HORRID SPANISH PRISONS.

THE MONSTER MAN-PENS OF CEUTA AND LOS PINOS.

Paradoxes of the Spanish Character—The Truest Friends but the Hardest Task-Masters—Unparelleled Cruelties—Regulations that Provoke Epidemics of Suicide.

Foreigners who have enjoyed the hospitality of Spanish families in the birthplace of chivalry have again and again expressed a suspicion that the horrors of warfare in the West Indies must have been exaggerated for political purposes. Their conjectures were founded on time-confirmed personal impressions, but can be applied only to special character traits of the Spanish nations.

Perhaps no other race of the present world has more strangely localized its idea of social duties. Their conception of generosity could be defined by the word, class-loyalty. The meanest blockheads who ever succeeded one another on the throne of a great country were Charles' IV. and his son, Ferdinand, yet for these two crowned baboons, the Spaniards poured out their blood like water, brave the hardships of the wilderness and sacrificed themselves by thousands in the defense of Burgos and Saragossa. A Spanish hidalgo would sooner cut off his right hand than betray a trust of friendship after the manner of Thomas Moore, who burned the autobiography of Lord Byron to please a clique of bigots and backbiters; but that same hidalgo would be apt to treat prisoners of war with a cruelty which the valet of Tom Moore would have hesitated to practice in a dog kennel.

The 800 years' struggle against the power of the Moorish invaders impressed their Gothic adversaries with the notion that rebels and dissenters have no rights which a loyalist needs respect. King Pedro, of Aragon, boasted his success in entrapping a heroic Emir who had come to his court in response to

A FLATTERING INVITATION,

and was beheaded the moment the drawbridge of the castle had closed behind him. The Beni Harath, a band of Mauritanian partisans who had been captured in the citadel of Seville, were treated with a barbarity that provoked the protests even of North European visitors.

Time has changed the weapons of Spanish armies, but not their methods of warfare. "Those fellows carry on like a gang of marauding Apaches in a fury of personal resentment," a correspondent wrote from Cuba, and if the agitator Stepniak had seen the man-pens of Ceuta and Los Pinos he would retract his assertion that the Russian jailers are the most inhuman despots on earth. The Russians and some of their neighbors manage their prisons with barbarous strictness, but not with wanton cruelty, and can distinguish an assassin from an armed insurgent. The forty years guerrilla war against the Circassian highlanders cost the Russian Empire 500,000 men, and 1,000,000,000 rubles, but when the rebel chief Shamyl was finally captured the Czar lodged him in the winter palace for a couple of weeks, put an Adjutant and a relay of saddle horses at his service, and finding him deeply sunk in religious melancholy, paid his expenses to Mecca, and dismissed him with princely presents. The Spaniards would probably have hung him to the next tree or scourged him to death. Hundreds of captured chieftains were burned at the stake within the first century after the discovery of the new world, and it might be questioned if their fate was not preferable to the doom of the poor wretches who are wearing out their lives in Spanish convict camps and state prisons. One of these camps on the Isla de Pinos, the "Isle of Pines," south of Cuba, has the baying of mastiffs for a matin hymn, and the howls of horse-whipped delinquents for an evening lullaby. The presidio is located in the coast swamps, and at break of dawn the convicts are marched out to work in

THE FESTERING TRENCHES,

under escort of shot-gun armed guards and a pack of galgos, fleeter and fiercer than our bloodhounds. As the prisoners file out of the stockade these brutes snap at their heels—por reconoderios—to "renew their personal acquaintance," as it were, and recall them to a sense of their duty if they should stray off under a spell of hypnotism. At 10 a. m., the guards are relieved; about an hour after noon the prisoners get a twenty minutes' recess for rest and lunch, and at 5 p. m., they are driven back to their swelter pens. The principal meal of the day is then served in the form of sun-dried fish and collos de maiz—corn, roughly ground and baked into cakes with ditchwater.

Some of the prisoners come home so weak that they do not feel like eating, but crouch in a corner of the noisome den till the cool night air revives their appetite. Others worry down their rations the best way they can, and then sit fanning themselves with palm-leaf shreds, while transgressors against one of the numerous prison regulations are fanned with cowhides. At sundown, or sooner, the guards and their assistants make their reports. So many men black-marked for laziness, so many for talking, for insolence, for disregard of orders. The assistants, especially, are almost sure to prefer a charge of some sort or other. They are trusties, or paroled prisoners, trying to curry favor by an excess of zeal, and find it the cheapest way to signalize their loyalty at the expense of their fellow-convicts. Fighting in quarters is also a frequent cause of complaint. "But, senor, I have not been quarrelling; I tried to stop a quarrel," pleads a newcomer. "This ruffian attacked my father, a weak, old man, who can not take his own part unarmed, and I merely interfered in the interest of peace and—"

"Calla la boca, perro," interrupts the jailer, "Hush up, you cur. Take them out, Gonzales, and make them remember the day of the week—twenty-five apiece—gag that rascal if he says an other word. Give him ten extra, anyhow, for talking without permission."

The refuge of the weary peace in sleep is curtailed by clouds of

VENOMOUS INSECTS

that enter the dungeon whenever an unbearable state of atmospheric conditions compels the prisoners to remove the bags that serve as window-screens. A temperature of 115 degrees in the sun-blistered barracks is the average of a summer afternoon, and it may be near midnight before the influence of the night wind begins to make itself felt in the upper bunks of the crowded dormitories. At midnight the blood still simmers in fever heat, at 5 a. m., the indoor air has at last turned pleasantly cool, but just about that time the reveille gun booms from the parade ground, and the turnkey unchains the four-footed revivalists.

The Ceuta man-pen is only twelve miles from the hottest point of the Mediterranean coastlands. The hills in the southeast intercept the land wind, and in the early afternoon the glare of the western sun becomes often so unbearable that the streets of the little seaport town are abandoned for hours together. But during these bake-oven hours the convicts are kept at work, quarrying, digging and kiln-stoking, while their guards, fanned by proxy, are watching them from under a movable umbrella shed. They get no dinner recess, and if the progress of their work is allowed to slacken a little after noon they owe it only to the circumstance that their taskmasters hesitate to leave the shelter of their sun shades, and now and then indulge in a nap, trusting the consequences to the vigilance of their fan-boys. The rough barley bread of the Morocco peasants and a sort of cheap treacle is the staple diet of the convicts, who mostly prefer to shift with half rations rather than touch the horrible melange of salt and slaughter-house offal that is served under the name of beef at supper. The remains of each meal are flung back in the meat box, and under the influence of a torrid climate, salt finally fails to prevent the visible disintegration of the scrap pile. The cooks knowing from experience that dogs will decline to touch it, then

BURIES THE REFUSE,

rinses out the box with salt water, and sends a muleteer with a couple of sacks for a fresh—or comparatively fresh—supply. Recaptured deserters risk to be scourged to death, and a standing reward of 200 pesetas (about $50, a large sum in that poor country,) secures the assistance of the Moorish coast dwellers whenever the boom of twelve guns gives the signal for a man hunt, yet, nevertheless, the attempt is made every month in the year; prisoners dig out, clamber out, leap from the walls, or break away from their guards in the quarries in the hope of reaching the hospitable hill tribes of the interior or losing their identity in the crowd of an Algerian seaport town.

Favored by luck a few desperadoes have also contrived to effect their escape from the presidio of Palavan in the Phillippine Islands, but the plurality of the refugees can desert only across the Stygian ferry, and often choose that mode of rapid transit by dozens at a time—especially after the sessions of a garrison court-martial, though the Spaniards ascribe the frequency of suicides to the influence of the climate, quoting reports from the neighboring coasts of the Asiatic mainland where the jaundiced Malays commit self-slaughter upon absurdly slight provocation.

These world-renouncers are Buddhists, who realize the vale-of-tears doctrine with an intensity unknown in the cloisters of our gloomiest ascetics, but men of the west Caucasian races can not easily be persuaded to relinquish existence,

Like a dwelling we are quitting,
Like a garment no more fitting.

And risk a plunge into a possibly shoreless sea, unless the evils of life make the danger of annihilation a blest alternative. To lighten the weight of their own troubles the jailers of the Palavan presidio load down their able-bodied prisoners with balls and chains and clean the horrid dungeons only once a week, even when rats, floor snakes and vermin have multiplied to a degree that makes sleep almost impossible. The love of life would bear up against all that and connive at the foul diet of fish and spoiled rice gruel, but the abuse of the trustee system turns the scales. The government inspector calls only once a year, and in the meantime, whenever the jailers want to treat themselves to an outing, they deputize their functions to a gang of brutal and vindictive ex-convicts. Upon their return the excursionists may be informed that the chain-gangs have been decimated by an epidemic of suicide, but will console themselves with the prospect of pocketing an increased percentage of the yearly appreciation.

OLD CUSTOM OF PHYSICIANS.

It was formerly the practice among physicians to use a cane with a hollow head, the top of which was gold pierced with holes like a pepper box. The top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder, or of snuff, and on entering a house or room where a disease supposed to be infectious prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder and then apply it to his nose, Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with canes to their noses.

NOT CONGENIAL.

Aren't you afraid your husband will be fascinated by that pretty widow next door?

No danger; he likes a garden and she keeps chickens.

HEAT WITHOUT COST.

I have discovered, said Blinkley, a plan for economizing in fuel that has saved me a great deal of money this winter.

How is that? asked Dinkley.

Whenever my wife tells me to order coal I make it a point to forget it, and she makes things so hot that we don't need it all.

About the House.

HINTS FOR YOUNG HOUSEWIVES.

Many young housekeepers often find themselves in a "sea of doubt and perplexity" as to how to proceed with this or what ails that, and are often overwhelmed by the amount of waste incurred in experimenting writes a correspondent. For the benefit of those who, like the writer, may be situated several miles from kith or kin, and imbued with too much false (?) pride to ask advice of a friendly neighbor, I will tell of a few things I have learned from actual and ofttimes bitter experience.

In most households the hardest task of the week comes on Monday with the family washing. I was educated to a washing machine, and considered that one of the indespensables. But I soon found that the more soiled articles needed so much extra rubbing by hand that the machine was abandoned except for washing bed clothing, which seems to be its proper sphere, and have since used "nine o'clock washing tea" or something similar, with the best results. Now, you older housewives who still rub and boil will shake your heads and be filled with horror when you hear the rest. Only give it a thorough trial and you, too, will be convinced.

The wash boiler is always filled as soon as possible and before the water becomes scalding hot the required amount of washing tea is thrown in. The finer white clothes are merely dipped and wrung out of cold water, soiled places well soaped, and put into boil one-half hour, while breakfast work is cleared away. They should be stirred often to loosen the dirt and when removed to tub but little rubbing will be required. After this "sudsing" it is best to let them lie as long as convenient in the rinse water, after which comes the blue water, and the clothes are ready for the line.

Some may say the continued use of "washing tea" and such helps will injure the fabric of clothing. But I think not, if used rightly. I'm sure my clothes are not injured in the least, and last as long as could be desired or expected.

When removing clothes from the line never jam them down in the basket in any kind of way, for if each piece is partly folded and laid in separately there will be fewer wrinkles to contend with when ironing day comes. Some say: "O, I can slight my ironing if the clothes are only clean," and they will simply fold towels, etc., and lay them away. But I think the satisfaction of seeing and using nicely ironed articles more than pays for the labor and time spent.

Many think that good home-made yeast cannot be made without hops. But such is not the case. Hops are not always at hand and the following is good recipe for jug yeast, which we always make in cold weather:

Six large potatoes rubbed through colendar; 1 cup sugar; 1-2 cup salt; 2 tablespoons ginger; 2 quarts hot water. When cool and ingredients thoroughly dissolved, add one cake of dry yeast well soaked. No flour, or it may become sour. Cork up tight and keep in a cool, dark place. Use two-thirds cup for ordinary baking. This makes livelier, better bread in cold weather and is more economical than the store yeast.

When butter is found to be too solid for immediate working, cold water poured over will soon have the desired effect. Butter should never be rubbed in working, as that spoils the grain, and gives it a greasy appearance.

CARE OF THE SINK.

A dirty sink is an abomination, and should not be allowed. From the kitchen comes health or disease, according as our food is prepared, and the cooking vessels clean or otherwise.

A dirty dish-cloth is covered with disease germs which, if allowed to remain on it, will multiply to an alarming extent. The practice of using any old rag that comes convenient for dish-cloths, and hanging them wet under the sink and out of sight, cannot be too strongly condemned.

The dish-cloth should be of strong, loosely woven crash, hemmed and provided with a tape for hanging it in plain sight. It must be dried before it is used again.

The dish-towels must be rinsed after using, and hung near the fire. They should be put with the dish-cloth into the weekly washing to be boiled and hung out in the open air to dry, and fresh ones provided in their places.

Every particle of refuse should be scraped from the sink each time it is used, and the sink washed out carefully. One of the open wire dishes for placing over the strainer will be found of great assistance in keeping the sink free from crumbs and food.

Pouring over the sink every night boiling water, in which washing soda is dissolved, will remove grease from the sink and prevent the pipes from getting clogged with grease.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Tripe Soup.—Necessary ingredients: Half a pound of tripe, three pints of water, a turnip, a carrot, three onions, sweet herbs, parsley, half a pint of cold milk, and two tablespoonfuls of cornflour. First scald the tripe, and cut it into very small pieces, before sitting on to boil with the cold water and herbs. Chop all the vegetables into small pieces, add to the tripe, and boil slowly for one hour and a half. Then take the cornflour, work it into a paste with a little cold milk, add to the boiling soup, and stir over the fire for ten minutes. Just before serving, add the remains of the milk, the chopped parsely, with pepper and salt to taste. Serve the soup very hot with fried bread.

Brown Betty.—Pare and core some apples, then chop them up very small. Mix with a third of the quantity in fine breadcrumbs, add a bit of butter, a little cinnamon and nutmeg, and sweeten with brown moist sugar. Mix all well together and bake in a moderate oven.

Toad In The Hole.—Is a really good and inexpensive dish. Take one pound and a half of nice gravy beef; if you can afford rump steak instead, your dish will be more appreciated. Cut up the meat into neat pieces, flour it well, and season with pepper and salt. Put four tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin, break into the flour two eggs, stir all together with a spoon, then add slowly a pint of new milk and mix till you have a smooth batter. Place the beef in a pie dish with the batter. Bake steadily for two hours. This dish is very good if steamed for the same time. It may also be made with cooked meat.

Cake Without Eggs.—One coffee cup of sugar, powdered, two large tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed into the sugar, one and a half cups of flour, one-half cup of sweet cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Bake quickly in small tins and eat while fresh and warm.

Dry Yeast.—One way of making a dry yeast is as follows: One quart of water, put it on to boil with a handful of hops and let it boil for half an hour. When done strain the boiling hop water on one quart of flour, let it stand until quite cold, then add one teacup of brisk yeast, and two quarts of sifted corn meal; make a stiff dough, then squeeze it through your fingers into a dish, and put it to dry in the sun, or in cool weather near the stove. When used soak in a little water. Some persons prefer this kind of yeast in warm weather, as it is not apt to sour.

SUGGESTIONS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Nuts that have become too dry for picking out entire may be freshened and "plumped" by soaking a few hours in water.

Lacquered brass—like that on most of the iron beds, etc., nowadays—should not be cleaned with acid or scoured with anything. Wash with hot suds and dry quickly.

A silver polish that it is alleged will clean silver without hand rubbing is made by mixing whiting with a few drops of ammonia, then thinning it with water to the consistency of cream. It will keep if tightly corked in a bottle.

To prevent the icing of a cake from running down the sides, double a piece of buttered paper about three inches wide and pin it round the cake, letting the upper edge project half an inch above the cake. In this way a cake may be frosted evenly and thickly to the very edge. Do not remove the band until the icing is perfectly dry.

If you are tired of your white lace curtains, or if they do not harmonize with your new cream tinted paper, make them of a pretty ecru tint by washing, drying and dipping in thin starch made with coffee instead of clear water. Dry them as rapidly as you can by pinning them in a room where you can have the wind blow on them.

The worst spot made by greasy head on wall paper can be removed by patience, perseverance and a hot flat iron and blotting paper. Wipe the spot first with a clean dry cloth, lay white blotting paper against it, then hold the hot iron to the paper till the grease is absorbed. Try, try again with fresh paper till you get it out.

WONDER OF THE WORLD.

WILL BE THE COMING FRENCH INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION.

The World's Progress to be Completely Outlined—Some of the Great Features and Unique Ideas that Are to be Illustrated.

The eighth wonder of the world has begun t ogrow, for the demolition of the buildings on the site of the Exposition Universale is under way. The French have begun to rear at last, or begin to rear the fabric of what they confidentally assert will be the most wonderful Exposition in every detail in which the nations have joined in making a magnificent whole.

The site for the Exposition includes the public grounds on both sides of the Seine from the Place de la Concord, that great monumental square in the city's center to a point beyond the Point d'Jena. This includes in its sweep of territory the Champs de Mars, the Trocadero Palace, and park, which was the site of the Exposition of 1889, the Esplanade des Invalides, the Quay d'Orsay, the Quai de la Conference, the Cour la Reine, and a large section of the Champs Elysees, the latter including the site of the Palace of Industry, which was the International Exposition of 1855, the first of the series

OF FRENCH EXPOSITIONS.

Leaving aside the matter of convenience, the location of the Paris Exposition seems in its entirety to be superior to the World's Fair at Chicago. Divided as it is throughout its entire length by the Seine, it lends itself admirably to the work of decoration and embellishment. The Woman's Building, which has practically been decided upon, is likely to be in the form of a composite head, this head being made in accordance with a composite picture of the most beautiful women in the world. The head is to possess many unique features, besides containing everything that can be thought of as a comfort for the weaker sex, from the rooms where they may gossip in easy chairs to the restaurant where they will gain at the same time ideas and capital meals.

One of the most unique ideas submitted was that of a gigantic fountain to be placed in the center of a great basin or lake. Tremendous force would be applied to the water when it was forced through the pipes leading to the tubes, through which the jets of the fountain spout. The result of all this would be the throwing in the air of streams of water to the height of 150 to 200 feet.

Another feature is the huge globe, representing the earth. About the sides of this globe lines of railway circle to the top, so that the visitor may journey in most curious fashion from the base to the apex of the giant ball. On this sphere, too, the earth's surface is cleverly represented, hill and dale, mountain and valley. Nestling in various spots where nature seems to have made arrangements therefore will be miniature villages, clever products of artistic labor. Electric lights will be so placed at night about this globe as to give the effect as much as possible of the moon and stars.

AN AERIAL "CHUTE."

Two towers it is proposed to erect each of which will be several hundred feet in height, both exactly alike. From tower to tower will stretch an aerial railway. Over this, and just as upon the railways which rest upon terra firma, will be trolley wires. At the top of each tower will be a large depot for the arrival and departure of trains of trolley cars, which will speed along the aerial railway at a twenty-miles-an-hour rate.

There will probably be one World's Fair feature. The Ferris wheel, which astonished people of all countries at the World's Fair, will, it is likely, revolve in Paris for the edification of the thousands who may view it.

Among the other propositions presented in a palace for the accommodation of the public in general, a gorgeous affair, which, it is declared, shall contain everything that heart could wish and which money will buy. There will be very few things that are free. It is not the custom in France to give something for nothing.

The captived balloon will be present in all its greatness, as it appeared at the World's Fair, and other expositions. Then there will be an exhibition of the works of man from an early period up to date. This will apply particularly to the more notable inventions of great artists, &c., and will include portraits, statuary, manuscript, &c. An immense telescope has been suggested by Mr. Deloncle. The same genius also suggests a 200-ton clock. A wine vat that will hold 88,000 gallons, is another suggestion. Camille Flammarion, the famous astronomer wants a tremendous moon constructed, around which those who desire shall circulate in a balloon.

As for theaters, panoramas, &c., there are suggestions without number. Of course it is proposed to have the Passion Play. Another idea is to have a submarine theatre. Then comes the usual Alpine panorama, and another which, it is alleged will represent the mysteries of the ocean. The doings of the recent expedition of the French to Madagascar are what some one wishes to exploit on canvas. And so it goes.

DETAILS STILL EMBRYOTIC.

While all the details of the architecture have not yet been worked out, it is certain that the Palace of the Trocadero, which was utilized both for the expositions of 1878 and 1889 will be used, as well as several of the great exposition halls of 1889 in the Champs de Mars, although there will be changes in all of them. On the site of the Palace of Industry in which the exposition of 1855 was held, will rise a splendid structure to be used as the fine arts hall of the Expositione Universale. Just west of this location and on the same side of the Champs Elysees the ground has been broken for the hall of liberal arts, which is to be a permanent edifice. A broad avenue will extend between these two buildings from the Champs Elysees to the Seine. At its meeting place with the river the stream will be spanned by a stately bridge, which will be known as the Alexander bridge, for the present Emperor laid the corner stone of the foundations thereof the last time he visited Paris. This bridge, too, will connect the Champs Elysees and the Esplanade des Invalides.

The plans as revised are as stated. The key note of it all, however, is the determination of France to excel everything in the way of expositions that the other nations of the earth have accomplished. It is their purpose to spare neither time nor money, Genius is at their command. The brightest minds of Europe and America have contributed their quota. The extravagant imagery of France has developed what may possibly be termed the most extraordinary suggestions that ever emanated from a human brain. The Eiffel Tower was a wonder. The Ferris wheel astonished the world. It is no extravagance, whatever to assert that the Expositione Universale will give birth to a marvel at which the nations of the earth will gaze in amazement.

HE MEANT NO HARM.

A London exquisite had gone into a West End restaurant, and was far from pleased with the way in which his order was filled.

Do you call that a veal cutlet? he demanded of the waiter. Why, such a cutlet as that is an insult to every self-respecting calf in the British Empire.

The waiter hung his head for a moment, but recovered himself and said, in a tone of respectful apology:

I really didn't intend to insult you, sir.

HIS LIMITATIONS.

Poor soul! exclaimed the sympathetic housekeeper. What ever drove you to this way of making a living?

That's a long story, mum, replied Tuffold Knutt, reaching for another doughnut, an' I can't talk on a empty stummick.

IN A PIG'S STOMACH.

A peasant living near Milan recently bought a pig, which, when killed, was found to have swallowed a metal matchbox containing two notes of the value of $250. The finder took the money to the Mayor to be held by him for the loser.

FRESH FIELDS.

Jackson seems to enjoy meeting new people.

Of course; it keeps him from forgetting his old jokes