

WHAT LYNCH JUMPED INTO.

The Terrible Cost of Fooling With the British Lion.

With the commutation of death sentence of Col. Arthur Lynch, convicted of treason in London for having served with the Boers against England, has come a revival of the terrible stories of the horrors of English prison life, particularly in the prisons where prisoners of state and Irish agitators have been confined.

Cable advices are that Col. Lynch will be taken to Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, from the Pentonville prison, where he has been since his arrest.

With the awful cases of Dr. Gallagher, Whitehead, O'Donovan Rossa and other victims of efforts to alleviate conditions in Ireland still fresh in their memory, many friends of Col. Lynch in this country are disposed to question the humanity of the sentence which condemns him to a life experience, rather than to what they would term in comparison a merciful martyrdom.

The rigors of English routine prison life are awful, even to the common criminal, whose sensibilities are not as a rule highly developed. But to a prisoner known to be hostile to the government—particularly an Irishman—confinement in Portland, Pentonville, Mount Joy, Millbank or Chatham prisons presents additional horrors.

The "civilizing process" awaits him. He must be taught to respect the power he is supposed to have defied, and humiliating subservience or the eternal quiet of a prison graveyard are the inevitable ends; unless, indeed, he comes out with reason shattered, a hopeless lunatic, as in the case of Whitehead, or a physical wreck like Dr. Gallagher.

Should Col. Lynch serve only a few years in one of the English prisons it will be sufficient, if it is to be measured by the past experiences of Irish prisoners, to leave its indelible stamp on his life. It is a prospect full of gloom and horror to the least sensitive. To a man of avowed antagonism, political and racial, to England, friends of the Irish cause say, it means physical or mental annihilation.

In the ordinary course of official routine Col. Lynch will spend a preliminary period of nine months in Pentonville. This is the mildest period of his imprisonment. There he changes his clothing for the prison garb, merges his identity into a number and enters upon a routine, the very regularity of which must be maddening, but in which there is no deviation.

His work will be picking oakum. Or he must bind so many hammocks, or turn a crank so many times—8,000 turns of the crank constitute a day's work for a "hard labor" man. A dial registers the number of turns made during the day. The crank is more idiotic and less even than the treadmill, which does generate a power that can be and is utilized to grind corn, or for similar purposes.

The prisoners' routine at Pentonville may be summarized as follows:
6 a. m.—Arise, clean cell and work on dial until breakfast.

8 a. m.—Breakfast of bread and "strab-out."

9 a. m.—Chapel and one hour's walking exercise. During this he must walk in a given direction and at the rate of four miles an hour—no more, no less.

10:30 a. m.—Back to his daily task—treadmill or crank.

12:30 p. m.—Dinner of bread, strab-out, suet pudding and on certain days potatoes or soup.

1 p. m.—Work again until supper time.

5 p. m.—Supper of bread and gruel.

Work until his day's task is concluded. 8:30 p. m.—Light out.

The prisoner must undergo this daily routine for nine months. Then his real routine—the real horror—begins. He is taken to Portland. This name has a terrible sound to the hardened criminal. So has Chatham, where O'Donovan Rossa underwent his terrible experiences. So have the other final prisons of England. It was Portland that drove Whitehead insane. Portland that made a wreck of Dr. Gallagher, and Portland that has sent many an Irish prisoner to the little prison graveyard, whose inhabitants are numbers and whose history is silence.

At Portland the prisoner is introduced first to the quarries. Pile-works of stone are there, at which he must hew day after day, week after week, with the prospect of a life spent at heaving the solid stone, with grim wardens, rifles stung in the hollow of their arms, watching.

The discipline at Portland is extreme. For the slightest infraction of the regulations the prisoner is sent to the "hole." Here is O'Donovan Rossa's own description of his experience in the "hole" of Chatham prison, the prototype of Portland:

"I was in the black hole at Chatham one night. When bedtime came I was told to strip and put my underclothes outside the cell. Portland that made a wreck of Dr. Gallagher, and Portland that has sent many an Irish prisoner to the little prison graveyard, whose inhabitants are numbers and whose history is silence.

"This is assassination," I said, and refused to surrender my underclothing unless I had bedclothes given me.

"Four wardens then rushed into my cell and threw me down. One of them, named Giddings, knelt on my neck while the other three stripped me. Then they left the cell while I lay on the cold, damp floor, weak, bruised and gasping for breath. I heard three of the war-

dens go to the end of the corridor. Warden Hibbert stayed at the door of my cell. When the other three were out of the way he opened my cell door, stepped back against the corridor wall and then, running toward me, leaped into the air and came down with both knees flat on my chest."

O'Donovan Rossa survived these and other cruelties because he was a man of iron physique. But when he came out he bore the indelible stamp of his prison experience. Friends of Col. Lynch wonder if the prison rigors will be modified in his case, or if he, too, must endure the barbarity of the English prison system carried to the extreme, as other prisoners of state have done.

Detroit Journal: The statute of treason of Great Britain defines treason as killing, conspiracy to kill or withholding knowledge of conspiracy to kill or injure, imprisonment or restrain the ruler, or the help apparent, levying war against the ruler, or instigating or assisting an enemy in the realm or dependencies in carrying on war. Until 1870 the punishment was barbarous in the extreme. The offender, if a man, was to be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, hanged till dead, his head severed and the body divided into four quarters. If a woman she was to be burned alive. By the felony act of 1870 hanging only is made the punishment, though the crown may substitute beheading.

Not for more than half a century has such a remarkable trial been held in London as that of Col. Lynch, member of parliament for Galway city.

The trial was conducted with all solemn ancient ceremony. The judges, Lord Alverstone and Justices Jaggard and Channell appeared in the unusual panoply of state—scarlet and white. Nobody was allowed to enter until the judges were seated. Then the barristers, in a long array, filed into their places, while the accused was brought into the dock—not the ordinary dock, but a special dock, prepared for so important a prisoner, and erected to the right of the judges on the bench.

Col. Lynch appeared in a perfectly fitting frock coat with a white tie. He eyed the assembling of the court calmly, unflinchingly. His black hair was bristly brushed up, and with long straight nose and deep dark brows he lent a not unpleasing figure to the scene. Near a muscle of his face moved the corner of his mouth, and he read the arraignment from a long roll, an antique looking parchment.

The first count charged the prisoner with adhering to, comforting and assisting the king's enemies, the second with aiding the king's enemies, the third with special reference to certain acts in the colony of Natal; the third and fourth charged the same crimes in relation to the Orange Free State and also of adhering to the king's enemies of that state while they were in rebellion.

A quaint expression in the arraignment was that the prisoner "had been moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil, and that he had not the fear of God in his heart."

Then the trial proceeded, witnesses testified how "Colonel" Lynch had fought on the Boer side, commanding the Irish brigade, enlisted an address to Irishmen to come to the assistance of the Boers, recruiting and commanding men to fight against Britain, etc.

Col. Lynch's interesting life began at Melbourne, Australia. After graduating from the university there in the engineering course, he went to Germany to study at Heidelberg, and devoted much of his time to literature. Encouraged by having a number of poems printed in the London magazines, he wrote and published several books, and then drifted into journalism.

Lynch's two great interests were Irish politics, and duelling, in which he had become an expert while at Heidelberg. He was a clever talker and good company. Newspaper men received him into their inner circles and a large circle took lessons in sword practice from him. Becoming more interested in Irish politics, he was announced as the Parnellite candidate for Galway during the days of the "split" in the Irish parliamentary party, but was defeated.

As correspondent in Paris for the London Daily Mail, he was the first newspaper man to meet Dreyfus on his return from Devil's Island. The opinions on the Dreyfus case which he freely expressed were, however, at variance with the policy of the Daily Mail, and he was discharged. He went to South Africa at the outbreak of the Boer war as correspondent of the London Express. When he enlisted in the Boer ranks it was at first looked upon as the coup of a clever journalist who wanted to get the news from the inside. But he resigned his position and raised the Second Irish brigade, which he kept to fight through the bloodiest battles of the war. His regiment was literally cut to pieces.

After the war Galway accepted Lynch with open arms as a candidate for parliament, and there was great celebration when he was elected. He lectured in France and America for the Boer cause, until he returned to England, June 11, when he was arrested for treason, and he has since been in jail.

A purely sentimental interest in the unhappy people of the Emerald Isle,

and perhaps a secret desire to emulate her famous patriots, appear to have been the mainspring of his actions. It was in a spirit of bravado that he played himself in the way of arrest. Lynch and the Second Irish brigade took part in the second engagement at Elandslaagte, which "Tommy Atkins" has nicknamed "Kill-an-Slaughter." In telling the story of that battle he expressed great contempt for the marksmanship of the English soldiers, and declared he would rather run the gantlet of a whole British regiment than of 10 Boers.

Mr. Lynch, during his career as an author, wrote and published "Modern Authors, French, German and English," "Approaches, the Poor Man's Quest of a Mecca," "A Koran," "Our Poets," "Religio Athletae," "Human Documents."

Traitors for treason in Great Britain and Ireland have been numerous to within a half century. After the passage of the statute of treasons the most famous were Gordon and Dudley, Earl of Somerset, Anne Rokeby, Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Cranmer, the queen of Scots, Sir Walter Raleigh, Strafford, Laud, Sir Henry Vane and other regicides; Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney the Duke of Monmouth and those implicated in the pilgrimage of Grace, the gunpowder, popish, Rye house and other plots.

Since the revolution there have been the cases of those who took part in the risings of 1715 and 1746, Lord George Gordon in 1793, Hardy and Horn Took in 1794, the Cato street conspirators in 1820, Frost in 1840 and the Fenians in 1867.

In 1848 William Smith O'Brien, member of parliament for County Limerick, was tried and condemned to death for an attempt at insurrection. His was the last sentence to be "hanged, drawn and quartered," but Queen Victoria commuted it to transportation for life, and O'Brien passed a special act.

O'Brien spent six years in a Tasmanian prison, when he was pardoned and returned to Ireland—Chicago American.

Mysterious Circumstances.

One was pale and sallow and the other fresh and rosy. Whence the difference? She who is blushing with health uses Dr. King's New Life Pills to maintain it. By gently arousing the lax organs they compel good digestion and head and constant cheerfulness. Only 25c. at Z. C. M. I. Drug Store.

WOMEN WHO SELL THEIR "CROWNS OF GLORY."

Where is the American woman who would be willing to part with her "crowning glory" for a matter of \$2, a step into a dealer's shop and be sheared like a sheep?

Yet there are young women who do that very thing—hundreds of them, for young women must eat and live, and beauty and bald heads must be adorned.

The large picture is a scene in the village inn of Spreewald, not far from Berlin, Germany. Human hair dealers go there annually, and to many other places in Europe, buy the pretty tresses from the parents of young girls between the ages of 13 and 20, and sell them at a profit in a jiffy and end up by treating everybody, at the close of the day, to a schnapps.

The trade in human hair is a very considerable item in the business of many parts of Europe, and all the hair that is used in all parts of the world comes from the heads of European girls and women, excepting the coarse, stiff stuff that comes from the heads of Chinese and is sold by the pound for a very small price.

Hair dealing is a fine art with the traders of Europe, and their experts go from place to place, filling their orders, or providing to meet the ordinary demand that is constantly growing greater and more difficult to satisfy. And these dealers know just where to go for their goods. When they want a whole lot of coarse black hair, long and straight, they go to the Latin countries, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Spain and France, or into the peasant sections of Russia.

In all these places they are sure to find literally thousands of poor people who are willing to sacrifice the heavy hand-some braids that beset their heads of their young girls, for a sum so small that in America no one would discuss it at all. But, after all it doesn't make so much difference to these people, for they generally wear head dresses that cover up their hair, anyway.

For other shades of hair than black, however, the dealer knows he must look elsewhere. The fair-haired daughters of Germany, Sweden, Norway, the Netherlands and the north of France furnish the lighter shades and the pure white that is so valuable to the dealers. Some of the pure white hair also comes from Georgia, that country of beautiful women, south of Afghanistan, in Central Asia. All the hair that comes from the Orient, India, Japan and China comes from the heads of men.

The women in those countries will part with anything else they have, at the bidding of their avaricious lords, but they know full well that their greatest charm lies in their well-kept-for-earl-black tresses, and even the most abject want will not induce them to sell their hair. Chinese hair comes from the combings of John Chananman's queue. Dealers pay for it about the same rate they would pay for hair-bristles, something like 60 cents a pound.

The source of all the hair that goes into wigs, switches, toupees and false whiskers opens up a wide field for speculation in this age of adulterations, substitutes and make-shifts.

Nearly every bit of the hair that we use in making wigs, switches, toupees and whiskers nowadays comes from the

OIL DRILLER'S PAINFUL MISHAP

WOMAN RESCUES HIM FROM ALMOST CERTAIN DEATH.

The Man Suddenly Became Almost Totally Paralyzed and Was Unable to Move Hand or Foot.

Lee F. Cypher, an oil-well driller, living at Sistersville, Tyler county, W. Va., was the victim of a terrible mishap which caused a total paralysis of his legs, arms, face and throat. It was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People which cured him and enabled him to resume his work.

"I might almost as well have been totally paralyzed," he says, "for I was unable to move and could swallow only with the greatest difficulty. It was in February, 1899, after a severe attack of grip, that I first noticed a numbness in my hands and feet. I grew worse and I put myself under a physician's care but, instead of getting better, it grew worse till I could not walk and was obliged to take to my bed. I was perfectly helpless and, on account of the paralysis of my throat, hardly able to force enough nourishment to sustain life. Nothing helped me and the outlook was dismal."

"But a Mrs. Smith, of this place, who had been cured of locomotor ataxia by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills recommended them to me and I began to take them. In a short time I could see they were helping me and I continued taking them till they cured me and I was able to return to work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills drove every trace of the paralysis out of my system."

The cure of Mr. Cypher is additional proof that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not an ordinary medicine. They are wonderful in their potency in nervous troubles, small or great, and as they are on sale in every drug store throughout the country they are within reach of all. Because they cured such a severe nervous disorder as that of Mr. Cypher proves the power of the remedy in less troubles such as sciatica, neuritis, nervous headache, St. Vitus' dance and nervous debility.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, fifty cents a box or six boxes for two dollars and a half, by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

heads of European women," said Albert Kershaw, manager for William Hepler Co., the wig makers in the Chicago Opera House block. "The only substitute that I know of is the hair from the tail of the yak, an animal that is now so nearly extinct that it furnishes only a very small portion of the white hair of commerce. It is, however, long and silky, and if there were enough of it it would have an important place in our trade."

"Ordinary hair that goes into wigs is not so costly as would seem to be the case from the prices we are obliged to charge for wigs," continued Mr. Kershaw in answer to a question. "Wigs are expensive because we have to put each hair in separately, tie it firmly, and be sure that it points the same way that it did on the head where it grew."

"What is considered the highest priced hair, Mr. Kershaw, and what is the price of it?"

"Pure white is the most difficult hair to obtain, and naturally the highest priced. Pure white hair 24 inches long, which is the standard length for women, is worth all the way from \$85 to \$100 per ounce. It would not be worth nearly so much, of course, if hair could be satisfactorily dyed white, but it cannot, as dyeing it renders it stiff and dead. The next hardest hair to get, and consequently the highest priced, is what you would call a mouse color—what we know as a blue-gray, or drab. It cannot be dyed or dipped by any known process, and when we have to match it for a customer we have to get the exact shade in the natural color."

"Red hair? Well, nearly all red hair has to be dipped anyway, and it can be done very satisfactorily. There is almost no red hair that is the same shade at the ends and close to the head."

"How many people wear false hair? Nearly all women over the schoolgirl age wear a wig or a false piece or of some sort. Now since we can make toupees, or what they used to call 'scratches,' so that one's dearest friend could not tell the truth from the false, very many bald-headed men wear them—most, mind you, from a feeling of pride, but to prevent their catching colds from drafts blowing on their bald heads."

"It is a mistaken idea of people that theatrical wigs are made of substitute stuff. Theatrical people are more particular than anyone else, and as they buy so many different wigs for their different characters they soon become experts, and will not have anything but the very best."

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A contented woman is not hard to find when she wears a pair of the famous Wichert & Gardner's or K. P. D. Shoes, she has high class feeling produced these high class shoes, the swiftest, neatest, and lightest of shoe-making conception here and away under price. A nice feature of the heavy sole sorts is that they are flexible as light soles, and all the much wanted sorts, dress or every day. Come just to look.

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Women's Shoes, value up to \$3.50, all sizes, Bargain Table \$1.95

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Men's best \$5.00 and \$6.00 Shoes, choice of store \$3.85

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Yours Shoely HIRSCHMAN'S SHOE PEOPLE

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Wine of Cardui is superior to anything I have ever tried for irregularities. Three years ago I noticed that I became irregular but I paid little attention to it. Gradually the trouble became serious and affected my general health. The flow became scanty and very painful and I sought the doctor's aid. I soon found, however, that his prescriptions did not have the desired effect and when a friend recommended Wine of Cardui I decided to try it and procured a bottle. It helped me at once and I felt greatly encouraged when I noticed the change for the better. At my next menstrual period the pain was less and the flow better and within four months I was perfectly well, regular and without pain.

This is over a year ago and I have not suffered any pains or trouble since. Accept my sincere thanks for your efficient remedy.

Because Wine of Cardui cures women so simply, so quickly and so effectively it is the favorite medicine of women today. This medicine brings women health and freedom from sickness by the most simple process—Nature's own way.

While physicians examine and operate, Wine of Cardui works a cure without the humiliating publicity of an operation or the danger of the use of a knife.

Wine of Cardui strikes at the root of female trouble. It regulates the menstrual flow, making the function regular and healthy, an aid to health instead of a menace. A profuse flow weakens the blood and oppression poisons it. Wine of Cardui, by regulating the flow, gives life and strength to all the generative organs. Bearing down pains disappear and ovarian pains and weakness give way to health.

If you are suffering female weakness you should look after your case at once. All the organs are in sympathy and you cannot tell what a simple case of irregularity will run into if you let it alone.

Go to your druggist today and secure a \$1.00 bottle of Wine of Cardui. Take it in your home, in private, and you will thank Miss Adams for her advice.

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, The Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tennessee.

WINE of CARDUI