

NATIVE CLERK IN HAVANA.

He is a Small-Salaried But Satisfied Slave.

Who is Content to Give All His Time to His Employer—He Guards the Safe at Night.

"The life of the average native clerk in the Spanish stores of Havana would horrify an American," said a resident of the Cuban capital who came over on the last Morgan liner. "He is a slave. He gets from \$5 to \$10 a week—\$10 is a big salary—and for that amount is supposed to give his entire time to the merchant. He eats, sleeps and lives on the premises and never leaves the place except by special permission. On certain fixed days he is allowed one or two hours for recreation; four hours a week is considered liberal, but otherwise is always on duty.

"In all the old shops of the city there is a money box, built into the wall where the funds of the establishment are kept. Sometimes it is made of iron, but frequently it is nothing but a heavy wooden chest. At night the beds of the clerks are arranged in a semi-circle in front of it, and there they sleep, like so many faithful watchdogs. Consequently burglaries are unknown and the American safe agents, who thought they would have a rich field in Havana, were laughed at. There was no demand for their wares in a country where human time locks were so cheap.

"In a Spanish shop," continued the speaker, "one sees none of the good as you are air that frequently characterizes American employees. The native clerk is the most abject creature imaginable before his employer. One day last week, to illustrate, I was in a Spanish dry goods store when a salesman dropped a bolt of lace on the floor and soiled the outside breadth. Instantly the proprietor flew into a fury. He loaded the unfortunate young man with abuse, poured out a torrent of the most insulting epithets in the language, shook his fist under his nose and all but struck him. The clerk groveled and shed tears. It was not a pleasant picture, but was a striking example of the difference between American and foreign mercantile life.

"A native clerk cannot get a new position without a satisfactory testimonial from his last employer. Consequently a dismissal for cause is equivalent to blacklisting. The sort of life I have outlined seems to suit the people, however, for the Americans who have opened stores in Havana have had great difficulty in securing help and endless trouble afterward. The young men evidently prefer the Spanish system. They would rather be bullied by one of their own race than treated kindly by the hated alien."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Man With Nerve.

"On a bright moonlight night in summer," said the suburbanite, "I sat looking out of my chamber window, instead of being in bed, when a man suddenly appeared on the lawn beneath with a ladder on his back. He put the ladder down and looked up at the window for two or three minutes. I drew back, but still kept my eyes upon him, and he was so plain in my view that I knew that I could identify him if ever we met again. It was my own ladder he had, and by and by he raised it against the window and began to climb up. I dropped to the floor and made ready, and just as his head showed above the sill I reached out and pushed the ladder away. The fellow went to the ground with an awful thump, and when he got up and hurried off he had a bad limp. Two weeks later at the noon-hour one day a stranger entered the store and asked for work, saying he was willing to make himself useful in any way. At the first glance I recognized him as my visitor with the ladder. I asked him what he had been doing and what wages he expected and finally said to him:

"I have nothing about the store to employ you at, but I might give you a job out at the house. Are you pretty good on the climb?"

"Climbing trees, do you mean?" he queried.

"No—climbing ladders."

"He must have instantly realized the situation," continued the suburbanite, "but he displayed a coolness to excite my admiration. Looking me straight in the eye and showing not the slightest perturbation, he replied:

"I might do trees all right, I think, but I don't know about ladders. The last time I tried a ladder I got such a fall that I've felt like a telescope ever since."

"But that was by moonlight," I said.

"Yes, I know; but I don't think I want any more to do with 'em. I got an idea that I would make a good shipping clerk."

"I had no place for him, but handed him out half a dollar and expressed the hope he would soon find employment to his liking. He may have been a bad 'un for all I know, but his display of nerve was worth all I paid for it."—Denver News.

Preparations for a Bath.

Billy Drach, the traveling man, tells of a hotel experience in the interior of Arkansas that is looked upon by his friends with suspicion. He had arrived at a small settlement and at once repaired to the Eagle house, which was situated on the outskirts of the town on the bank of a small stream.

After a dinner of side meat and corn bread Billy lighted a cigar, and the proprietor said:

"Stranger, is there anything we can kin do for you all?"

Thinking to confound his host, Drach answered:

"Well, yes; come to think of it, I'd like to have a bath."

The proprietor let his feet drop from the railing upon which he had hoisted them, disappeared in the house and returned in a moment with a huge tin cup full of soft soap, a rough towel and a pick and shovel, which he offered Drach.

"What's the pick and shovel for?" asked Drach.

"Waal, stranger," answered the landlord, "th' watus' low, and yo' all 'll hev to dam up th' creek."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In Chicago's Schools.

Efforts have been made lately to introduce the works of as many American authors, especially Chicago writers, as possible to the public school children. This is what is happening to Stanley Waterloo's "Ab."

"H'm! Some more of that supplementary literature?" sniffed Mrs. Smithers as Ethyl Smithers came home from the Hyde Park High school with a new book under her arm.

"Yessum," said Ethyl as she plumped down on the sofa and began to read, eating six chocolate caramels to a page. Ethyl wears eyeglasses and has nervous prostration, brought on, so the school principal says, by pernicious precocity and overstudy.

"This is a book that teaches you all about the cave men in prehistoric times. It's just awful good, because you can get such a lot of instruction without even knowing hardly that you're getting it," Ethyl volunteered after awhile.

"Hub!" sniffed Mrs. Smithers, who takes very little stock in the new education-made-easy-and-universal idea.

"Yessum, this author believes, you know, that man came from a monkey."

"He does, eh?" queried Mamma Smithers, with a glint in her eye.

"Your pa will like that, won't he?"

"Oh, ma, there's nothing personal about it," explained Ethyl.

"Darwin, is it?" inquired Mrs. Smithers, taking hold of a corner of the book cautiously.

"None. Ah, the Cave Dweller," by Stanley Waterloo."

"Well, Darwin or Waterloo, he'll meet his Dook of Wellington when your pa comes in. Things is come to a pretty pass when school teachers holds up parents to ridicule, even when they are kinder onery."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

It Disappeared.

The late Hermann, the magician, said George Carroll, of St. Louis, "I knew quite well and used to see a great deal of whenever he visited my home. He was a most interesting man and perfectly wonderful with his peculiar tricks.

"In connection with his ability to palm or conceal articles, no matter what might be their size, I remember a rather interesting story that used to be told about him. He was one night at a dinner in one of the clubs here, and the conversation turning naturally on palming as a fine art, Hermann was asked by a fellow diner if he could palm a quart bottle of champagne.

"Previous to answering the query the magician pulled up the sleeve of his coat, exposing his right arm almost to the elbow, and then taking a bottle of champagne in his hand said: 'To palm an object successfully it must be sufficiently small, either to be concealed by the hand itself or by hand and wrist combined. In the case of a bottle of champagne, that, as you will observe, is impossible, for the body of the bottle is of too great girth for the wrist to conceal, and a portion will project on one side or the other or on both sides, as the case may be. The only way I can think of to dispose of a bottle of champagne is to do as I now do, with this one—throw it at that waiter over there.'"

"Suiting the action to the word, he apparently hurled the bottle with great force at a waiter standing near the other end of the table. The waiter ducked, men rose from their chairs with ejaculations, and in the confusion the bottle of champagne totally and entirely disappeared. Clever, wasn't it?"—New York Tribune.

Sherlock Holmes, Jr.

"Observe the man in the dark overcoat," said Sherlock Holmes, jr. "You see nothing extraordinary about his make up, do you?"

"No," replied the great amateur detective's friend. "He is just an average man, as far as I am able to judge."

"There is nothing peculiar about the cut of his clothes or the style in which he wears his hair and whiskers."

"Apparently, nothing at all."

"I have never heard him say a word, I never saw him until a moment ago, and I have never heard a word said about him by any living soul, yet I can tell you where he is from."

"Ah, Mr. Holmes, you are a marvel!"

"Oh, no, it's nothing extraordinary! Any one could do these things. It's merely a matter of noticing. That man is from Kentucky."

"What makes you think so?"

"Think? My dear sir, I know. A man who was approaching him a moment ago reached in his hip-pocket for a handkerchief. What was the result? Our friend here turned pale and jumped behind a barber's sign. Oh," explained the wonderful student as he walked on with his astonished friend, "this is a most entertaining and extraordinary science. I assure you."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Story of the Yazoo Fraud.

One of the most gigantic trusts ever formed on this continent was in the early days of the republic, back in 1795. Several gentlemen organized themselves into a company for the purpose of purchasing from the state of Georgia her unclaimed western territory, extending from the Mississippi on the west to the Atlantic on the east and from the 31st degree of latitude north of the equator, on the south to the southern boundary of Tennessee on the north, including what now constitutes the territory of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

This vast territory was purchased for \$500,000 and this was the commencement of the famous "Yazoo" fraud, about which so much was said and written.

The bill authorizing the purchase and sale passed the Georgia legislature on Jan. 9, 1795 and it is said that members were paid all the way from eight negroes to 200,000 acres of land to vote for it. Corruption by bribery was open. Great indignation spread throughout the state, and upon the assembling of the legislature one year later an act was passed declaring that the said resorped act was null and void; that the records relating to the same be burned in order that no trace of so unconstitutional, vile and fraudulent a transaction should remain public.

"The infamous records were placed in one vast heap," said a senator, "and a sun glass was used to set it on fire, that it might be said that the fire that destroyed it was from heaven. This is the first and only instance in the history of the country where a legislative body personally supported the destruction by fire of its previous records of corrupt and obnoxious laws."—St. Paul Globe.

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