded itself into my prayers far more than it should have done.

I was quite pleased with Miss Shaw, and as she had so kindly invited me, returned her call. I told her of the lady at church and we laughingly discussed the question of forming a club of those who wore cloaks of our "exclusive" pattern. I enjoyed my visit greatly and remained later than I thought so had to hasten my steps homeward. I was rushing along the street toward the car station when:

"Pardon me, are you from Denver?"



Ring mournfully, mournfully, bells!  
O, dearly, dearly ring!  
The old year's almost through!  
For the old ring mournful knells;  
But a merrier song we'll sing,  
A merrier song for the New!

The gray old year is dying;  
His hours are almost spent;  
His moments fast are flying;  
The midnight winds are sighing;  
The thoughts in prayer are bent  
For the gray old year that's dying!

The sad old dying year  
Leaves many a heart a smarting,  
But joys he leaves us, too!  
And we'll give a friendly tear  
A tear for the old, at parting,  
For the old 't hat once was new.

He's been a good, true friend;  
Good sermons he's been preaching;  
Good seed has he been sowing;  
O, we might greatly mend  
Would we but heed the teaching  
Of the good old year that's going!

The Old, departing sadly,  
Bow'd low with white locks streaming,  
Will come to us no more;  
The New comes blithe and gladly,  
With joy and hope all beaming,  
As the old year came before.

Adieu, old year, adieu!  
Your coming makes us gladder,  
And we've learned so much of you!  
But your days were all too few,  
And your going leaves us sadder;  
Adieu, old year, adieu!

Ring merrily, merrily, bells!  
Now merrily, merrily ring!  
We've a stifle in piece of a year!  
Ring merrily, merrily, bells,  
O, merrily, merrily ring,  
Ring in the glad New Year!

They Glad Their Price.  
The London Critic has compiled a list of 99 noblemen who are directors of 190 companies, with a capital of over £64,000,000, the greater part of which has never yielded a penny of dividend.

After leaving college it would be a good idea for some men to go to school.

**FREE FROM SING SING.**

**THE LAST DAY OF A PRISONER WHO HAS "DONE HIS BIT."**

*Routine of Releasing a Man—A Drink and a Bunch of Cigarettes Are Usually the First Purchases Made by Nearly Every Ex-Convict.*

In order to appreciate fully the value of liberty one should be present when the prison doors are opened and a convict who has for years been deprived of his freedom, who has been housed in a narrow, cheerless cell, and has worked and mused with other convicts, is let out of the prison office a free man. It is a scene which few people except the prison officials witness at Sing Sing, because the "graduation exercises" always take place there early in the morning, says the New York Tribune.

The man whose misdeeds bring him behind the gray granite walls of Sing Sing, if he is a "new man," with no experience in the vile, goes through the initiation in a dazed manner. He answers questions as to his history in a mechanical way and when he reaches the hands of the prison keepers he goes through the forms of weighing, bathing, having his beard shaved and his hair cropped with a child-like docility and in most instances he realizes his true position only after the door of a cell has closed upon him and he looks upon the garments in which he will be dressed and the place which will be home to him until the weary years have dragged away. Then the bully becomes the baby, and men who have braved danger in the pursuit of spoils break down and the guards as they pass the cells of the new man do not stop when they hear sobs and even shrieks of despair, because they come in the regular order of things.

Then comes assignment to such work as the convict may be fitted for and the first evidence that the new man is becoming accustomed to his surroundings an anxious measure reconciled to his condition when he begins to figure how much he will "get off" for good conduct and when his term will expire. It matters little whether the man comes for three or for thirteen years, the calculation goes on just the same; it is always the first thing in the mind of the prisoner, and as the term draws to a close, months are counted, then weeks and finally days, and the strain becomes greater as the day of liberation draws near. Men who had been apathetic, who had acquired the prison languor, brace up; they eat well, work well and even in the lockstep with their fellows they show the invigorating effect of the vision of freedom which is coming nearer daily.

A few weeks before the expiration of the term the prison barber is instructed to skip the man. This is usually done by order of Warden Sage, who takes that means of rewarding a well-behaved inmate, and the privilege is more highly appreciated than a gift of money would be. On the night before his discharge the prisoner is locked up as usual and receives his evening meal in his cell. At 9 o'clock the lights are turned out, but the men who are to be discharged on the next day are usually awake long after the other cell occupants have gone to sleep.

As a rule the last night in prison is as wakeful as the first. The first is full of anguish, remorse, homesickness; the last with its visions of freedom, home, friends and the uncertainty as to what will await him "on the outside," makes the hours years and in many instances a dose of bromide is prescribed by the prison physician for the men who are about to go out.

At last the dawn breaks on the last day and the prison "bit" is nearly done. As a precautionary measure, to prevent the man who goes out from bearing letters or messages from fellow-convicts, he is not allowed to leave his cell on his last day until the other



BEING WEIGHED.

convicts have been marched away to their work; and from behind the iron cell door he sees the line form, sees the striped figures linked closely one to the other moving away, like a great gray and black reptile, and hears the half-shuffle, half-step echo through the vaulted corridors, while he nibbles at the breakfast which has been brought to the cell. But "bootleg coffee" and other prison delicacies have lost their charms, and the man stands close to the cell door with bundles all ready. The bundles contain such trifles and trinkets as may have ornamented his cell and the prison property, which must be turned over to the officials before he may leave the place. Excitement, nervousness and stifled emotion are written on every feature of the man.

At last the supreme moment has come and a blue-coated keeper goes to the cell door and calls the name of the inmate. He steps out into the corridor. At the same moment men in other parts of the prison are going through the same form and the little band is gathered into a company at the door.

One morning recently an official who was not connected with the prison accompanied a keeper on his way to lib-

erate some men whose term expired that day. One of the convicts, as he stepped from his cell, shrank back and turned pale when he saw the stranger with the keeper and cast stealthy glances at the man whenever he could. The keeper explained that the convict had undoubtedly committed a crime besides the one for which he had served and he feared that the stranger was an officer come to arrest him.

"That happens frequently," said the officer, "and it is a pitiful sight to see a man all keyed up for 'the outside,' with possibly years of service behind him, taken into custody on the prison threshold. A man must be made of iron to take such a dose without a struggle."

When the graduating class, each man with his bundle under his arm, is brought together a keeper gives the command "Forward!" sharp and distinct, and the men march toward the prison yard, and when this point is reached they are ordered to "close up," and then for the last time—until they are returned to the Hotel Sage—the uniformed men march in the hotel lockstep to the room where years before, perhaps, they were stripped of their citizen's garments and robed in the uniform of shame. If they served less than five years the recent graduates saw the same convict in the apartment who helped them at the time of their initiation. Then he stood by as each man was weighed, and then he selected from a closet near at hand a uniform for the new prisoners. He



BREAKS DOWN.

has been in the clothing business and knew at a glance what size garment a man required, and if he made a wrong selection it did not matter, for a size or two one way or the other made little difference to the first-day convicts, although later on many of the wearers of stripes develop tastes for style and become particular as to the fit of their garments.

Now the convict stood at the scales once more while the men were weighed, and received the clothes which were ordered to take off. He stored them away in the closets ready to be handed to the new men who come with the regularity of the day to take the places of those who have "done their bit." Every article of clothing is removed from the men, and then they receive new garments from head to foot. The underwear is of a superior quality, and the clothes, to all appearances, far above the average ready-made kind.

There is a popular belief that the garments which convicts wear when they come to prison are kept for them until they are released, but it is not a fact. Garments of any value are made over and are given to departing guests, but in most cases they are converted into scrap and used like other rags.

Clothed in garments of American citizens, with boiled shirts, neat neckties, well-fitting coats and comfortable overcoats, no one would recognize the men as they came from the state shop where the transformation had been made. As they walked out the men who still wore the stripes and whose duties brought them near to the departing men looked wistfully at them and the keepers pretended not to see when the men waved a parting salute to the poor fellows whose day would not come for years, and who might never pass beyond the prison gate. As the little party reached the yard once more a stern command, "Halt!" brought the men to a realization of the fact that they were still prisoners, although the brand had been removed. "Close up!" commanded the officer, and then the men, although they were dressed in the garb of free men, walked once more in the lockstep, as they did on that day long ago when they entered the prison. From the stone piles, from the mess hall, the hospital, the library and the walks about the yard pallid men in striped clothes watched the little body of men in citizen's dress march in the lockstep to the main entrance and saw them disappear through the door.

They were taken to the reception room, the little room just inside of the gate, where friends and relatives are allowed to see prisoners at certain times. The men were still prisoners and they realized it when they were commanded, "Hats off!" and told that they might be seated. After a short wait, while papers were being made ready in the main office, the keeper, who seemed to be the master of ceremonies, ordered them to ascend the stone steps which led to the office, where years before the manacles were taken from their wrists and they were handed over to the warden by the officer who brought them to prison. Behind the desk stood the same clerk who took their pedigree that time and next to him the convict bookkeeper, who, despite his prison garb, attends to the affairs of his office with the same composure as he did to the affairs of the bank which came dangerously near being wrecked by him.

Again, as on that gloomy day, questions are asked—name, age, religion—and when all entries have been made Mr. Westlake confers the degree. He hands the discharged man a printed document showing that he has served

his time and "has this day been discharged by Edmund A. Sage, warden," pursuant to chapter 21 of the laws of 1894, having thereby earned a full deduction of months and days.

"Now, you are not expected to frame this and hang it up," said Mr. Westlake, "nor to carry it about, or make a show of it; but take good care of it, for it will come handy when you want to be restored to citizenship."

Then he gives each man a certain amount of money and says: "The state allows you \$10, and, in addition, you receive pay for your time." The pay amounts to about 1 1/4 cents a day. "You will be escorted to the station and a ticket will be bought for you to New York."

Receipts are signed, the men warned not to come back before the commutation time has expired, because in that case they would have to "do" the time; such trinkets, money or other valuable property as they may have had when they were received are handed over to them, and with that last act the convict is free. The prison authorities have really no further jurisdiction, but in order to protect the men against themselves a keeper is sent with them to the station. They walk along the road and then take a short cut by way of a steep hill, called Breakneck, to the station. Some men are dumb from excitement, and others are so exhilarated that it is only by an effort that they refrain from shouting. They talk about the new clothes, the high collars, and when the station comes in sight the question is usually asked: "Shall I have time to get a drink before the train starts?"

A drink and a bunch of cigarettes are the first purchases of nearly every ex-convict, and then they make anxious inquiry as to where the train stops. All prefer to leave the train at either One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, or One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street, and few men fresh from Sing Sing are willing to stay in the car till they reach the Grand Central station.

Formerly discharged convicts were met at the prison gates or in the village by a band of men who made that a business. They knew that the men had money, that they were thirsty and they were ready to help them spend the one and quench the other. The consequence was that many ex-convicts were arrested on the day of their discharge and some were returned as prisoners before they had a chance to see their friends. Through the efforts of Warden Sage this nuisance has been abolished and his boarders are placed upon the trains sober and responsible.

**CLEVELAND TURNED DOWN.**

In the office of John Sullivan, on the tenth floor of the New York Life building, "in a corner obscure and alone," there rests an inverted bust. Standing on one's head in order to scan the features of the individual thus ignominiously treated, one is shocked to unravel the classic features of Grover Cleveland from the cobwebs and debris of an old corner catchall. Then one glances involuntarily to the so less classic features of Mr. Sullivan, and if one remembers back a few years one is pained to see a complacent, almost exultant smile light up Mr. Sullivan's face. "Yes, that's all right," says Mr. Sullivan. "I like to see him in that position. He has lain that way for nearly two years, and these hands of mine shall never right him. Time was when I used to make an obeisance to that statuette every time I entered the office door. I used to salaam—not the door, for I wouldn't disturb the serenity, the solemnity of the environments by slamming the door. I used to gaze



IGNOMINIOUSLY INVERTED.

upon that face, upon which a solemn sense of responsibility used to rest, and I used to watch those chiseled lips in the almost inspired hope that words of wisdom would fall from them as from those prophetic statures we read about in school. But I don't do anything of that sort now. I got over it long ago." Mr. Sullivan was, as he says, one of the most ardent admirers of Mr. Cleveland, but when he (Sullivan) was singled out by him (Mr. Cleveland) and deposed from the lucrative position of secretary to the federal building architect on account of his free silver leanings, Mr. Sullivan's admiration received a douche, and it has become actually congealed by this time. The bust of Cleveland was turned upside down, and in that position it remains to this day.

**Tapioea Fodding.**

Soak one cupful of tapioea over night in two cupfuls of cold water. In the morning fill a buttered baking dish two-thirds full of tart quartered apple; add one cup of sugar to the tapioea, and pour over the fruit. Cover and bake two hours and serve with a sauce made of a beaten egg flavored and sweetened to taste.