

# HORRORS OF OLD WORLD PRISONS

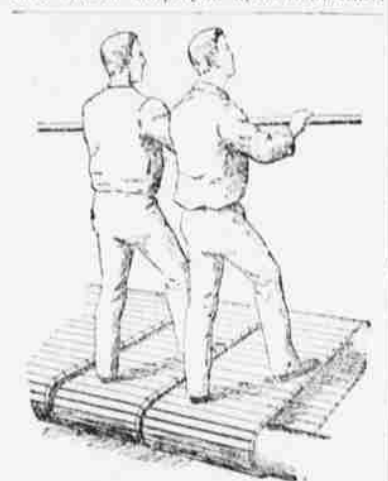


THE sentencing of Dr. Jameson, the Transvaal filibuster, to the Wormwood Scrubbs jail for fifteen months has awakened universal interest in English prisons. The experience of this convict, however, is not likely to resemble that of those who have recently shown up some of the horrors of British home 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.

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, Carpiets are woven, shoemakers bustle at their work, onion 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 treadmill or treadwheel is not a particularly useful machine, except to keep prisoners employed when there is nothing else for them to do.

Each tread wheel or mill is so constructed that if necessary twenty-four men can be employed upon it at a time.

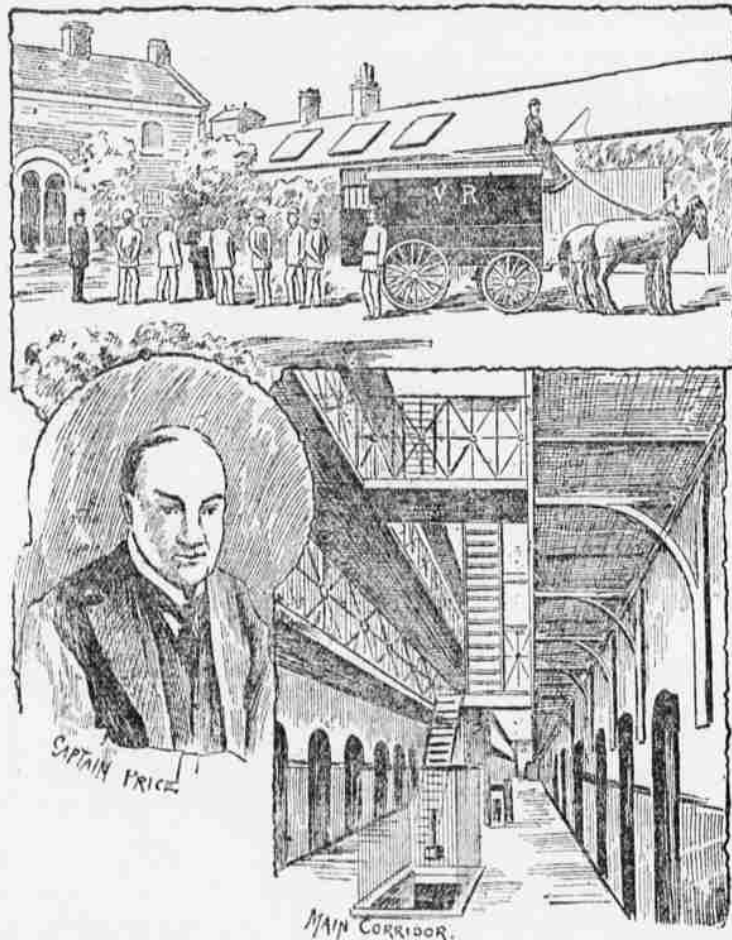


TREADMILL IN ENGLISH PRISON.

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

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 cups 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



WORMWOOD SCRUBBS PRISON, WHERE DR. JAMESON IS CONFINED.

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.

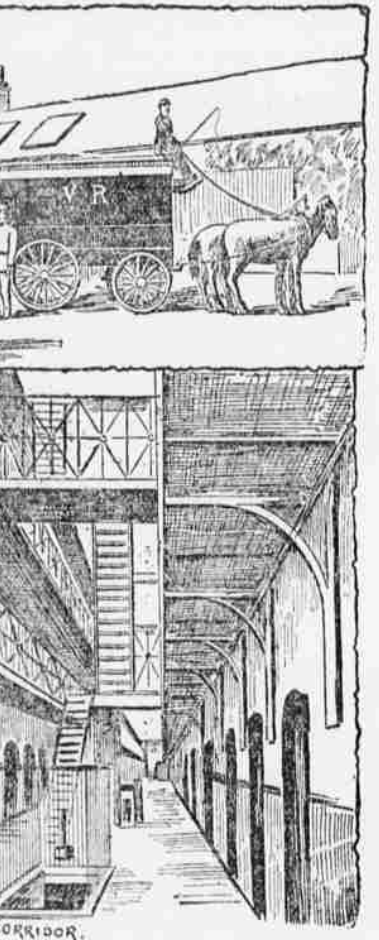
O'Donovan Rossa, in giving his experience lately, shows up its tortures, and depicts his six years incarceration as a political offender as a season of horror and suffering. He claims that when English jailers know that a prisoner is hostile to the government, they proceed to "civilize" him into obedience or entire quiet. Under this system men have been starved into weakness until the skin and bones rotted, choked, trampled, beated 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

ner to repeat the process, and, if he fancied, 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 seems so common in English political prisons.

## 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



MAN CORRIDOR.

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 unequalled 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 seeming 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 unfeignedly no easy job.

## German Cavalry Regiments.

The total strength of a German cavalry regiment is twenty-five officers, 667 men and 792 horses, sixty-two of which are officers' chargers.

"They say that human nature is always the same," said the middle-aged lady. "But I don't think so." "What's the reason?" asked her niece. "Twenty years ago girls read magazines and did needlework. Now they study a road map and learn to use a monkey wrench."—Washington Star.

Half the people who pretend to make love, could be arrested for counterfeiting.

There are so many "funny" things in the world that you can't laugh at them all.

## NORA AND BILL WERE WED.

Bride Comments on the Lonely Lot of the Judge.

"Bring in Nora Reeves and Bill Drake," said Judge Berry of the Second division of the city court, and a look of solemnity settled upon the face of the young judicial officer as he prepared to perform his first marriage ceremony.

"Your honor," said Mr. D. R. Keith, one of the lawyers present, "I think this occasion should be made as brilliant as possible, and I hope your honor will appoint the attendants."

"You are right, Mr. Keith," replied the judge, "and I think it would be nothing but proper for the sheriff to act as best man and for the clerk and Mr. Walker to act as attendants."

These preliminary arrangements having been completed, the door was opened and Bill Drake, a simple-looking negro, who wore drab-colored pants and a faded jacket of blue much too short for him, came snickering into the room, followed by Nora Reeves, a great mountain of black flesh that loomed formidably above the little negro in front of her.

"Have you ever been married?" asked the judge, turning to the man.

"Yesser, I wuz married one time," replied the negro.

"Well, where's your wife?"

"She wuz daid, Jedge, de las' time I heered fum her."

"And you haven't heard from her since?"

"No, sah; nair wurd."

"Have you ever been married, Nora?" asked the judge, turning to the woman. She snickered, shook her head and laughed to herself.

"Nora, take the arm of Bill," said the judge.

"Oh, g'way, Jedge; I doan want'er tek de arm er dat ole nigger," said the woman. There was much laughter at this throughout the court room, but Judge Berry repeated his command: "Take the arm of Bill."

"Have you got a license, Bill?" asked the judge, and Bill, from the inside pocket of his vest, pulled out a license.

"Bill," said Judge Berry, in his most ministerial tone, "do you recognize the wise dictates of Providence that it is not good for man to live alone, and also that it is the duty of man to multiply and replenish the earth?"

"Yasser, Jedge," said Bill, fervently.

"Do you?" continued the judge, "take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to protect and cherish, to care for her in sickness and in health until death you doth part?"

"Yasser, Jedge."

"Nora," said the judge, turning to the woman, "do you agree to take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband for better or for worse, to care for him in sickness and in health, to love, honor and obey until death you doth part?"

"I now pronounce you man and wife," said the judge, and some irreverent bystander said, in a low tone of voice: "And may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

The woman puckered up her mouth and pouted as she went out, and reaching the door, said: "I dunno why in de namer goodness dat Jedge doan tak an' git married hisself, das wat I dunno, an' him a talkin' bout de wise dictates er Providence."—Atlanta Journal.

## Hirsch's Hoodoo.

Baron Hirsch, shortly before his death, sold his very beautiful estate at St. Jean, because it was too damp to be healthy. He purchased another through an agent and started to erect a magnificent chateau upon it. After he had expended about \$35,000 on the new property, which he intended to endow as a children's hospital after his death, he was informed that it was even damper than St. Jean. He went in person to see, and finding the report true, and that the property was of no use whatever for his benevolent purpose, added to the thought that he had been swindled, caused him to fly into a violent rage, which was the direct cause of his death.

## Some Delusive Drinks.

English temperance drinks have a large proportion of alcohol, according to recent testimony before the liquor commission. Of 628 samples of beer examined in 1894 by the inland revenue department 318 contained more than 2 per cent. of proof spirit and 130 more than 3 per cent. Parsnip beer was found to contain over 13 per cent., which is much stronger than ordinary beer. "Teetotal sherry," containing no grape juice, but compounded of sugar and bisulphide of lime, is declared to be a "most objectionable drink." A startling expert declaration was that old whisky, though more grateful to the taste, is no more wholesome than new. —Boston Herald.

## Wanted!

Your tea trade from now on.

Schilling's Best wants it—your money back if you don't like it.

A Schilling & Company  
San Francisco

# SHEEP NONSENSE

The orator the air makes a... While getting in his lies. And as the days grow colder—when How hot grows politics! —Boston Courier.

"On the level, is he crooked?" "Sure He's wrong, all right." —New York Sun.

Jonesy—How is Mugler betting on the election? Smitty—With his money. —Roxbury Gazette.

He—It takes three generations to make a gentleman. She—And six figures. —Indianapolis Journal.

He—My life without you will be a lonely one. The Hellress—But think how busy you will have to be! —Life.

The Doctor—It's twins sir. Young Husband—I might have known it by my wife's hobby that two can live as cheaply as one. —Puck.

Away with your bicycle "built for two." Though of yore it had room a plenty. But now, in this hustling day, we want a bicycle built for twenty. —Washington Star.

First Shade—Where is St. Peter today? Second Shade—Sh! He's trying to make a wheel out of a couple of balos, and they won't stay dilled with air. —Puck.

Alice—I heard something about you to-day. Maud—Yes; this new lining they are using in dresses makes a frightful noise, doesn't it? —Yonkers Statesman.

Knickerbocker—Were you knocked speechless when you collided with that stone? Bloomer—No; but my wheel was knocked spokeless. —Norfolk town Herald.

Jablin—Jaggins called you a monkey. How can you stand that? Dillsey—Why would you advise me to do about it? Jablin—Make him prove it, of course. —Roxbury Gazette.

"Miss Yam isn't at all musical." "How do you know?" "I offered to sing 'Oh, promise me,' last night, and she said she'd promise me anything I wouldn't." —Pittsburg Chronicle.

Miss Keedle—What an awful talker Mr. Gilley is, and how little he says when he speaks. Miss Kittish—The poor fellow is troubled with an impediment in his thoughts. —New York World.

Kitson—A foolish New York artist has just married an Indian who poses for several of her pictures. "Hatcher, Well, I suppose she was looking for a model husband." —Philadelphia North American.

"How did you dare tell father that you have a prospect of a hundred thousand dollars a year?" she asked. "Why," he answered in righteous indignation, "I have if I marry you." —Washington Star.

He—Your affection seems to have cooled with the weather. She—That's the point exactly. You know that a summer flirtation carried over into the fall is liable to become chronic. —Indianapolis Journal.

The frost doth now adorn each forest tree With glorious robes of gorgeous tinsel hue; And a hero at the country school is he Who holds out longest ere he puts on shoes. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mr. Franktown (admiringly)—How fresh you look this morning. Miss Homewood. Miss Homewood (who distrusts the young man)—How fresh you talk this morning, Mr. Franktown. —Pittsburg Chronicle.

Ruling passion: Sympathizer (to prostrate bicyclist)—Any serious danger from the accident? Fallen bicyclist (feebly)—I don't know yet. I have—have—haven't looked at my wheel (faints away). —Life.

It is talk wasted for an unmarried woman to boast of her economy to an unmarried man. A man never appreciates economy in a woman until after he has married a woman who doesn't practice it. —Arlington Globe.

"How did you get in there, in the first place?" asked the rescuers, who had pulled Mr. Kerrigan from the canal. "Be way av the top," said the Kerrigan. However, it was too late to throw him in again. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Winks—It must be fine to be able to write things in shorthand, so that nobody can read what you have written. Binks—Yes, that's so. It's my secret. Sometimes I can't read it myself, when the notes are six months old. —Someville Journal.

"What would you say to a steady job of work?" asked the kind woman. "What would I say to a job of work?" repeated Perry Partridge. "Missus, it would be impossible for me to repeat to a lady what I would say to it." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Spooner—Charles, do you think you would ever marry again? Mr. Spooner—What, after having lived with you for ten years! Never! Mrs. Spooner says she would give something handsome to know just what he meant by that. —Boston Transcript.



HOW HIS MEALS WERE SERVED.

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

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 dis-