

It has leaked out again that justices in London and other cities of England are in the habit of releasing criminals brought before them on condition that such criminals leave the country; and two instances were noted in the press a few days ago where convicts had been released on condition that they come to America "where they can get work."

Many will be surprised that the picture of Thomas Sully of Daniel Boone, in the forthcoming November Century, is connected with "The Life of Lincoln."

Mrs. M. Neil Potter, a Michigan lady, has presented to the New Hampshire Historical Society a cane which is accompanied by the following explanatory note: "A century and a half ago a little black walnut fell from its parent stem and buried itself on the bank of the Saginaw River."

Eight little girls who got up a fair in Baltimore for the Charleston sufferers wrote previously to the president and received this reply: "My Dear Little Friend: I have received the five tickets you and your companions sent for the children's fair for the benefit of the Charleston sufferers, and I send you as requested the price of the same."

Jesse L. Williams, who died the other day at his home in Fort Wayne, Ind., in his eightieth year, was once a government director of the Union Pacific railroad. He was appointed by Lincoln, and was the only government director retained by Presidents Johnson and Grant.

Henry Ward Beecher made a ludicrous blunder during one of his last appearances before a London audience. He was expected to speak on the "Reign of the People," but his manager failing to inform him of the fact, he launched out on another lecture, when cries of "Stop him," "It's the wrong lecture," came from all over the house.

Colonel Auchmuty, the founder of the New York trade schools, will publish in the November Century an illustrated article on "The Need of the Trade Schools," in the course of which he reviews the progress made in manual instruction in both Europe and America, distinguishing between manual instruction and trade instruction, discussing the old apprentice system, and the relation of these schools to the labor question.

Shopping in Paris.

I wish that my countrywomen would understand, once for all, that French law does not admit of their going to a dressmaker, there to order any quantity of dresses, and then to change their minds and refuse to take the garments aforesaid. Every now and then an American lady comes to me with this or a similar plaint: "I ordered such a dress of Mme X—, and when it was finished it was not all what I imagined it would be. So I refused to take it, and do you know, the insolent creature actually declared that I must take it, or that she would have my baggage seized by the police."

And it is this very indecision that makes Americans such exasperating shoppers. I have known an American lady go to Worth's and purchase articles to the amount of some thousands of francs, sending them all back the next morning with the simple message that she had changed her mind and did not want them. A noted society leader of New York once wrote to a famous Parisian dressmaker to order a dozen magnificent toilets for the coming season. The dresses were finished and packed, just ready for transportation, when the head of the house received a letter from the New-Yorker saying that she had just lost a relative and had to go into mourning, so she refused to take the toilets she had ordered. Now the personage in question was immensely wealthy, so the settlement of her bill, a mere act of justice and honor, would in no wise have embarrassed her. I believe that the money was finally paid after threat of a lawsuit, but not till then.

And in another case a very rich American ordered a portrait from a young and rising artist. The terms, the time and the number of the sittings, and the details of the dress were all settled. Madame posed once and the outline of the figure was begun. Then she wrote word to the painter that she had changed her mind and would not have any portrait painted after all. He wrote her a very polite note, begging her to reconsider her determination, as the picture had been a good deal talked about among his comrades, and the rescinding of the order would seriously injure his professional reputation. He received a letter in answer wherein the lady (?) maintained her decision of not having the portrait painted. "But," she added in conclusion, "if you will let me know what your paints and canvases have cost you I'll pay you for them"—thus decidedly adding insult to injury. Had the picture progressed far enough for the sitter to have foreseen a possible failure one could have understood her ground of action, but it had barely begun. The young painter has since achieved fame and fortune, but I think that he will not soon forget this early experience in his career with his American sister. I need scarcely remark, I suppose, that these cases form an exception among our country-people that come to Europe. But I do wish that these exceptional personages would stay at home.—Chicago Tribune.

Save Your Sugar.

A young housekeeper may know, perhaps, that her lack of experience in a particular branch of cookery is some reason why she should not meet with unqualified success in that direction, but just why, for instance, with a recipe of authority before her, and after having put forth her best endeavor to make cake for a very special occasion, she should at the last hour find it marred by a heavy streak through its center, or why in taking the layer cake from its pans it should adhere to them in waxy persistency; to come out finally with broken and ragged edges, are questions so poignant in their annoyance that an immediate and satisfactory answer would at that particular moment be ignored as insufficient recompense for so great a disappointment. She may read now, if she has not previously discovered, that the failure to make a successful cake is one among many unsatisfactory results of the use of too much sugar. It often happens that woe to a recipe requires two cupsful of the generous-hearted measurer, intent upon making an extra good cake, will heap the cups, which in most instances causes a waxy or brittle crust, with the aforesaid disastrous results. The quality of the sugar has also much to do with the success of the cake. The coarser grade of granulated sugar should never be used for the reason that, in the short time it requires to stir up a cake, it being the hardest of all sugars to dissolve, will not become thoroughly incorporated with the butter, and therefore after the cake is in the oven there begins a melting and hardening process of the pure sugar, which not only interferes with a proper rising, but gives to it a coarse, uneven texture. Small white spots on the crust of a sponge-cake also indicate the use of too much sugar.—Harper's Bazaar.

"It's just as I always said, Mr. Dusenberry. You're too vacillating. You lack gumption. You haven't quite backbone enough." "Backbone doesn't amount to much, my dear." "Oh, it doesn't, eh?" "No. Now, there's the camel. He's nearly all backbone, and yet he'll take the meekest cuss in creation. He'll let you pile 'the last straw' on him."

THE RETAIL LIQUOR BUSINESS.

A Brooklyn saloon-keeper says that the money when there was big money in it have passed.

"The days when big money was made in the retail liquor business have passed," said a saloon-keeper to a Brooklyn Eagle reporter, while he quaffed a glass of amber-colored liquid in his place of business near the city hall. "The statement seems highly improbable, but yet it is true. When I say there isn't the money in the business there used to be I have reference to the liquor stores which have been established within two or three years. Show me a saloon which has been started within that time that is making money. You can't do it. You always thought that the retail liquor business paid? So did I until recently. I have been running this store for over a year, but my daily receipts have averaged less than \$25. That is no money for a saloon in a neighborhood where rents are high and where drinkers congregate. I will tell you why this saloon doesn't pay the profits it should. In the first place, I'm not well known in the neighborhood, and that is every thing in a saloon-keeper. I have not been established long enough to attract customers away from their favorite drinking places."

"Do all men prefer to do their drinking in the same saloon?" "I have found it so. A certain class of morose, uncompanionable men don't care where they drink, or the quality of rum they pour down their throats, but the large majority of drinking men are attracted by the surroundings of a place. One man likes a certain bartender; another, the fitting of a saloon, and still another enjoys the society he meets there. The popularity of a man greatly depends on how much business he will do. In saloons situated near the bridge and Fulton ferry the personality of a man makes but little difference in the amount of trade he does. His saloon is patronized simply because it is handy. His customers would not cross the street to drink at his bar, because they know neither the man nor they are not particularly charmed with his place. It is the quiet, well established, and out-of-the-liquor store which pay. Brooklynites doing business in New York are there educated to appreciate \$10,000 paintings in bar-rooms, and when they go out in the evening for a drink they like to take their sip surrounded by the same evidences of luxury which they find in their own homes. The rude and simple drinking places, with their hard wooden benches, which were in vogue in the old Dutch lines of the early settlers, are not appreciated by the present generation. The age calls for extravagance in the shape of highly decorated bars, cut glass decanters, and elegant decorations. The total amount paid by Brooklyn chop-house and saloon-keepers to picture framers foot up nearly \$50,000. Nowadays all the daily and weekly papers must be furnished to customers, and a fact, every inducement held out to attract the trade of the fastidious. A little over a year ago a vacant store next to an old established saloon in Brooklyn was hired by a liquor-dealer, who opened a gorgon's place. He did everything to attract custom, but last week was sold out by the sheriff. Instead of losing any of its patrons the old saloon gained many new ones. Drinkers nowadays love old associations, and stick close to the saloon which pleases their eye and taste. My advice to young men about to start in the liquor business is—don't."

"Do you intimate that all men who engage in the liquor business in a new locality fail?" "As a general thing, yes. For years past any one who by some daredevil act or process has gained an hour of notoriety opens a place, but while his success at first may be marked, it is not lasting. Within a year or two Brooklyn pugilists, one pelearnian, and two ward politicians have given up the liquor business as unprofitable. While there is not quite so much money in carrying a hold as in tending bar or in owning a liquor store, the first employment is, I think, more honorable."

The Dudes Came Out Ahead. The stories told by returning vacationists are beginning to come in. They are mostly of a light character, diverting for summer reading, but not exactly exasperating. One that has come to the ears of the historian is about a gilded youth who went, of all places for a dude, to Moosehead lake, probably to seek the completest relaxation possible from the arduous task of trying to rub through the world without brains. There he met another dude, and the two set up a little mutual-admiration society. The rest of the people at the hotel gazed them a little, but finally, in the kindness of their hearts, they sent a couple of charming young ladies to invite the dudes to take part in a little informal dance that they were getting up.

"Thanks, awfully!" said the two dudes in chorus; "we never danced after the 1st of July!"

Two of a Kind. He: You are the only college girl I ever liked. She: Why, how so? He: Oh, the others all know so much.—Life.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The Distinguished Divine's Way of Life at Birmingham Oratory.

The cardinal has two rooms; he is the only member of the Oratory who has another apartment in addition to his bedroom. One of these rooms is used for his study, a portion of it being partitioned off as a place for sitting mass in. Another room leading out of his sitting-room is used as a bedroom. No visitor is allowed to penetrate either of these rooms. The fathers have free access to their superior at any time, but about servants entering he is very particular. He has an Irish servant named James Cusack, whom he is very fond of. This James is very faithful, and although one of the rough "old boys" of Handy Andy's school, he is much liked by the fathers. The simplicity of John Henry Newman's life and the plainness of his personal surroundings have in no sense been affected by the high dignity of the cardinalate, which was given to him in 1879. His two rooms are furnished in a style that might be called that of a simple monk of the present time. His personal attire is that of an Oratorian father—the only difference between him and the other fathers being that he wears a red birette, red stockings, a red band around his waist, red buttons to cassock, red trimmings, in fact, and a pectoral cross attached to a gold chain. Every morning he arises at 5, without anyone to awaken him, dresses without assistance, shaves himself, and then is engaged in saying office till 7. At that hour one of the novices, or in his absence one of the fathers, serves "the father's mass," which is said in that part of his room which is partitioned off.

Breakfast being finished about 9 o'clock he returns to his room, where his devotions, correspondence, studies, and the book he is now engaged on occupy him till 1:30 o'clock, which is his punctual dinner-time. Whenever the fathers desire to see him they have free access to his room. But it is not often now that he cares to be troubled with particulars of any domestic matter, and if he has to be consulted on some important thing, the fewest words are chosen to gain the desired effect. The "Oratory boys" have seen but little of their president of late years. They meet him sometimes in the lower corridor as they come to their meals in the house, or at the rehearsals of the plays, in which his eminence takes such an interest. When the boys meet "the father" they take off their hats to him, as the head of the house. He does not like even the fathers of the house to go out of their way to open a door, nor does he like anyone to genuflect to him, unless it be when the fathers ask him blessing before going out. At 1:30 the cardinal comes down to dinner. This is the only meal which he does not take with his family. It is very plain, and instead of a father serving him in the hallier assist.

For the last two years the cardinal has never gone out in the afternoon. He used to go in the summer to the fathers' country-house at Rastall, near Bromsgrove, near to which there is the burying-ground of the deceased fathers. It is here that the body of Father Ambrose St. John rests, the father whom the cardinal loved as a brother, and whose name now, as when he was preaching at his requiem, is enough to move the cardinal to tears. In 1880 his eminence used to go there on the Monday and stay till the Friday, or Saturday for many weeks, taking with him or having with him or having sent to him the provisions to last during his stay. This year the fatigue is too much for him. He scarcely ever goes out except from his rooms in the house to that in the school where the former are being cleaned. At 5:30 he rings the bell of the vesper-bell, and is usually the first at vespers, which are sometimes in the chapter-room of the house. Vespers take less than fifteen minutes.

The reader then comes from the pillory, the two servers take off their aprons, and goes the butler, who rings what is called the "second bell," which would be at about 6:15. Any father who has not been able to come in for the first dinner does so now. One of the servers, whose name has been called on by the lector, brings forth some difficult theological point, upon which he is supposed to have a doubt. Various fathers give their opinions. The argument ceases, the cardinal gives his decision on it, and then one by one, he leading the way, they all walk to the fathers' recreation-room, where, on feasts such as Easter, a dessert consisting of fruit, wine, and cake has been placed on the table. Whether it be a feast day or not, the father and his children talk as other scholars and gentlemen talk, of politics, the affairs of the world, and general topics of the house. At 7 p. m. the father leaves for his study, where his work and his divine office occupy him till 10 p. m., when he always retires.—Freeman's Journal.

A Woman's Intuition. Mr. Pierpont went down in the cellar to examine the gas meter, and knocked a basket of eggs from a hanging shelf down upon his head. He composed a seathing lyric, addressed to his wife, on his way upstairs. Confronting her, he said, pitilessly: "Why don't you ask me why I look like a fool?" "There is no need to," she said cheerfully. "I know, because you are one."—Burdette.

DAKOTA PRAIRIE FIRES.

Graphic Description of a Recent Struggle of the Farmers.

A Blunt, Dakota, correspondent of The Chicago Tribune writes: A prairie fire in Dakota differs vastly from those fires which, in the early day, were not uncommon in Illinois from the fact that the grass in Dakota is so much less rank and only grows about one-fourth of the height of that of the Illinois prairies. For this reason an incipient prairie fire in Dakota did not appear to me to be a very dangerous thing or one difficult to contend with. This error was soon dispelled when I saw a line of flame over a mile long making headway against an army of men armed with improvised flint, stationed at intervals of a yard or two, beating, sweeping and slapping out the fire with rapid and vigorous blows. When the alarm came to town every vehicle on the street was filled with men, the horses whipped into a gallop and driven over hill and creek till the fire was reached. Others followed rapidly bringing rasks of water, old rags, brooms, woolen cloths and sticks. The sticks were converted into mops or flails by having the old cloths tied on one end. These were soaked in the water, and, as we arrived at the fire, we joined in the contest with the army already there. The flames, coming over a little hill covered with bunchgrass and buffalo-grass, seemed not over a foot high, and appeared easy to overcome, but, though twenty men abundantly supplied with water and weapons contended with it, they found it difficult to prevent its lateral extension, while, under the impetus of a stiff breeze from the south, its front swept northward at the rate of about six miles an hour against all the efforts to arrest it.

Fortunate, indeed, is the settler who has an abundant supply of water. In this fire three teams were kept at a gallop carrying saturated cloths and water to saturate others up and down the "line of battle" to supply the defenders, and I kept fifty men busy to defend a line of less than a mile and prevent the westward spread of the flames to the stacks and buildings of the farmers, and they were aided in this by a long stretch of ground that had been mowed to within an inch of the surface. Here, to my astonishment, the fire found fuel in the crisp buffalo grass and short stubble; the former burning as it saturated it with naphtha, and, though the flames did not mount high, their heat was so intense that these who fought them without sticks to their cloth weapons laid their hands and faces blistered. A friendly field of late hay, which was about 800 inches high and still green, arrested the northward sweep and narrowed its course. Northward of this field the fighters hurried to keep the fire in its narrowed limits. A dry creek and swamp with a heavy growth of rushes gave additional food to the flames, and for a few minutes there was an excellent imitation of a fire I witnessed in Illinois in 1878. Along the creek it swept once again, and followed the course of the dry bed of creek easterly beyond our reach, denuding the front of the fire and threatening to make its destructive swath many miles wide when a deep pool arrested its eastward course and a rank growth of green weeds impeded its northward progress and kept it within the limit of about a mile in width.

At this rate it sped northward, the heroic people fighting it and gradually narrowing it till about midnight, when it was extinguished about fifteen miles from where it started. In its course it found but little to give it extra impetus. A paper-covered slant, windows, or small ricks of hay, or a dry lake bed for the first three miles; then a stack of four or five tons of hay, a few of barley or straw, and, fortunately for all, but a few of those assistant demons of the prairie fury, the tumble-weeds. This vegetable incendiary—a weed that ripens early, and is by some classed with the portulaca family, and when ripe is almost a true sphere, varying from twelve to twenty inches in diameter—breaks from its root when dry; its light stalks and dry leaves are struck by the wind, and it goes rolling and tumbling, bounding over low obstructions as would a toy balloon, and more rapidly than would a straw hat. Neglected fields are very prolific of them, and they may be seen by hundreds and thousands in the railway cuts and ditches, against snow fences and among standing corn. When one of these takes fire, and goes over roads and plowed ground, it carries the fire past all ordinary fire-guards, eludes the contending force of fire-fighters, and kindles new fires for them to resist.

The fire herein described was not one of our worst. One that originated on the line between Hughes and Sully Counties about noon some of the time traveled at the rate of twenty miles an hour before a fierce southerly gale. A farmer who had put off his shoes saw it apparently two miles distant, and before he could clothe his feet the flames were upon his fields, and all he could do with the utmost haste was to get as many of his horses and household goods as possible upon a garden-patch covered with green vegetation, whither his family had fled, and see his horses, stacks and over twenty stacks of hay and grain burn, without the power to

save any thing. In seven hours it had crossed six townships and by midnight (twelve hours) it had gone seventy miles against every effort to check it. It passed over portions of about thirty townships. In its devastating course it did not probably find the grass over twelve inches high in any continuous tract of twenty acres. Here the tumble-weed aided it greatly, for plowed fire guards from ten to thirty three feet wide were leaped, roads offered no obstruction to it while the drought that has prevailed since the middle of June made the beds of streams its most dangerous allies. Three of these fires have denuded two counties of two-thirds of the range for cattle, and swept away property the value of which can hardly be guessed. The inflammable character of the grass is such that a fire at this season does not end with the destruction of the crop. The fire destroys the very roots of the grass, parches and burns the soil, and leaves it in no condition to bear a crop the succeeding year.

Whose Choice.

Some faces are supple fair, Some sparkling in their splendor, Some are gleaming and demure, And some divinely tender. Some win us with a fatal glance, From eyes too brightly beaming; Some smile that smile that brings a trance, Till life is lost in dreaming. Some fill before us, sweet and gay, To fill our hearts with laughter; Then fade as fancies fade away, And leave no aching after. And some—some faces, sorrow-kissed, When holiest thoughts are thronging, Come back, come always in that mist Of everlasting longing. So faces come and faces go; Some make existence sweeter; And some, they make life sad, we know, Yet bring sad comfort.

Until one face comes up at last (Heaven knows each heart, don't doubt it)— The future fades, the past is past! We can not live without it! We ask not if men call her sweet Or fair, or wise, or clever; We ask, we passionately entreat, "Will you be mine for ever?"—Cassell's Magazine.

AN INJURED WIFE.

Her Cruel Husband Would Not Give Her \$300 a Month (4th Money).

Mrs. Minnie Macduff, the wife of Mr. John S. Macduff, the diamond broker, was a prisoner at the New York Market yesterday, says the New York World of Sept. 15, charged with malicious mischief. The woman was arrested together with her husband on the morning of Sept. 14, 1891, when Mrs. Macduff, after the death of her husband, Mr. Macduff had a large fortune, and now wears it in a diamond necklace worth \$10,000. It is reported that she is a very good girl from an old family. Thanksgiving day, 1891, the woman shot her husband with a revolver. Her husband would not give her \$300 a month money. Mr. Macduff left the country as soon as he could so that he would not have to appear against her. She was subsequently discharged.

Since then Mr. Macduff says he learned that his wife had been married, before she became his wife, to a man named Bosh, who was still alive and at present living in Arizona. Divorce proceedings were begun by Mr. Macduff and the papers served upon Mrs. Macduff yesterday by Counselor Phil Hathaway, Macduff's counsel.

Upon the 15th of last month Mrs. Bosh, as she is called in the affidavit against her, in company with her mother, Mrs. Bosh, it is alleged, visited Mr. Macduff's office. Mr. Macduff had left the city, and the office was in charge of Col. James D. Potter and an office boy named Campbell. Mrs. Macduff, it is alleged, declared tragically that she was Mrs. Macduff, and began to wreck the office. Col. Potter testified that he was in charge of the office when the two women entered. He became somewhat alarmed at the demonstrations of the younger of the two women, who said she was the wife of Mr. Macduff and had a right to be there, and she could do as she pleased. Mrs. Macduff then proceeded to tear up the oil paintings on the walls. Col. Potter protested and called to her to stop. She swept the ornaments off the mantel. Col. Potter told the office boy to run for a policeman; the boy went, but did not return. The briefcase was scattered from the shelves and scattered upon the floor.

Mrs. Macduff said yesterday, after hearing the testimony: "I am Mrs. Macduff, notwithstanding what is on that paper. I was married to Mr. Macduff, but now I am living with my parents. I went to his office to ask him to take my portrait off the wall. The man in the office told me Mr. Macduff and his wife were off yachting. I proceeded to deface the portrait; my mother tried to prevent me, and there was a scuffle."

Mr. Macduff said he still feared that the woman would shoot him. Her husband, Bosh, in a letter, Mr. Macduff said, also alleged that he was afraid of the woman and did not wish to see her, as she would shoot him.

Justice Smith committed Mrs. Macduff to the island for six months, in default of \$500 bail to keep the peace. She was dressed in a suit of thick gray wool cloth and carried an umbrella with a heavy solid gold handle. She was taken into prison.