

# GALLERY TWENTY-FIVE

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HE WAITED. IMAGINE THAT WAITING.

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THERE is a little plot of ground on a rocky hillside which slopes down to the tawny waters of the Hudson. Above there is the eternal vastness of the cloud and wind swept sky. Beyond, the mighty Palisades, fashioned by God's hand into massive strength and beauty, hold the river to its allotted channel. It is a garden of sleep—you reach it by a path of thorns and tears.

No church is near. It is not even consecrated ground. No signs of love are there; no flowers turn their faces to the light and ask remembrance. All is neglect, yet it is not an abandoned place. Some of the graves are new. Some of the roughly whitewashed boards bear recent dates, and all bear numbers only. For here, indifferent to the beauty of the scene, back to the bosom of old mother earth—the only mother some of them have known—sleep into eternity, unclaimed, the worn out human derelicts who have died in prison.

Friend and foe, thoughtless youth and some who made the public shudder at the mention of their names, side by side they are turning into clay.

In the prison at the foot of the hill the cells are arranged tier upon tier in

the great cell house. In front of the cells are galleries—24 of them—but the little plot on the hillside was known to us as "Gallery Twenty-five."

It is not a place to look for romance, and yet a schoolboy sleeps there who deserves to be remembered. It was a case of gallantry.

The woman—there is always a woman's memory in the heart of every man who lives, or dies, in prison—amused herself with the boy. He was only a tribute to her vanity and passion.

It was the old story of Joseph in Egypt—of a Joseph who did not resist when the woman wooed, for he loved her with that first love which is not always the best.

She let him think that he was the only one who understood her. The surest way of winning youth is to give it confidence. She knew this, artist that she was. It was not to his discredit that he did not know her type.

The wonder of it all to him was that she should care for him. He did not realize what a charm his six feet of young manhood had for a woman of her years, satiated with selfishness and weary of monotony.

There was the woman's husband. The boy tried to forget that there was a husband. The husband was an elderly man, an invalid, and he was absent.

For months the boy had come to see



"YOU WERE ABOUT TO GET AWAY NICELY."

her every evening. The time when he was not with her he did not live. There was nothing else for him in all the world. It might have passed, he might have learned how very much of common, earthly substance there was in the composition of his idol. But very late one night, coming quietly down the staircase and through the darkened hall, he raised his eyes to gaze down the barrel of a pistol. He stopped abruptly.

"You were about to get away nicely; if you move I'll blow your head off."

The man touched a button; the lights sprang up. A bell rang, to which a sleepy servant responded.

"Telephone for a policeman!"

"Yes, Mr. —." It was the woman's husband.

A policeman! What did the man propose to do? Proclaim his shame to all the world? Was this to be his vengeance? Was overbearing disgrace to be her punishment?

Pierce impulses flew through the boy's brain—wild ideas of letting the man kill him then and there; but it would surely come out—his identity and her good name must be remembered.

The door to her room, the door through which he had just come, was opened cautiously. She looked over the banisters and gave a startled cry.

"What is the matter, Jim?" She shivered with apprehension.

"Don't be alarmed," replied her husband.

"Burglars!" The boy stood there, quietly waiting. He had found the only way. And so when arraigned in court he gave another name and pleaded guilty to the charge of burglary. He sacrificed his family. His friends and future were alike forgotten, and he went into disgrace and exile.

Poor boy! He did not realize how easily a clever lawyer would have saved him, protected her—and incidentally, have provided for himself as well, all at the husband's expense.

As he bent over the hard labor during the deadly, dreary long days, as his face whitened with the prison pallor and lined with the lines that never obliterate, he silenced the aching of his heart for those who had no news of him, and could not hope to have for many years, with dreams of her and the time when she could save him.

For she would save him. Under pretext of trying to identify him she had spoken to him before he had come to prison. Her fear of exposure compelled this interview. All of life that she cared for would vanish with the first shadow of disgrace. She was strong enough to cause trouble—but not to accept the consequences.

She told the boy that she would love him forever; love him, worship him if he would save her. She reminded him that her husband was old and an invalid. She swore, with repeated as-

surances of her love and steadfastness, that when he died she would confess all to the governor privately. He would pardon the boy and they would marry.

She need not have done this, as he loved her with his whole nature, so his very being was bent upon protecting her. Life itself was not too heavy a penalty to give in exchange for her good name.

As the days dragged into weeks, and the weeks loomed into the months, and the months made up the slow passing years, her image was the only thing left to him of life, her love his only remaining hope—a love which fed upon itself and grew until it crowded out every other thought. He scarcely realized the horror of his life; his friends and family, from whom he had mysteriously disappeared, were forgotten.

He only endured the long days for the intense happiness of throwing his tired body on the hard cot at night, and, with the memory of the stolen happiness spent with her, with his eyes wide open, fixed on the darkness before him, to dream again the maddest moments he had lived with her. At times he was almost happy. Had he not proved his love for her? Surely, she must realize now how great it was.

All the classic romances of great loves he knew by heart. Their love should be one of them, only none could compare with theirs.

So he went on idealizing her. The mental woman and the real one were not the same, but he did not realize it then.

At first she wrote to him. Little unsigned notes that any one might read. And then her letters stopped. He dared not write since it might compromise her. But he must know—perhaps—he dared not think that she was dead. He could not stand the agony of sus-

pense. The chaplain could inquire. Through this source the boy heard that the husband was dead. Then he knew why she had not written. She would surprise him, and even now she might be with the governor.

His passion and longing for her were about to be realized at last. He waited. Imagine that waiting.

Again the chaplain inquired for him. She had gone abroad. She had married again.

Many visitors came to the gloomy old prison. One comes very often: a visitor who will not be denied; even the warden cannot keep him out.

Gently and kindly the visitor whis-

pered to the boy, and then without a tear or whispered prayer another prisoner was transferred to "Gallery Twenty-five."

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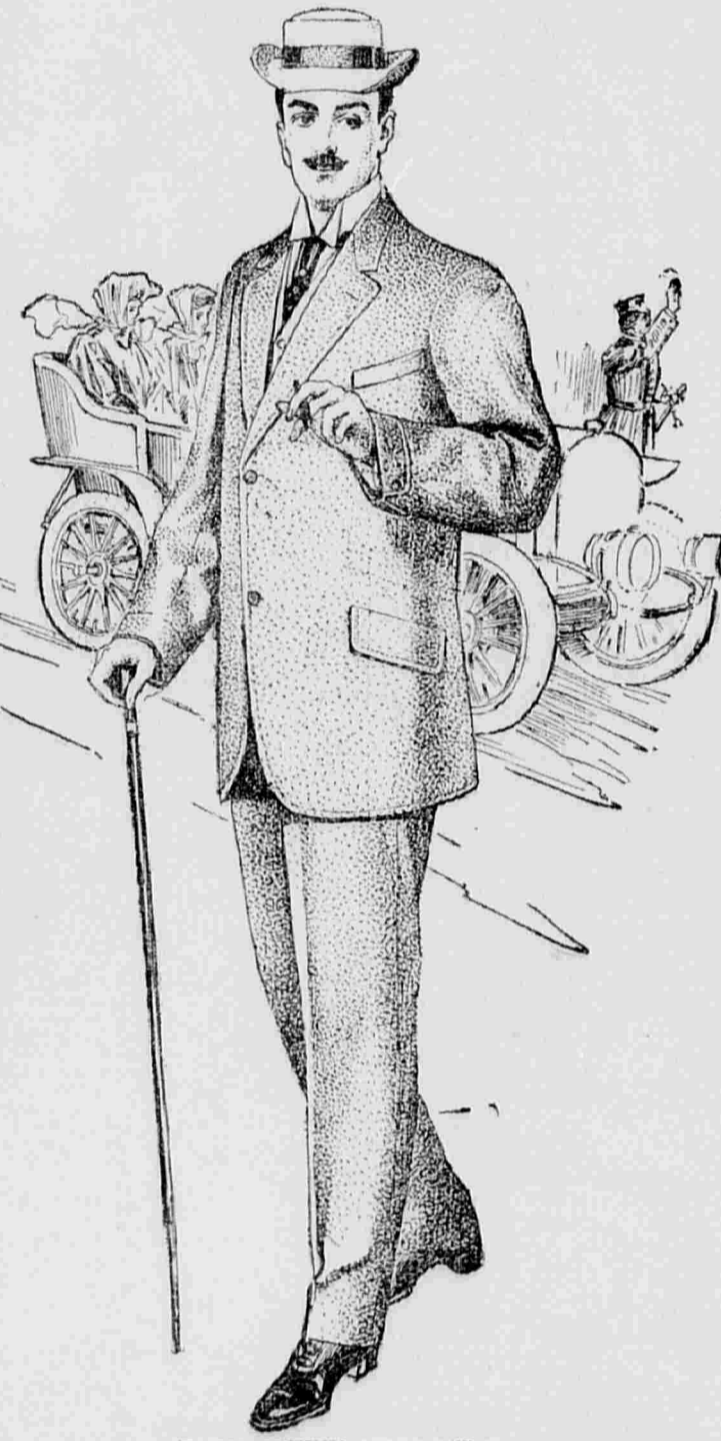
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JAPANESE NAVAL HEROES FETED.

Tremendous interest was aroused when the Japanese warships Chitose and Tsukuba, having aboard 1400 men under command of Vice Admiral Ijima, sailed into the harbor of New York and dropped anchor. They are the first warships flying the flag of the Rising Sun to ever enter New York harbor and both are veteran ships of the great naval fight in the Straits of Korea, when the Japanese fleet won such an overwhelming victory over the Russians. Nearly every man aboard is also a veteran of that fight and Vice Admiral Ijima was a conspicuous participant therein. Every sailor, as well as the officers of the warships, is to be feted during their stay in the country's chief port, elaborate plans for which have been made, both by the city and by private individuals.

### Chicago's Marvellous Growth.

The death a few days ago of Alexander Beaubien, the first white male child born in Chicago, tells a wonderful tale of urban rise and expansion. "Old Alex," as he was familiarly called, was 85 years of age. Eighty-five years is fairly old for a man, but it is young for a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants. When this man first saw the light in 1822, Chicago had neither a local habitation nor a name.

When the national census-takers first took notice of Chicago, in 1840, it had only 4,300 inhabitants. St. Louis, Cincinnati, New Orleans, and many other towns in the west and south, and still more in the east, were ahead of it, and all of them seemed to have a better chance of growth in the future. Today it is the second city on the American continent in population, and wealth, and the fifth in the world. Only London, New York, Paris and Berlin lead it in inhabitants. And,

20 or 30 years hence, when New York takes the first place among the world's cities, by beating London, Chicago is likely to be also ahead of the British metropolis. There are more people, and far more wealth, in Chicago in 1907 than there were in the 13 American colonies when, at Concord bridge, the "embattled farmers" "dread the shot heard round the world." And all of this growth, from a wilderness military post of a dozen people to more than 2,000,000, was spanned by the lifetime of one man.—Leslie's Weekly.

### MORE NEWS FROM THE NEW ENGLAND STATES.

If any one has any doubts as to the virtue of Foley's Kidney Cure, they need only to refer to Mr. Alvin H. Stimpson, of Williamsville, Conn., who, after almost losing hope of recovery, on account of the failure of so many remedies, finally tried Foley's Kidney Cure, which he says was "just the thing" for him, as four bottles cured him completely. He is now entirely well, and free from all the suffering incident to acute kidney trouble. For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co., "The never substitutes."

## For Easy Time

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It should be taken by all weak women, but particularly before, during and after confinement, and at other critical periods of a woman's life.

Mrs. Rose Schubarth, of Monument, Colo., writes: "I suffered



Mrs. Rose Schubarth Monument, Colo.

while enroute, with bearing-down pains, and my back hurt me so bad I did not know what to do. I could not get around, and had to go to bed. On a friend's advice, I sent 18 miles for a bottle of Wine of Cardui, and after the third dose I began to improve. I continued to take it and in a few days was able to do my work. Two months later I had a fine 12-pound baby girl, and did not even have a doctor—did not feel sick at all. Now, I keep it always in the house, and would not do without it." Wine of Cardui is on sale at all drug stores, in \$1.00 bottles, with full directions for use. Try it.

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## Wine of Cardui