

Order cannot be kept in a prison without corporal punishment. As a rule the prisoners behave exceedingly well, because they know that they can greatly alleviate the hardships of their position by so doing. For a first offense a man's tobacco and wine will be cut off for a week, for a second he may be forbidden to purchase anything at the canteen for a month; if he perseveres in his folly he will be prohibited from working—that is, from earning money, and will be locked up in a cell, to endure the misery of utter solitude and idleness.

If this severe measure fails and the man becomes obstreperous, he will be strait waist-coated and put into a dark padded cell, where he may scream and kick at the wall to his heart's content. To these rational methods of coercion the most stubborn natures generally yield. It must be confessed, however, that there are certain desperate characters who delight in giving trouble, and who, untamed by repeated punishments, will often commit murderous assaults upon the warders. But in most instances, as I say, the lighter means of restraint are sufficient to bring the prisoners to their senses. They cannot endure the idea of being debarred from presenting themselves at the canteen, or from paying a visit to the vendor of liquorice juice, and the incentive thus provided for industry and good behavior has a salutary effect even upon the most hardened among the criminals. Now and then some revolt breaks out in the locksmith's shop, where the prisoners have sharp tools confided to them; and there is more than one instance where a prisoner has attempted the life of a warder, in order that a sentence of five or ten years may be increased into one of transportation for life to New Caledonia, the land of promise for the criminal anxious to break away from old associations.

The cells, capable of holding over six hundred prisoners, are above the workshops and occupy three whole floors. Each compartment has its bed, with a palliasso, a good mattress, sheets changed once a week and a blanket such as many an honest workingman would be glad to get, and far better than the snakedown of the Limousin and the Auvergnat who have come to Paris to seek a fortune. The door of each cell contains a spy hole through which the warden on duty can see what his charge is doing at certain intervals of the day and night. Separate and narrow cells are provided for those whose demeanor and general conduct give rise to the impression that they are meditating suicide.

The criminals at La Grande Roquette have no complaints to make. They are treated with fraternal solicitude, and legend says that those who have grown old in houses of detention and have made the round of every prison in France have shown the greatest unwillingness to leave this place when the law has declared them free. There are several old men about the place without family ties who, forgetting the world and forgotten by it, have

managed to obtain some kind of employment, so as not to be compelled to leave the prison, and to warrant their being fed and lodged at the expense of the country. The name of one of them is mentioned as a terror to any who might be tempted to betray the secrets of the prison—a certain liberated criminal who had some small duties assigned him, so that he might not be thrown on the streets with his gray hairs and infirmity. He made a good living by giving items of information to journalists when any special criminal occupied the condemned cell. He announced the appearance of the mounted municipal guard, who is always deputed to bring from the ministry of justice and the public prosecutor that sealed notice which leads to the guillotine being put up on the Place de La Roquette.—*Cor Boston Transcript.*

### EDUCATED SERVANTS.

It is so often said that the plan of engaging ladies as domestic servants does not succeed that it is satisfactory to hear at least of one case where the plan has been tried most satisfactorily by a lady who has a domestic establishment both in London and in the country.

The eternal servant question cropping up in a recent conversation with this lady (writes a lady representative), I asked her how the plan of employing educated woman of the upper classes as servants had answered. "It has been entirely successful," was the reply, "and my servants are now always ladies. I have one, a housemaid, a charming girl, who is the daughter of a medical man, and all of whose male relations are professional men, and who does her work as thoroughly and as well as any ordinary servant could be expected to do it."

"Then you do not find that, after the glamour of novelty is worn off, the lady servants begin to find it rather unpleasant to do menial work?" "Not in the least. If they are real ladies (and it is, of course, only in cases where they are that it can succeed), they will know that menial work does not lower them. Of course, I try to avoid giving them so-called "dirty" work as much as possible. For instance, blacking grates is very unpleasant work, and very ungrateful work too, for the result is never lasting and never particularly effective. I therefore have only grates decorated with tiles as much as possible, and with the smallest part of ironwork requiring blacking. Again, in order to avoid scrubbing, I have the floors covered with a material which only requires wiping. A great many arrangements can be made in this way to make housework less hard and unpleasant, and if we, the mistresses, would only spend a little more thought on these matters I am sure there would be fewer complaints from and about servants."

"At the same time," the lady went on, "I always insist on my servants fulfilling every duty they

have undertaken to perform. If they engage to black my boots they have to do it, and do it regularly and well. But this does not prevent me from having them in my drawing-room after dinner and playing a game of whist or any other game with them. Their lives are, even under the most favorable circumstances, rather monotonous, and where we can put a little color and brightness into them I think it is our duty to do it."

"Then do they take their meals with you too?" "No. As a rule I find that they prefer to take their meals together separately, and as they have to cook and serve the meals, this is a more convenient arrangement. But otherwise I treat them as equals, and I have not found that they abuse this treatment."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### NINETEEN YEARS A PRISONER.

Recently, according to a story translated from the German by the Philadelphia Times, Christoph Daniels' family and friends in the village of Greisenstein were in a state of great agitation as well as the most heartfelt joy. They had a son who had been wounded at Gravelotte in the war of 1870. The parents had received a certificate of his death, saying that he had died on the 21st of August. To the great joy of parents and friends, this death notice has proven false. Lately the parents received a letter from their son Henry, in Algiers. This was the very son they thought had died nineteen years before.

Henry Daniels relates in his letter that he had been taken prisoner by the Turks, brought to Africa and given to a plantation owner as a present. There he worked for nineteen years as a slave, and suffered the most cruel treatment. Meat was thrown to him raw, and he had no clothing on his body since 1870. He said that he had made six attempts to escape, having failed every time. Finally, when the plantation owner was dead and buried, his escape was successful. Three days and three nights he was on his flight, until he fell exhausted and tired out.

In the city in which he fell he was cared for and concealed at the time of writing a letter home, by German trades people. This had been the first chance he had of sending any notice to his parents. The son heartily begged his parents to have him set free.

The very evening of the receipt of the letter the father informed the circuit officials as well as the royal council, whereupon dispatches were sent to Berlin to effect the final release of the poor fellow.

It is said of Cyrus W. Field that a friend once presented him with a diamond-studded watch, valued at \$2,000. Fearful of appearing "showy," and yet not wanting to offend the donor, he wears two watches, one valued at \$250. The latter he uses. The diamond-studded watch is never disturbed.