

**ISLANDS OF SAFETY.**

**FRANCE'S PENAL COLONY WHERE LIFE IS TORTURE.**

A Scorching Climate, Excessively Hard Labor and a Disease Breeding Atmosphere Render Existence Hideous.

Graphically portrayed as the sufferings of Siberian exiles have been they cannot surpass the horrors of punishment to the Isles de Salut, where France has begun to send her anarchists and hardened felons. It is here that Captain Droyfus, the Frenchman convicted of treason in having revealed to German officers the plans of French fortifications, will be taken to spend the remainder of his life.

The fierce tropical sun and ever humid atmosphere would of themselves kill any but the hardiest, but when to these is added cruel and unremitting toil it is no wonder that the miserable exiles seek swifter death at the hands of their merciless guards, whose orders are to shoot and kill at the first sign of insubordination.

These islands of safety are three in number, and lie a few degrees north of the equator, off the coast of French Guiana, South America. They are small in area, and except for their narrow maritime selva are covered with dense tropical forests.

The climate is murderous. To stand bareheaded in the blazing sun for a moment's space is certain death. The wet season lasts eight months, from November to June, and the average rainfall during this time is 180 inches. The mercury never drops below 85 degrees Fahrenheit, and climbs up to 115 degrees during the four dry months.

The convict transports either sail from the Isle de Re, in the Bay of Biscay, or from the Isle d'Aix, in the Mediterranean, near Toulon. The voyage lasts a month, and its horrors are a fit preparation for those to come. The prisoners, already dressed in their infamous garb, are confined pell mell in companies of fifty in great iron cages on the spar deck, the upper deck of those extending from stem to stern. These cages are lined on their four sides by benches, and at night hammocks are slung. Day and night the guards stand beside loaded mitrailleuses, ready to fire at the first sign of rebellion.

Day by day as the ship nears the tropics the heat increases, and at last becomes intolerable. The foul air is sweetened only at intervals, when the narrow portholes are opened. Those prisoners who have been orderly are permitted to walk two hours each day upon the deck.

Sometimes there are outbreaks on these convict ships. Eight weeks ago the transport Ville de Saint Nazaire took from the Isle d'Aix 130 felons and 170 who had been condemned to banishment for political crimes. Among the number were several well known anarchists, named Lautier, Marpeaux, Catincaux and Colombat. As they neared Guiana an exile named Gaouyer broke the rules, and when the guard, ordered by the commandant, came to put him in irons Gaouyer sprang upon him and attempted to strangle him.

The guard, however, succeeded in drawing his revolver and firing, and Gaouyer fell mortally wounded. Seeing this the other prisoners, incited by the anarchists above named, attempted to break from their cages, but the officers drenched them with water and suffocated them with steam from pipes especially placed for such an emergency, and they were soon subdued.

On the arrival of the prisoners at the Isles de Salut they are taken to the "Camp," a clearing in which are strongly built iron barred huts. In these are swung double rows of hammocks, and at night the fetid atmosphere within, combined with the noisome vapors of the outer air and the ever present swarms of stinging insects, render any but the sleep of exhaustion impossible.

From the moment of his arrival the convict has no name. He is known only by the number of his hammock. The work is excessively hard. The new arrivals are put at the most severe tasks—draining marshes and clearing ground—"to break their spirits," though it would seem they would have little inclination to rebel after the sufferings of the voyage.

They are conducted to their work by armed guards, who are ordered to fire at the least attempt at flight. Few try to escape, for they know if they evade the bullets of the guards and their pursuit, which seems impossible, it will be necessary to traverse the sea and the virgin forest. At every step will lie in wait for them death by hunger, by fatigue, by disease, or by the poisoned arrows of the natives, who receive a reward for every convict they bring back, dead or alive.

Meanwhile, with bodies broken by their awful toil in a climate where a walk of a hundred yards is a formidable task, they labor in the blazing sun with spades and picks. About

their heads hang clouds of stinging insects whose bites swell their faces and hands. Great red ants cover their bare legs, and sometimes poisonous serpents twist about their ankles and inflict mortal wounds. They stand in trenches up to their knees in water and mire, and the putrid exhalations rising from the earth consume them with fever or set their teeth chattering with cold, while the sweat rolls from their foreheads.

**OPPOSED TO ATHLETICS.**

**He Values Brains in College Above Brawn.**

Prof. Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., who recently exhibited a brainless frog, has become known as one of the most skillful experts in brain anatomy in the United States.

He spends all his spare time on the comparative anatomy of brains, has made many important discoveries, and his collection of brains is one of the sights of the institution.

Those who know him well find him a genial, warm hearted, almost overconscientious man, eager to help painstaking students. To those students who are not in his classes he is known as the one man in the faculty who has made unceasing war for twenty years on college sports. Every year there is a scare among the athletes at Cornell lest Dr. Wilder shall succeed in his purpose of killing athletics, and every year there is a rally in the faculty to head him off. The doctor recently said in a printed article:

"I can probably claim a bad pre-eminence among American professors on the following grounds: I never witnessed an intercollegiate contest, contributed a cent for their maintenance or voted to permit absences of any team or crew. Since 1876 I have objected to the whole system in writings."



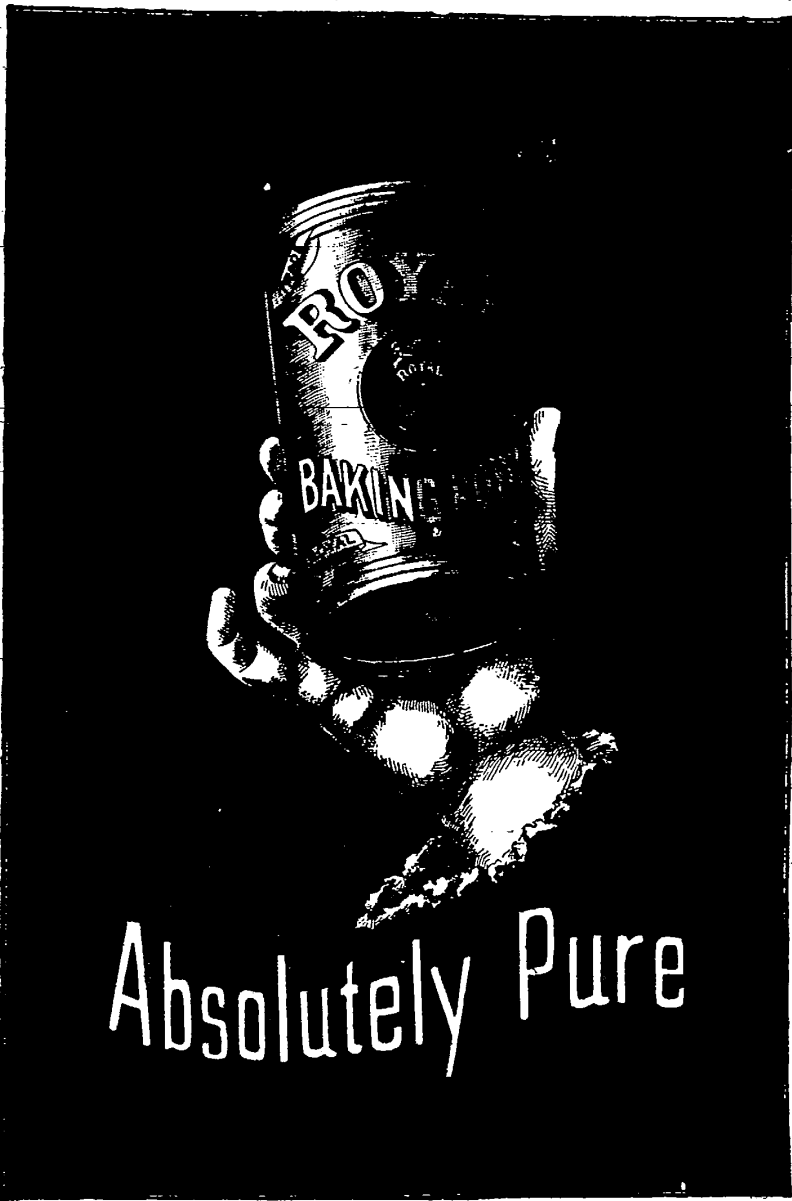
PROF. B. G. WILDER.

"Not very long ago society flocked to admire a drooping lily or a nodding sunflower with a slim something in petticoats or trousers behind it, dribbling forth unintelligible—and therefore inestimable—inanities. To-day the obvious college representative is the captain of a successful football team. The game is witnessed by thousands at a high price. Great newspapers devote columns to contests, which, in the total of fury, bodily hurt and bloodshed, surpass some pugilistic encounters and approximate war before the introduction of gunpowder. A whole head is worth less than a half back." The esthetic craze has been succeeded by an athletic craze.

Dr. Wilder has another fad beside brain study and hostility to football and other athletic sports. It is cats. He was one of the first teachers of physiology to use cats in experiments before the students. To illustrate the action of the heart and lungs he has put hundreds of cats under the influence of chloroform and cut them up in his lecture room. The young women students have invariably stood it better than the young men the first time. Some male freshman is almost sure to faint when he sees the doctor's experiments in vivisection, but the girls, although they occupy the front seats, look on without a quaver. To get cats Dr. Wilder offered 10 cents each for all the small boys could bring him. There was a procession of small boys immediately across the Cornell campus, each with a bag. The doctor had to have constructed at once a cat house and Ithaca became known as the one town in all New York State where midnight feline serenaders were unknown.

Dr. Wilder's cat house used to be a great source of much fun for the students, and more than once has it been raided and the cats allowed to escape. It used to be out in a little orchard, now occupied by a handsome building, and there is a record of a case of arson when it was burned one night and the cats were sent scurrying over the campus to disappear in the neighboring gorges. Dr. Wilder and his cats have been caricatured repeatedly in college annuals, and their memory has been made secure in a college song.

IN THE RAILWAY STATION.  
Excited woman—When does the next train go to Forest Hill?  
Ticket agent—1.02, madam.  
Excited woman—Four to what?



**Absolutely Pure**

**Condensed Food for Soldiers.**

Pea soup is manufactured nowadays in a condensed form for soldiers' rations. The peas are roasted and ground fine, seasoning being added, together with a small quantity of beef extract to serve the purpose of stock. Finally the mixture is dried and reduced by pressure to the condition of a yellow solid. This material may be bought by the quantity for 15 cents a pound, and 100 pounds of it will make 400 quarts of soup. All that is necessary is to mix it with water and boil it in order to make it ready for use. Peas are considerably more nutritious than beefsteak.

Coffee is put up in the shape of small lozenges, one of which serves for a cup. The lozenge has merely to be put into the cup, water being poured upon it and the coffee is ready at once. A four ounce package of lozenges is a sufficient ration for a man for a month. The lozenges are made by condensing ordinary coffee made in the usual way, and then evaporating it. Condensed eggs are already on the market in half a dozen forms, prepared by evaporation.

**Salt Laden Winds.**

It is not an unknown occurrence for a strong wind of great velocity to carry the brine of the ocean overland for a distance of fifty or sixty miles, but it is so rare in Great Britain that when it happens it is worthy of note. Wilsden is situated at a general elevation of about 700 feet above sea level, and is about fifty-five miles from the Lancashire coast, from which direction a recent hurricane blew; yet those who tasted of the deposits on their windows could easily detect the salt of the ocean therein.

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Manistee, Mich., Feb. 14, 1895.  
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I remain your little friend,  
ANDREW POMEROY,  
88 Lake Street.

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- loss of appetite
- sallow skin
- pimples
- torpid liver
- depression of spirits

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