JOHANNESBURG PRISON.

A PEEP INTO THIS NOTED HOUSE OF DETENTION.

A Tramp's Experience of South African Prisons—The Daily Bill of Fare—The Kaffir's Love of Tobacco—How Prisoners Are Treated by the Brutal Warders.

When knocking about South Africa lately, in a wild mood, heart three-quarters broken, I had occasion to use a couple of times Paul Kruger's prison-houses of detention as hotels, and this is what I saw and thought. Anyhow, come, please, with me kindly to Johannesburg goal, the largest and most important in Africa. It is an enormous solid mass of buildings of huge blocks of stone with iron roofing, and looks down on its own pet city from the most commanding of the hills around—namely, Hospital Hill. Rome's glory was reflected by her similarly situated capitol; and now, by a fin de siecle chance replica, the innate genius of Johannesburg is embodied in her palace-gaol. For Johannesburgers, it is slily hinted by those who have met them in business or otherwise, are composed of three classes—namely, (1) those who have been in gaol; (2) those who are now in; (3) those who still have to go there, but have been up to now fortunate enough to escape.

On entering the gaol you are—or are not, according to Boer caprice—supplied with its home necessaries authorized by law. Anyhow you are entitled to a plate, mug, and spoon, all of tin, a towel, a bit of soap once a fortnight, and, if lucky, a tin bucket, which you can keep clean for drinking water; also three rugs for bed-clothes, and if your cell happens to have a stone floor,

A STRAW MATTRESS,

if you can get one. Half a pound of mealie-meal, boiled to a "pap," served at breakfast, and ditto at night, and at midday one pound loaf of bread and one pound of rough meat, which can be exchanged for Transvaal tobacco with the Kaffir prisoners. Now you have a regular and simple life which will put that of any ordinary hydropathic to the blush, if only the patient can stand it. . . . A cell is usually occupied by four whites or twenty blacks, the latter reposing much like sardines. Flogging, one can see, is necessary to keep Kaffirs in order, but poor souls, such lashings as they at times get at the hands of the Dutch are simply hideous. Some Kaffirs, long-time men, told us through the bars separating "white" from "black" yards, that two had lately died after such flogging, and one recently operated on was believed to be dying whilst they were talking to us. The blacks are placed against a sort of leaning ladder, their arms stretched up, and their wrists and ankles firmly strapped. It is wonderful how callous one Kaffir is to another Kaffir's suffering.

The Kaffir yard is similar to, but separated from, the white man's yard. The Kaffirs are fed alternately on mealie pap or the Indian corn boiled whole, and one pound of meat twice a week. For meat they would barter their souls, and you can for a bit of abominable meat always get from them a bit of Transvaal tobacco of the same size, and good too. The ordinary Dutch warder is too brutal and stupid to require description; he only says No! to any request, and when he is not eating his dinner out of an old basin, spends his time half dozing, and, Kaffir guards loving rest also, escapes are frequent. Here is a Scotchman under whose special tutelage I lost whatever valuable personal property I took in. A clean-shaved, clean, smart little grey man of sixty, after years of tramping in absolute want, promoted from driving a baker's cart, he has just married and commenced life as a teetotaler and warder, having at last found an opening in life for the first time. He is already high in command, knowing how to get on.

SPEAK OR WHISTLE

and you are in the stocks, and no appeal; resist, and you will get three months more, possibly in irons, and twenty-five lashes; so your Uitlander does his thinking to himself. As regards taking prisoners' property, I have no hesitation in saying that the Dutch police are amongst the biggest thieves in Johannesburg; and this, after making full allowance for much exaggeration and falsehood which may be expected from prisoners' own accounts. Quite recently, after a large fire at certain grocery stores, a huge amount of groceries of all sorts were stolen and traced to the stations and houses of the fire-brigade and police, the latter being in charge of the burning buildings, keeping the crowd out, and helping themselves lavishly. Again, the head warder of the gaol, a huge Dutchman, was sentenced the other day to some small inadequate punishment for stealing many hundred pounds' worth of money and property from prisoners in the course of a year or two. It is easy enough to take the money of a prisoner who is inside, safe for a long term of years—some are arrested with very large sums on their persons—and also in cases where the prisoner is too drunk to remember what he ought to have had with him when arrested.

Jovial tramps—"on the wallaby" is the classical term in South Africa—these there always are, mostly Irish, who put in their winters in gaol, and in summer beg and steal their way for hundreds of miles, working a little here and there at the farms they pass, but, poor fellows, knowing no trade, and happy with a blanket, some mealie-meal, and a "billy" for cooking or drinking water. They are worse off than Kaffirs, who know roots and fruits good to eat on the veldt as they pass. Reckless, broken-down gentlemen, too, are not infrequent, and may be met scores of miles from any house, striding on

IN A FEW RAGS,

two-thirds of a pair of boots, and a "Hallo, comrade, whither away?" to any one they meet in similar case. Desperate and successful criminals these make when they get into congenial society, or capital fighters in any small native war, should occasion arise. The Kaffirs are daily arrested by scores for being in town without a proper pass, or written authority, good for a month, value one shilling. Now the blacks cannot read, and the Zarps themselves (Zarp, on their tunic, stands for South African Republic Police) in many cases can make only a very poor attempt at it; so as the revenue accruing from the fines is very great, and the black prison labor from those who cannot pay is very valuable, it can be imagined that the poor Kaffir has a bad time. Complaints are frequent of the sapient Zarps trying to read passes upside down, tearing and throwing away valid passes and swearing the bearer had none (for a Kaffir's word is taken as nothing against a policeman's), etc. Your Dutch policeman is simply a raw illiterate Boer taken from a backward farm, scarcely able to read and write his mother tongue, and speaking usually just a smattering of English. He is drilled a little in a backyard, and placed on beat duty, but his knowledge of police duties is "nil," and miserably paid; and he is constantly striking to get pay which has been long since due to him from his lethargic superiors, a curious anomaly altogether in an up-to-date English speaking city like Johannesburg. A few Englishmen, however, have been taken into the detective department, by whom all the important duty in the repression of crime is done.

ECCENTRIC WOMEN.

The countries of the old world lay claim to women whose wealth is vast and whose peculiarities are such that their relatives would be willing to see them tenderly cared for in insane asylums while the money was in the hands of prospective heirs.

Princess Isabeau -de-Beauveau-Caron is one of these people with considerate relatives, and just now there is a suit to deprive her of her property and consign her to a mad-house.

The Princess never married, although wooers came in numbers, among them two Americans—Home, the Spiritualist and Dr. Harris, the prophet, Laurence Oliphant's friend.

Men's motives she suspected and she did not love them. Dogs she trusted and she has devoted her life to them. The result is that her dogs are veritable canine wonders. She had, by the way, a theory that husbands might be taken on trial for a year and, if at the expiration of that time a couple did not get along they were to go their ways without more ado.

This was one of the points emphasized to prove her insane.

She inherited her wealth from her grandmother, the Countess de Cayla, whose influence with Louis XVIII. was great, but acquired in such a way as to make the people of France regard the legacy she left as accursed.

Among these inherited possessions is the beautiful chateau of St. Oven, in which Louis signed the Constitution in 1814 on his way back from exile in England.

The Princess belongs to one of the most ancient and illustrious houses of France. The family traces an unbroken line back to the eleventh century and enjoys the princely rank in France, and Germany, and in Spain that of grandessa.

The Austrian Princess Montleat, who was so shockingly murdered a short while ago near Cracow, is another foreign celebrity whose whims equal or even surpass her money.

She was masculine in appearance, wore top boots, short black skirt and a man's overcoat and slouch hat. She completed the manlike resemblance by smoking strong cigars all day long as she rode astride over her estates.

Horses were her passion and she never lived in her magnificent castle near Cracow, but shunning her neighbors she occupied a den in the stables of her stud farm.

In this room she was found with her throat cut. Her desk had been broken open and ransacked. There were evidences of a terrible struggle, but nothing gave any clue to the murderer who has never been discovered.

The Princess's fortune was divided between Archduke Rainer of Austria and King Humbert of Italy as heirs of her father.

Russia's money-queen with oddities was the late Princess Icharnitsky. Her will is now giving rsei to one of the most sensational suits ever tried in that country.

In her youth she was maid-of-honor to the late Czarina. She then inherited her brother's fortune in addition to her own, which rivals that of the Demidoffs, and at that time she developed incredible avarice.

She took but one meal a day, which cost no more than 16 cents. Her garments were so cheap as to make her appearance in any society an impossibility, and rather than purchase the daily paper she regularly borrowed it of a neighbor.

She had a Moujik for a servant, who confessed that he had strangled his mistress with a towel because she had accused him of stealing some worn-out garments that had belonged to her brother.

On the morning of her death she was also to have appeared as defendant in a libel suit brought for accusing one of her former friends of stealing a pocket handkerchief.

The arch-millionairess was buried as a pauper, the undertaker being unwilling to take the risk of being recompensed by the heirs, who were absent from St. Petersburg.

TOO MUCH REFINING.

Proud Mother—Don't you think my little son looks very refined?

Blunt Doctor—Yes, indeed; looks as if he could be knocked over with a feather.

LOGICAL.

He—And so you wish to break off our engagement, long as it is?

She—The longer a thing is the easier it is to break off.

NOT THE ONLY ONE.

She—If I don't accept you this time, you won't get discouraged, will you?

He—Oh, no. There are others.

Thomas told the mass meeting that he was a self-made man. Very noble of him to take the whole blame on himself, wasn't it.

THE HOME.

THE CHILD SMILE.

There is nothing more pure in heaven,
And nothing on earth more mild,
More full of the light that is divine
Than the smile of a little child.

The sinless lips, half parted
With breath as sweet as the air,
And the light that seems so glad to shine
In the gold of the sunny hair.

O, little one, smile and bless me!
For somehow—I know not why—
I feel in my soul, when children smile,
That angels are passing by.

I feel that the gates of heaven
Are nearer than I knew,
That the light of the hope of that sweeter world.
Like the dawn is breaking through.

THE DAY OF PICNICS.

From the earliest green buds of spring, when Nature finds her first invitations, until all is brown and sear, do the woods ring with the merry laughter of boys and girls, both old and young, for who does not feel young again when in the company of gladsome youth and nature. A picnic is a delightful form of amusement, providing the weather does not frown, and the company also.

First, and important, too, is the dress. To the men no advice need be given, for as a rule, they are usually suitably attired on all occasions, but women know it is their duty to look pretty and picturesque and so are seldom provided in case of rain or cold. Thin, dainty dresses look charming in the woods, but the most serviceable and neatest costume in a dark wool skirt with a light, becoming waist, or an entire dress of outing flannel. Large hats look picturesque, but if there is to be a trip on the water, the sun and wind will play havoc with the complexion for, as everyone knows, the reflection of the sun on the water is worse than the sun itself. Extra wraps should always be provided and a number may be strapped together in a neat bundle, so as to be conveniently carried.

A hammock or two should always be carried along, together with some interesting games for those who do not care to ramble and explore. Cards have been found very amusing and the gentlemen always have the liberty to smoke in the woods.

Now for a most enjoyable part of the program—the lunch on the green sward beneath the trees. First, and most essential, are the sandwiches, of which there are many kinds. We do not relish great thick slices of bread with some cold beef between, but must have something that looks as well as it tastes. For these, then, have fresh, round, flaky biscuits, or thinly-sliced bread. They can be cut and buttered the evening before if the excursion goes off very early in the morning, and closely wrapped in paraffin paper and placed in the refrigerator. It is best, however, to defer filling them until the picnic ground is reached. Chicken, ham and sardines make delicious sandwiches, but they must be finely chopped or minced and well seasoned. Crisp lettuce leaves dipped in mayonnaise and placed between bread makes appetizing sandwiches, and thinly-sliced cucumbers also. Cheese and hard-boiled eggs, thinly sliced or mashed, with or without mustard, are a nice change.

Few things are so well appreciated on these occasions as broiled or fried chicken, which should be carefully wrapped in paraffin paper or put into a dish where it cannot absorb the flavors of other viands. Saratoga potatoes are also relished.

If convenient, a brush fire can be made and coffee boiled. It will be a delightful change from the inevitable lemonade. Cream can be carried in tightly-corked bottles after it has been scalded, and will keep sweet. If a horse and wagon is obtainable it will be convenient to have the provisions, chairs and other traps conveyed to the picnic ground in that manner, and then a small oil stove will save the trouble of building fires and cleaning smoked coffee pots. If it is possible to have it, ice will be found most enjoyable, for then water, fruit, wine and melons can be kept cool and refreshing.

Of course everyone must expect spiders and ants and a scarcity of cups and plates, and remember also that fingers were made and used before forks. For all that, everything should be made as dainty and appetizing as possible.

SOME PICNIC GOODIES.

Wine Cake.—Beat ten ounces of butter to a cream; add one pound of sugar gradually and beat until light. Add eight eggs unbeaten, one at a time, beating each one until the egg is thoroughly mixed in before adding another. Then add one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one pound and ten ounces of flour and beat until light. When ready to put in the pans mix in lightly and quickly two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Dust the cake molds with sugar, pour in the batter and bake an hour in a moderate oven.

Orange Short Cake.—Make a rich baking powder "short cake." While this is baking prepare the orange filling as follows: Pare the oranges, being very careful to remove every seed; chop fine and sweeten generously. Divide the cake, put a layer of orange filling in the middle, and cover the top of the cake. When serving, pour a large spoonful of whipped cream over each slice. Four or five oranges will be needed.

Cinnamon Rolls.—Roll out some pie paste in long, narrow strips, and lavishly spread with a mixture composed of brown sugar and butter creamed together and highly flavored with cinnamon. Roll them up, moisten and pinch the edges and ends well together and bake in a hot oven. When partly done brush the top over with a little of the mixture reserved for that purpose.

Polish Tarts.—Roll out some pie paste and cut it into three-inch squares. Brush each square with the white of an egg, then fold all the corners into the center; brush again with egg, sift with sugar and bake to a pale golden brown. When done, remove a small piece from the center and fill with bright-colored jelly or jam.

Hickory Nut Macaroons.—Pound fine a teacupful of hickory nut meats. Beat three eggs and mix with them. Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla and stir in a pound of sugar. Mix well and add the beaten whites of two eggs to make a thick paste of the mixture. Drop in small spoonfuls on greased paper and bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

TO WASH WINDOWS.

Try saving the tea that is left over and use it for cleaning windows, mirrors or other glass. It will give a fine polish and is good whether used hot or cold. After washing with a cloth dipped in the tea wipe the glass dry, then polish with a flannel cloth.

A PRETTY EFFECT.

A charming scheme of decoration for a small dinner table, lighted by a hanging lamp, may be carried out as follows: A green and white wicker basket wreathed with trails of asparagus fern and smilax, and filled with white flowers and ferns, and sprays of ivy and herberis, hangs from the lamp, the handle being tied with bright yellow satin ribbons. The table center is of yellow brocade, cut in star shape and bordered with narrow silver galon. Trails of smilax and fern tied with bows of yellow ribbon are arranged round the dessert dishes, and silver dishes containing salted almonds and bonbons are placed at the point of the star-shaped center.

HOW TO CLEAN KETTLES.

Sometimes the most careful washing will not wholly remove the flavor or odor from the utensil in which food has been cooked. This is frequently the case with fish, onions, cabbage, etc.

There is a remedy which may be a little trouble, and yet it is well worth trying. After any of these articles have been cooked, wash the utensil carefully with soap and water. Now nearly fill it with cold water, and for each quart of water add a teaspoonful of washing soda. Place on the stove and let the water get boiling hot. Empty the water, rinse the utensil with clean water, and on wiping dry it will be found perfectly sweet.

BOLD REQUEST.

An amusing little incident is told of the way in which Madame Malibran, the celebrated singer, once displayed her tact and ingenuousness at the same time.

Malibran was to make her first appearance in Naples on the following day, and in compliance with the established rule of etiquette, which ordained that a singer should wait upon the king and solicit the honor of his presence on her first appearance, the great singer went to the king.

"Sire," she said, hesitatingly, "if it be agreeable to your majesty, I have come to request that your majesty will be graciously pleased not to appear at the opera-house to-morrow evening."

The king, not a little astonished, demanded the reason for this request.

"May is please your majesty," said the singer, "I have heard that it is the etiquette in Naples not to applaud in presence of royalty; that is to say, unless you graciously set the example."

She paused, and the king, seeing that she was embarrassed, desired her to go on and speak out.

"Sire," said Malibran, with a blush and extending her hands appealingly toward the king, "as you are good enough to command me to speak, I will. The fact is, I am so much in the habit of being applauded the instant I appear on the stage, that I am truly afraid, foolish as it is, that if I were received in silence I couldn't sing a note—not a note!" she repeated, with a shake of her graceful head.

"Very well," said the king, with a smile, "I will set the example. Do not be afraid; you shall be abundantly applauded!"

Madam Malibran returned home in great spirits. In the evening, just before she made her appearance on the stage, she took a position where she might be seen from the royal box, and having caught the eye of the king, she reminded him of his promise by softly clapping her hands.

His majesty, greatly pleased with her freedom and originality, did not fail to be as good as his word, and the whole house burst into applause in response to the royal signal.

IN ABYSSINIA.

In the land of Menelik, Italy's enemy, there exists of a feminine coquetry that beats the vanity of the twentieth century girl all to pieces. It applies to married women only, and consists in "fading" — that is, in changing the chocolate hue of the natural complexion into one of the loveliest tans. But in Abyssinia how one must suffer to be beautiful! For three entire months the young matron who aspires to the light tan hue has to be secluded in a remote apartment set aside for that purpose. She is then enveloped in a woolen cloth in which a single opening has been left to let her head through. Under this thick covering a number of green branches of some fragrant wood are lighted. The fumes act on the dark cuticle, performing their mysterious work of light in the dark, and at the expiration of the 12 weeks the young woman issues forth from her smoky prison with a new skin, whiter and softer than the former. This operation exhausts the patient's forces, therefore the mother and sisters of a woman thus engaged have no other occupation than that of preparing little pills of the most nutritious ingredients and stuffing them down the victim's throat, just as if she were a turkey getting ready for Christmas.

FAILED TO RECOGNIZE HIM.

Barber—You say you have been here before? I don't seem to remember your face.

Victim—Probably not. It is all healed up now.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Happenings of Recent Date.

In Shanghai there is an organ made from bamboo.

The Prince of Wales is said to have lost much of his interest in horse racing.

Tokyo, the metropolis of Japan has a registered population of 1,141,455, inhabiting 341,608 houses.

President Faure of France, at one time was president at Havre of the Young Men's Christian Association.

Australia has extreme heat in summer. A scientist says that matches accidentily dropped on the ground there were ignited.

If pure milk only was sold in London it is estimated that from 20,000 to 30,000 more cows would be wanted to keep up the supply.

Dr. Jameson's goods have been sold at auction at Johannesburg, very high prices being paid by the Boer farmers for the horses and mules.

Durham University has granted the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity to the Rev. Sukius Baronian, Archpriest of the Armenians in England.

Manchester is about to make herself ridiculous by erecting an equestrian to Sir Charles Halle, the musical conductor, who never mounted a horse in his life.

Queen Victoria has a marked preference for grey horses, and throughout her holiday on the Riviera a magnificent pair of this color have been in almost daily use.

Amsterdam has now municipalized the water and telephone service of the city. Next year it will take possession of the gas works, and as soon as possible, of the street car service.

Young King Alexandria, of Servia, has got the mitten again. Princess Marie of Greece, whom he hoped to marry, having become engaged to Grand Duke George Michaelovitch of Russia.

Trivoli's famous waterfalls are now utilized to provide electric power for lighting Rome. The power is conveyed eighteen miles over the wires, and in the daytime is used to drive the street cars.

It is said that at an inquest held in London recently twelve of the fourteen jurymen who enquired into the death of a man named Robinson were named Smith; the remaining two were named Jones and Brown.

A French professor has demonstrated that a rabbit can bear intense cold. He inclosed one in ice, and the next morning the rabbit, when released, was as lively and cheerful as if it had passed the night beside a fire.

The children of the blackest Africans are born whitish. In a month they become pale yellow, in a year brown, at four, dirty black, and at six or seven glossy black. The change is in the muscous membrane below the cuticle.

When a grave is to be made in St. Paul's bed of solid concrete six feet in depth, on which the cathedral rests, has first to be bored through. Beneath this is a bed of London clay, or "pot-earth," below which again is a sub-soil of yellow gravel.

Lieutenant General George Digby Barker, the new Governor of the Bermudas is 64 years of age. He served in the Persian campaign in 1857, was at the relief of Lucknow during the Indian mutiny, and has commanded the British troops in China.

The cost of timber in China is so great that wooden trestles are out of the question. The railway station houses are all built of light, burned brick, plastered on the outside. The broad platforms are of stone or concrete, filled with earth and cinders.

Ernest T. Hargrove, t he newly elected president of the Theosophical Society, belongs to an old English family. One of his ancestors was Gen. Hargrove, once Governor of Gibraltar, and his mother was a descendant of Sir Martin Frobisher, the famous navigator.

The total length of telegraph lines in the world is 1,062,700 miles, of which America has 545,600 miles; Europe 380,700; Asia, 67,400; Africa, 21,500, and Australia, 47,500. The United States has a greater length than any other country, 403,900 miles, and Russia comes next.

Sir Isaac Pitman, in an interview, mentioned the curious fact that in the early days of his shorthand crusade the system was assailed on religious grounds—one cleric declaring in print that "mesmerism, phonography, chartism and socialism are the stalking horses behind which the most satanic lies and the most blasphemies are sent forth."

The ordinary expenditures of the city of Paris, France, amounts to 290,000,000 francs, of which 111,000,000 are on account of indebtedness. The extraordinary expenses amount to 50,000,000 francs more, and the city debt is 2,000,000,000 francs, practically all of which has been incurred during the last forty years. Nearly 20,000 families in Paris have their house rent paid by the municipality.

Oxford, by a close vote, has refused to allow the Earl of Berkeley to qualify for a degree, unless he sleeps within the mile and half limit required by the statutes. The Earl's health is delicate and though he is able to study in Oxford during the day, he is obliged to go out of town to a high spot to sleep Residence is described in the statutes as "pernoctation," and the university refuses to make an exception for an earl.

STEERING THROUGH LIFE.

Servant—Two gentlemen at the door want to see you, sir. They didn't come together; just happened along at the same time.

Householder—How do they act?

One on 'em is awful polite, sir, and begs the honor of a few minutes' conversation.

I don't want to see him; he is doubtless got something to sell.

The other, sir, is stiff as a ramrod, sir, and don't waste no words.

He must have a bill. Tell 'em both I'm not at home!