

READ THE "COURIER" PRIZE OFFER ON PAGE 7. CAN YOU WIN IT?

PARADISE FOR CRIMINALS.

Live in the Open Air in Comparative Freedom.

A correspondent writing from Italy gives some interesting details of the treatment of prisoners on various Italian islands he visited while on a trip in the Mediterranean, says London Tid-Bits. Each of these islands contains several hundred prisoners, who are locked up every night at sunset, released at daybreak and locked up again from midday until 2 o'clock. During the night no prisoner is allowed to be absent under any circumstances, but at midday those who work on farms at a distance from the prison are allowed to remain out by special permission of the director. During these free hours the prisoners can go anywhere they like on the island and can engage in any work offered them by the townspeople or farmers. Any infraction of the rules of ordinary life around them or of their prison is punished by seclusion in special cells. The government furnishes physicians and medicines, a summer and winter suit of clothes to each prisoner every year and allows him fivepence daily in money for his food and other necessities of life. Danger of escape is prevented by a squad of soldiers—one to every ten criminals—and a swift-sailing felucca, manned by marines. On account of the cheapness of labor the islands are so highly cultivated as to resemble gardens. The correspondent adds: "As for the prisoners, the open air makes them the healthiest of any criminals I have ever seen. There is no sign in their faces and bodies of that prison blight which strikes every visitor to ordinary jails."

Ships Have Ears.

The Gate City, which arrived here on Monday from Savannah, is the first steamer going out of this port to be equipped with an aurophone, the new device for enabling the lookout to determine the direction of sounds at sea. The aurophone was tried on the way up, but little could be told about its utility owing to its being placed in a poor position. It consists of a brass box, which fits over the mast and which has projecting from each end a broad-mouthed funnel. From this box, close to the funnels, two tubes like ordinary speaking tubes lead down the mast and through the main deck to the deck below. Inside of the box there is a complex arrangement of diaphragms and sounding boards so placed that a sound will enter only one of the tubes when it is passing through the funnel on the opposite side of the box. On the lower deck is an arrangement like an engine-room indicator, by which the box above may be turned around the mast, and directly under the indicator is a tell-tale compass. The man below places the tubes to his ears, where they are held in place by a cap. Unless the funnels above are pointing directly toward the sound which he wishes to locate he will hear it only faintly and in one ear, because one of the funnels being turned from the sound the tube opposite does not operate. He then turns the indicator in the direction from which the sound appears to come, and when the funnel is pointing directly at the sound it passes through the funnel and out of the other, putting both tubes in operation, and the operator hears the sound distinctly and in both ears at once. He then glances at the indicator and the point on the tell-tale at which it rests gives the exact bearing of the sound.—Boston Transcript.

Lightning and Trees.

Cedar and fig trees are rarely struck by lightning. The beech, the larch, the fir and the chestnut also seem to be peculiarly obnoxious to the "bolts of Jove." There are trees, however, which appear to attract rather than to repel the lightning flash. The trees generally enumerated in the category of those

which the lightning is most apt to strike are the oak, the yew, the elm and the Lombardy poplar.

Won His Bet.

A bewildered-looking farmer stood in the center of Haymarket square Thursday looking at the trolley wire. The electric car came along and slowed up. They rang the bell and shouted at him and ordered him to move. He still kept looking at the wire and making inarticulate sounds with his lips.

"Get off the earth, you Jersey calf!" shouted the motorman.

The old man was fairly bumped by the slow-moving car before he moved.

Then he jumped and said: "I did it, by thunder! Where's my money?"

He looked around cautiously and then he said: "You seen a red-faced feller with a white mustache waxed? I want him. He bet me \$5 I couldn't look at that ere wire three minutes and count 200. I've done it."

"Did you put up the money?"

"Sure," was the reply.

"Ding-dong," went the bell.—Lewis-ton Journal.

Canon City coal at the Whitebreast Coal and Lime Co.

AFRICA, ENGLAND, GERMANY.

Latter Wants the Forest in the Basin of the Upper Congo.

The object of Germany at the present moment is to connect her eastern and southwestern African possessions, says the Quarterly Review. To do this she desires to possess the forest in the basin of the Upper Congo—a region which is rich in copper. If she could obtain this territory from the Congo state and a narrow strip of land from Portugal she would realize her aim; and if she gets possession of the forests on the Lualaba and the Katanga copper mines her colonies may become to her a great source of wealth. England should definitely make up her mind as to the attitude she will assume toward this policy. If she opposes it Germany will become a persistent enemy. On the other hand, if she supports it Germany should agree not in any way to interfere with England south of the Zambesi and support her heartily in Egypt. The increase of German prosperity at home is also an advantage to us. As Germany becomes richer she will become a better customer and less jealous of the political position. The wages of German artisans must go up and consequently Germany will be less able to undersell us in the open markets of the world. We have now come to a state of things as regards the German empire when we must either come to terms with it or drift into a position which will certainly lead to danger. The Germans, if they are to maintain their possessions beyond the sea, must either be sure of the friendship and good will of England or else they will endeavor to break down her power on the ocean. Since the beginning of this year every corner of the empire has rung with the most violent denunciations of this country. The newspapers, with the almost solitary exception of the Weser Zeitung, have given expression to feelings of bitter hostility. Organs of opinion usually the most opposed have vied with each other in their violence of language. This ill feeling to Great Britain, as we have said, has not been a growth of recent times. It is now strengthened by a growing conviction that the position of England in the world is undeserved, artificial and cannot be maintained if it is seriously menaced. This view has been fostered by distinguished historians and men of letters, who exercise a powerful influence on the youth of the country, on the guides of public opinion, on writers in the principal periodicals and journals who indirectly shape the policy of the cheap newspaper, which is the gospel of the village inn.

A ROMANCE FROM AFRICA.

The story of a Treasure—Ingenious and May Be True.

Englishmen are predatory creatures, and the London papers do not hesitate to express annoyance because the expeditionary force recently sent against King Prempeh found at Coomassie only a meager number of gold ornaments, and hollow ones at that, says the New York Times. The value of the loot taken from the royal "palace" was only about £2,000 and made a poor showing when exhibited in London, as compared with the results of previous raids. Now a correspondent writing from Accra tells a story which if true—a very large "if"—will make the British officers wish they had not left the Ashanti capital quite so soon. He says: "Some years ago a slave girl of surpassing beauty—of the Ashanti type being entendu—had the misfortune to attract the fickle fancy of a chief, whose head wife tolerated no rivalry. To reproach a husband is generally useless; in Coomassie it is dangerous. The lady, wise in her generation, forebore to risk her head, but sent for the executioner and caused the ears and lips of the too fascinating maiden to be removed, rendering her such an object as can only be seen in savage kingdoms. History does not say if the expedition answered the purpose of restoring the chief's wandering affections to their rightful owner, but the slave girl developed, not unnaturally, into a woman with an undying thirst for revenge. Lately she sought an audience with the governor, and she informed him that the real treasure of the Ashantis lies buried some fifty feet below the soil, in a disused shaft of a mine near Coomassie, and readily undertook to point out the spot. Digging is being vigorously carried on, already more than a fourth of the depth has been cleared, and should the treasure amount to anything like the rumored value, the cost of the expedition will be fully defrayed, making the Ashanti war a record one, as not only bloodless, but free of cost."

His Brother's Revenge.

We are all more or less familiar with that exasperating class of individuals who seem to feel that the simple common sense of the world is centered in themselves and that the rest of us are in need of guidance and direction in the simplest duties of life.

Mr. B— was a young man of this class. He was always painfully profuse in details regarding anything he wished done. He had a parrot, of which he was excessively fond, and when he was about to go abroad for a few months, leaving his bird behind, he bored and exasperated his family and friends with senseless details regarding the care of the parrot and his last words, screeched from the deck of the steamer that bore him away, were:

"Hi, Jim!"

"What?" shouted the brother on the pier.

"Look out for my parrot!" came faintly over the water.

As if this was not enough he had no sooner reached Liverpool than he sent the following cablegram to his brother, who had assumed the charge of the parrot:

"Be sure and feed my parrot."

On receipt of this the infuriated brother cabled back at his brother's expense:

"I have fed her but she is hungry again. What shall I do next?"—Harper's Magazine.

An Ancient Alabaster Box.

A curious box was recently found amid the ruins of Pompeii. The box was marble or alabaster, about two inches square and closely sealed. When opened, it was found to be full of pomatum, or grease, hard but very fragrant. The smell resembled somewhat that of roses, but was much more fragrant.

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