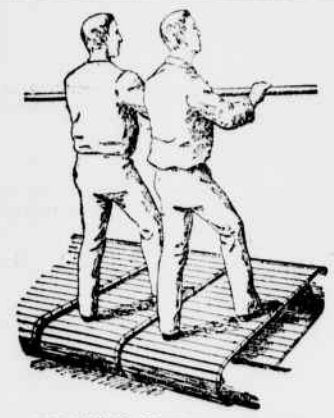
HORRORS OF OLD WORLD PRISONS

THE sentencing of Dr. Jameson, the Transvaal filibuster, to the Wormwood Scrubbe jail for fifteen months has awakened universal interest in English prisons. The experience of this convict, however, is not likely to resemble that of those who have recently shown up some of the horrors of British home penal institutions. As a "first-class" inmate, Jameson will practically be a boarder, will have a complete rest from mental and physical fatigue, and, being a rich man, will be awarded courteous and humane treatment. Contrasted with this life, that of the ordinary convict is terribly hard, and the papers have teemed with details of the sufferings of Dr. Gallagher, the dynamiter, who recently went mad in an English prison. There are fifty odd large prisons in England, and in each one the same routine is followed. They are all under the control of the Home Secretary, and one set of rules does for all.

SHACKLED DAY AND NIGHT.

At 6 o'clock every week day morning the officers hurry from cell to cell to open each narrow dwelling. The prisoner hurries for a tub of water, with which he cleans out his little home. This is done under military rule. Then some of the convicts wash the cells, others sweep the pavements until they glisten, while all are watched by armed guards. A big bell summons the prisoners to work. Men hurry to the treadmills, the cranks.



TREADMILL IN ENGLISH PRISON.

Carpets are woven, shoemakers bustle at their work, oakum pickers hurry to duty. At 11 o'clock the prisoners are marched in long files, lockstep fashion, to exercising yards. In each yard is a rope with knots about fifteen feet apart, so that 130 prisoners can get on the rope at a time. Each file grasps the rope and then at brisk paces for fifteen minutes whirl round in a circle. All of the prisoners, with the exception of the "first-class" have to work, although the work may not accomplish anything. For instance, the treamill or treadwheel is not a particularly useful machine, except to keep prisoners employed when there is nothing else for them to do.

MASKED CONVICTS IN FRENCH PRISON.

Each tread wheel or mill is so constructed that if necessary twenty-four men can be employed upon it at time. The mill is divided into twenty-four little compartments or stalls, separated by high wooden partitions. The mill is connected with a fan, which is so arranged as to give enough resistance to the mill to make the words "hard labor" mean what they say. There are twenty-four steps in the wheel, which are eight inches apart. This makes the circumference of the wheel sixteen feet. The wheel performs thirty revolutions in each quarter of an hour, and each man walks on an average fifteen quarters of an hour a day. So he ascends something like 7,200 feet, for a day's labor. Crank labor consists of making 10,000 revolutions of a crank, which is placed on a narrow iron drum put on legs with a long handle on one side, which, when turned, causes a series of caps or scoops in the interior to revolve. At the lower part of the drum is a quantity of sand, which the cups scoop up and carry to the top of the wheel, where they empty themselves. A dial plate registers the number of revolutions made. A convict at ordinary rate of speed makes 1,200 revolutions of the crank an hour, so to turn 10,000 of them means about eight hours and twenty minutes' labor.

There is something pathetic about the intimation contained in the dispatches to the effect that "Dynamiter" Daveney, on being released from Portland Prison, after serving thirteen years of his life sentence, inquired after Parnell, and was absolutely ignorant of the death of the great Irish leader. It is almost impossible to conceive the fact that men living in a civilized country can be so completely cut off from the outer world as to possess no inkling of what is going on around them. Yet that is one of the chief aims pursued by the prison authorities of the Old World. Only the other day the Belgian papers contained a graphic description of the astonishment manifested by an aged murderer, pardoned after completing forty years of his life sentence, when he beheld bicycles, electric lights, electric tramways and railroad stations.

O'Donovan Rossa, in giving his experience lately, shows up its tortures, and depicts his six years incarceration as a political offender as a season of horror and suffering. He claims that when English jailers know that a prisoner is hostile to the government, they proceed to "civilize" him into obedience or entire quiet. Under this system men have been starved into weakness until the skin and bones rotted, choked, trampled, leaped on and beaten on every possible occasion. An instance is known where a captive was put in the "black hole" cell, naked. No bed clothes were given him. Four wardens threw him down on the cold, damp cell floor, and one of them stepping back, ran at the victim, leaped in the air and came down with both knees on the prostrate man's chest.

It is an absolute fact that English jailers are given to understand that Irish political prisoners are to be forced to submit to continual torment and indignity. For instance, a prisoner must polish his water can every day. At 9 o'clock the warden will tell him it is not bright enough; to polish it again. He will call him from dinner to repeat the process, and, if he fancies, the same thing will happen every hour until far into the night. In the same way prisoners are forced to scrub a cell four and five times a day, though they may be weak from exhaustion, faint with hunger.

In Chatham Prison a prisoner's hands were fastened behind him for thirty-five days. At meal times his hands were brought around to the front and the handcuffs again placed on the wrists. In making this change the wardens would press the handcuffs into the wrists and pinch the arms until they drew blood. A public investigation will probably follow the complaints made by victims of such cruelty. From the disclosures of manacled men who have tossed for weeks in cells, infested with mosquitoes, in absolute solitude, living solely on bread and water, and daily mistreated, it ness are so common in English political prisons.

WORMWOOD SCRUBBS PRISON, WHERE DR. JAMESON IS CONFINED.

HOW HIS MEALS WERE SERVED.

The Ant Eater.

Heavy body, thick, scantily haired hide, snout of portentous length, huge erect ears, most muscular limbs bearing heavy hoof-claws, all these features combine in a creature whose oddity is further borne out by a ridiculously small mouth and a ponderous tail. To be born, too, into a world of warfare without the remotest chance of ever possessing more than the simplest apologies for teeth—and those so far back as to be quite out of sight—seems a terrible disadvantage to a rather large animal, with much flesh on the bones, in a continent where great beasts of prey abound. Yet the aardvark in two slightly differing forms, has managed to occupy the whole of Africa proper, and to flourish there. Two things have stood him in good stead, namely, his unequaled powers of burrowing and his attachment to a food everywhere plentiful—the termites, or "white ants"—which he alone can always obtain. It is true, of course, that when the winged termites stream forth by millions from their fortresses scarcely a beast or bird under heaven fails to compete eagerly for the prey; but this is only a feast of short duration at a particular season, whereas all the year round the hardest "ant hills" of the termites are but pie crust to the claws of the aardvark, and their teeming inmates the helpless captives of his surprising tongue.

As far as his human enemies are concerned—and while blacks like the meat, whites approve of the leather—the nocturnal activity of the aardvark and his underground seclusion during the day have doubtless afforded him great protection. All who have essayed the task agree that it is no joke to dig out one of these animals, as he can burrow much faster than any one can dig; and even when by the combined efforts of a party of diggers, he is exposed to view, the extraordinary tenacity of his hold on the hard ground makes his removal uninjured no easy job.

Not Interested.

The Philadelphia American gives an amusing story of a distinguished English officer, who at one time was stationed in India. He was noted for his hobbies, one of which was amateur gardening.

One morning early the general was taking a stroll when he saw three or four private soldiers raking about the compound. Much pleased, he remarked:

"Well, men, nice thing gardening is, isn't it? I see you are taking an interest in it."

"Do we, indeed!" growled one of them in reply. "That's all you know. We've got an old fool of a general here who is mad on gardening, and we are sent here on fatigue to scrape this gravel about in case he should pass this way!"

All on Account of a Rooster.

A rooster near Lima, Pa., the other day created no end of trouble for a wheelman. While Prof. Frank E. Wessels was speeding along on his wheel the rooster flew out at him. The attack was so sudden and the professor was so taken by surprise that he was thrown from his wheel against the fence. His wheel was damaged, his eyeglasses were broken and one of his ribs was fractured. It is said that the professor will sue the owner of the rooster for damages.

No girl whose hair is naturally curly should complain of her environments

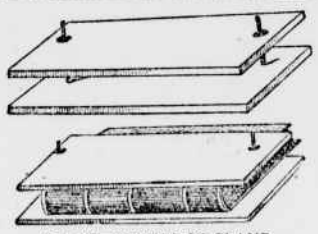
PATRICK J. P. TYNAN.

Patrick J. P. Tynan has been released from jail at Boulogne-Sur-Mer, France, where he was held by the authorities pending proceedings for his extradition by the British Government. His arrest recently at the request of the latter was because of his alleged connection with a dynamite conspiracy, but it was afterwards said that his extradition would be demanded on a charge of being one of the assassins who murdered Lord Frederic Cavendish, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and his Under Secretary, Mr. Burke, in Phoenix Park, Dublin, May 6, 1882. Tynan is said to have been "No. 1" of the band of Invincibles who committed the crime, and has often boasted of his connection with the band. Tynan is a citizen of the United States, having been naturalized in New York in 1888. His family resides there, though one son and daughter are now visiting in England. The great dynamite sensation has dwindled down to the vanishing point in public interest, and the British Government is said to be much chagrined at its failure to secure the leading suspects and thus work up a sensational conspiracy trial.

MAKING A NEAT FILE.

Instructions for Doing Newspaper and Book Binding at Home.

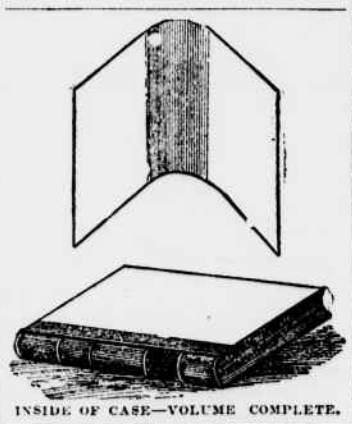
To readers who may desire to try their hand at home bookbinding or newspaper binding, as the case may be, the following directions are recommended:



CLAMP—PAPERS IN CLAMP.

Good heavy manilla paper, or some kinds of building paper, makes neat and serviceable covers. For a clamp take two boards according to size of papers you wish to bind. Through these near each end put a three-eighth bolt. Provide a good long awl and some heavy twine or waxed end, with harness needles for sewing. You will want glue, or, if you have none, flour paste will do.

Place the papers in the clamp and screw down tightly. Then make holes with the awl and sew with thread, not drawing too tight, or the book will not open well. Now round the back and glue on a piece of muslin with head bands at either end, if desired, and leave until perfectly dry. In rounding the back you may have to use a heavy hammer, pounding until you get the desired curve. Make the covers by cutting the sides, of manilla paper, slightly larger than the volume, and then glue together with a piece of muslin or cloth large enough to allow for the back width of the book, and to lap well over the edges of the covers. Now cover the back of the book with glue, put on your cover and place in clamp until dry. When your cover is finished, fasten into the book by the flaps of muslin which are left of the piece which you paste on the back, when it is rounded into shape after sewing. You can cover your boards with anything desired.



INSIDE OF CASE—VOLUME COMPLETE.

An Egyptian Wedding Party.

The distant throbbing of the naggarah tells you that a wedding procession is making its tour, and you curiously await the passing of the closed carriage covered all over with a big cashmere shawl, held down firmly at the sides by brothers and other relations of the imprisoned bride; then come more carriages and a general crowd of sympathizers. More rarely the bride is borne in a cashmere-covered litter swung between two camels, fore and aft; the hind camel must tuck his head under the litter, and is probably quite as uncomfortable as the bride, who runs a fair chance of seasickness in her rolling palanquin. In the old days the bride walked through the streets under a canopy carried by her friends, but this is now quite out of fashion, and European carriages are rapidly ousting even the camel litters. But the cashmere shawl and the veil will not soon be abandoned. The Egyptian woman is, at least in public, generally modest. She detects a stranger's glance with magical rapidity, even when to all appearance looking the other way, and forthwith the veil is pulled closer over her mouth and nose. When she meets you face to face she does not drop her big eyes in the absurd fashion of Western modesty; she calmly turns them away from you; it is much more cutting—really.

What a Tourist Says.

The French women of all classes interest me. Everywhere they carry themselves with ease. Even those of the shops have an air of distinction. In this quarter particularly, where there are some boucheries that are simply a delight to study. I never dreamed that hams and sausages and tongues and bits of meat could be so arranged as to make a picture. But so it is—a ham is a thing of beauty as it nestles in its bed of fringed paper and parsley. But I wish to tell of the women I see in these butcher shops, and particularly of one where I often go for change. The wife and daughter are always at the desk—fine-looking, dressed with perfect suitableness and propriety; and the daughter, with her clear dark skin, wealth of beautiful black hair, and superb eyes, is most attractive. She is, I am told, a well-educated girl, a good pianist, and very animated in conversation. As soon as she was through school she went directly into her father's business; will probably marry a butcher and help him carry on his business, devoting herself to his interests and making his success her first object in life.

No college graduate ever became old enough to forget all his college foolishness.

FIGHT BATTLES UNDER WATER.

Stanchest of War Vessels May Be Sunk by the Holland Boat.

Think of a fierce naval battle going on fifty feet below the surface, while up above the waters dash and sparkle in the sunlight and the sails of peaceful merchant ships and the wings of seagulls skim the waves. It is more wonderful than Tennyson's vision of "The nation's airy navies grappling in the central blue," yet people now alive may see it. A submarine boat for the United States navy is almost ready for launching at Baltimore, and if it is a success, as all the naval experts believe it will be, other boats of a like character will be built. Other nations will follow suit and then in case of war submarine battle between submarine boats darting and circling around and over and under each other like fighting sea monsters becomes a thing as much a matter of course as the fighting of two hostile fleets on the surface of the waves when they approach each other.

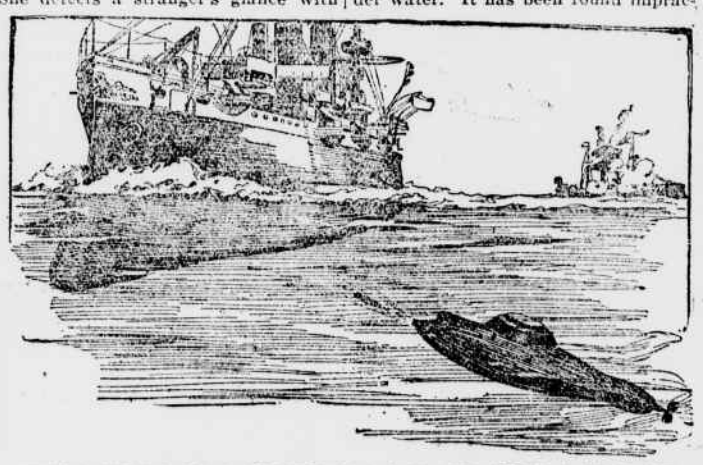
Primarily, of course, the submarine boat is to be used to fire torpedoes against the bottoms of hostile men of war, and not to meet vessels of its own kind.

Naval officers are confronted by a new and untried part of their profession, which they must learn. In the Holland submarine boat the problem of building a boat which will dive below the water, fire a torpedo at a ship's bottom and rise safely to the surface again seems to have been solved. Mr. Holland has made more than fifty "submersions" in the course of his experiments and is confident that his boat will navigate under water all right and come to the surface again when required.

The trouble with submarine boats heretofore has been that while they went down all right they refused to come up again. There are three ways in which the boat may be made to go below the surface of the water. One is by opening certain tanks so that they will fill with water the boat settles down; another is by means of "down haul" screws operated by electricity at the bow and stern, and the third is by the action of two driving rudders at the stern. These rudders are used in the same way as a duck uses her feet when she throws them out behind her and dives. When the boat is going along on the surface or partially submerged steam will be used for her propulsion, but when she is submerged electricity from storage batteries will be the motive power. The coming up process is a reversal of the going down in the application of the boat's appliances. It is asserted by Mr. Holland, and believed by the Government experts who have examined the new boat, that it can go at least forty miles under water at a speed of eight knots an hour without coming to the surface.

Remaining stationary, the boat is supposed to be able to stay under water for several days. At such times a float with a hose attached so that the end will be above the waves will be sent to the surface and fresh air obtained to be stored in tanks under pressure and let out as needed.

Provided everything works as is expected there is still a serious problem to face—the navigation of the boat under water. It has been found impracticable to steer by compass under water, yet the commander of the boat must know at all times in just what direction he is heading. He must also learn to estimate accurately his depth to know when to go up and when to go down, and be able to judge accurately of his distance from a hostile man-of-war when he lets go of his torpedo at her bottom. All this will require long study, experiment and experience by men of calm, cool nerve and unflinching courage. The Holland boat is a small affair, only 80 feet long and 11 feet in diameter. Her displacement is only 138 tons. She can stand the pressure at a depth of seventy feet theoretically, but is not expected often to dive deeper than forty-five feet.



SUBMARINE BOAT AS SHE WOULD LOOK ATTACKING A WARSHIP

Correctly Named His Verse.

"Flashly has published a volume of fugitive verse."

"How can he call them fugitive, when none of them have been published before?"

"Oh, Flashly himself says that he was chased out of 200 offices in which he had tried to sell them."

"Pat, what has become of the potatoes I told you to plant?" "Oi got rid of 'em, sor. The petayty-bugs was threatened, an' Oi tuk 'em up so's whin they got here they'd pash on. Whin they've pashed on, Oi'll plant 'em agin. Th' only waa to keep off thim petayty-bugs, sor, is to fool 'em."—Bazar.

Biggs—Some of the stuff that poet laureate turns out makes me tired! Here's a poem that any ordinary versifier could write. Boggs—Yes, but most of them wouldn't.—New York Press.