

a surgeon through a forest, such as is found only in western Washington. It would require several men to carry him, and for a long way a trail must be cut to permit the litter to pass. The men to carry it must be hunted up, and all this would take time, as the settlers in this region were few and hard to find. Nevertheless, old man Ogle and his son were hurried off to find them, while George began the work of making a litter. Blankets had been brought and a temporary shelter arranged, so that the wounded man was now comfortable. In a few hours enough help was secured to cut a trail back to the shack and bear the rude litter thither. The patient bore the trip heroically. It was a rough one for a man in his predicament. Every time one of the carriers stumbled or tripped over a tough vine or fallen limb he felt the broken bones of his wound grate against each other, giving him intense pain, but he was better off than when alone and desperate in the woods. He was on his way back to life and to his wife and baby, and he was even happy in his pain.

At the shack the party rested over night, and had supper and a breakfast on baked potatoes. They had now been too busy for nearly three days to think of looking for grouse, and potatoes were all they had. They also made some splints by Charlie's direction, and by dint of much whittling and adjusting managed to tie up the broken member so it would be less affected by the vicissitudes of travel in a country where there were no roads and scarcely a trail that would allow the litter and its bearers to pass. A rubber blanket was also secured, and with it a cover was made for the litter to protect it from the rain, which at times continued. By this time, also, more help had arrived. The settlers for miles down the river, as soon as they heard what had happened, hurried up to lend assistance. At times during the march there were as many as twenty-five either helping to carry the litter, cutting brush out of the trail, or building little bridges where necessary over the rougher places and narrow unfordable streams. Some of them came for more than forty miles to assist in this charitable work, thus showing the devotion of the settlers to a fellow mortal in distress. Generally eight of them bore the litter on their shoulders, while the others worked ahead, preparing the way for them. By the 24th they reached the settlements near Tacoma, and progress was easier. On the 25th they struck one of the suburban motor lines to the south of the city, and that day, just a week from the day he was hurt, he reached the hospital, a surgeon, a nurse and a bed.

His leg was set at once, and he is now doing nicely. Dr. Hicks, the house surgeon, says the break was a bad one, but will heal all right, and some day be as good as new. Charles McKean is as grateful for his delivery as any man could be. He tells his story simply: "I was just a speck in the great woods," he says, "and

it is a wonder, when you think of it, that I was found at all."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A WOMAN'S JAIL LIFE.

Mrs. Julia Lippincott, the former manager of Hudson Hall, Atlantic City—a modern female "Napoleon of Finance" and the alleged forger of about \$100,000 worth of paper—has been arraigned for trial in Camden. Among the almost innumerable charges, both wild and in good faith, that were made against her at the time of her flight from her home in Medford were that she had ruined both her husband and her sister, Mrs. Haines. These charges were verified by both husband and sister.

Since her arrest and imprisonment in Camden jail her husband has died, and she never saw him after the flight. Since her imprisonment, five months ago, she has never seen the outside walls of Camden jail. During that long period she has never broken down or shown a tremor of fear or trepidation. Her remarkable composure has been variously described as "nerve," "conscious innocence" and "stolid indifference." She has never protested entire innocence for publication, but has intimated that it would be shown at the trial that most of the alleged forgeries would be proved to be genuine. Yesterday Mrs. Lippincott was as composed and mildly cheerful as at any time since her arrest, and betrayed no fear of the approaching trial.

When Mrs. Lippincott was first locked up in Camden jail she was placed in the common hearing-room for female prisoners. It is a room about 20x20 feet in dimensions and is frequently crowded almost to suffocation. Here are herded all of the most abandoned of Camden's female population, of all colors and conditions. The "beds" are strips of canvas suspended a few inches from the floor from iron frames. Fights among the drunken creatures are of almost hourly occurrence.

It was in this atmosphere that Mrs. Lippincott, a refined, educated woman, accustomed to all luxuries, was introduced. But here again that wonderful "nerve" of her's stood her in a good stead. She exerted an influence over those wild creatures that was absolute. They treated her with the utmost deference and respect, and on the first night the "queen of the jail" relinquished the solitary wooden settee to Mrs. Lippincott, where she slept as long as she was in that room of horrors—a room that would have sent a woman of less "nerve" to an insane asylum. The inmates became her willing slaves. They would not allow her to do her share of the work, but quarreled with each other as to who should do it.

She remained in that room for three or four weeks, and then, through pity or influence, she was given a neat little room to herself at the end of the corridor. This room had a window only covered with heavy wire netting that gave a view

down Federal Street and of a little park with trees in it. It contained a cot, a table, a couple of chairs, and, above all, solitude. In a short time an important addition came in the shape of a sewing machine, that has been the greatest solace during the long months of imprisonment.

The bold stock speculator had become an enthusiastic sewing woman. She made necessary clothes for herself, for her wardrobe was seriously depleted when she came to the jail.

Then she took in sewing from the outside, and when she learned of some poor outcast that had been brought into the woman's herding-room who was in need of clothing she made those clothes. For hours every day the merry click of her machine could be heard throughout that end of the jail. Then she is an omnivorous reader, and during most of the hours of the day, when the machine is not running she is devouring some novel or magazine. These are sent to her often in great bundles by friends on the outside. Then she frequently sends out and buys books of her fancy.

Probably it is a touch of gratitude for the consideration shown her when she was in the general room, but whatever the motive, she has taken a deep interest in the welfare of the abandoned creatures that are brought into the jail. She has the liberty of the corridor into which her room opens, and the barred door of the herding-room also opens into this corridor.

Whenever a new prisoner is admitted she hears the clang of the outside doors, and is immediately in the corridor. She talks with the newcomer kindly, finds out all she can of her history, and cheers her up. During her stay she gives the prisoners good advice, and when the prisoner goes out she says good-by kindly, and urges her to live a better life.

If the offender returns (most of such prisoners are only in for a few days), she receives her with a mild lecture and again gives her good advice. So it has come to be that these abandoned women of Camden look on Mrs. Lippincott as little less than a saint, and watch at the barred door for her coming all day, and are never disappointed.

Many of Mrs. Lippincott's old friends have come back to her and she has found many new ones since her imprisonment. Bundles of books, clothing, food, fruit and dainties come to her frequently, and there is hardly a day passes but that she has one or more callers. She receives the same food that is supplied the other prisoners, but is fatter, Lee said yesterday, "sometimes she takes it and sometimes she don't."

Both Jailor Johntra and Lee say that everyone about the institution has the highest regard and respect for the prisoner and, were it not for her sake, would be sorry to see her go. She has lost some flesh since she entered the jail, but looks the better for it.—*Philadelphia Press.*

The legal arguments in the Street Railroad case were resumed before Judge Zane today.