

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.

[From Monday's Daily.]

"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 abusive 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 he said to me:

"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 ship-ping 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 do for you?"

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' wathub's low, and yo' all 'il 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."

"I'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.

"Huh!" 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; 'Ab, 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.'"

"Sitting 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 resarped 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.

Preparing for Nemo.

Ever since Dawson has been on the map her boneyard for little boats has been the Klondike river from its mouth up to a distance of a mile or more. At the present time there is great activity there. All manner of craft is being hauled out on the flats and re-calced and repaired preparatory to starting down the river to Kaltag with Nontebound pilgrims, many of whom will get away within a few days in addition to the number already gone. It is expected that a second-hand dealer in boats could secure a good stock at small cost at Kaltag this summer, but his chances of sluffing off the stock might not be good.

Naval Brigades.

London, April 30.—The Gazette this evening contains dispatches from Rear-Admiral Harris, commanding the British South African station, reporting the proceedings of the naval brigades at Belmont, Gras Pan and Colenso. They throw little new light on the battles, but show that the courage and determination of the naval men were beyond praise, and their assistance to the military authorities invaluable.

Lieut. Archibald Deas of the third-class cruiser Philomel, in the report of his proceedings with four naval guns at Gras Pan, where he was detailed to attack two strong kopjes on either side of the railroad relates how, after two hours' shelling, he received orders to retire. He continues: "The Royal artillery of the sight had already moved

off when I got the order, and the Boer guns, having got our range accurately, were pouring in on us such an effective shrapnel fire that I judged it to be impossible to carry out the order without leaving the guns or suffering very heavy losses. I therefore continued to fire on the Boer guns with such effect as to put them out of action, first one and then another. For 15 to 20 minutes at a time their shells burst with the utmost accuracy. Our guns and ammunition trolleys were splattered all over with shrapnel balls, but owing to my system of making all hands lie down when the Boer guns flashed, we had only six wounded, when after an hour and a half the Boers abandoned their position."

A Game Young Boxer.

That he woke up to find himself famous overnight may be said literally of "Kid" Broad, the clever young feather-weight boxer from Cleveland. He sprang from mediocrity into the front ranks at a bound by his decisive victory recently over Joe Bernstein. Previous to that encounter he had been rated as on a par with a lot of other little fellows in his own class. Now he is regarded by some as destined to grasp the mantle worn by Terry McGovern.

Although Broad has been in the ring for several years, but one defeat has been recorded against him. George Dixon, the ex-champion featherweight, gained the decision over him last May after they had been engaged in 20 rounds of hot work. Broad, moreover, has met and defeated many good men. His victories over Jack Hamilton, Dave Sullivan and Joe Bernstein surely stamp him as a boxer of rare merit.

Broad's defeat of Bernstein was no fluke, but a well earned victory clearly demonstrated all through the encounter. He had Joe groggy and all but out in the first round and showed his superiority throughout the whole affair. In the seventh round he knocked Bernstein clean off his feet.

Broad is a Briton by birth, though an American now. He was born in Wales 22 years ago, but was brought to this country when only 2 years old by his parents, who still reside in Cleveland.

Aggressive, daring and quick, Broad in many respects resembles Terry McGovern in his style of fighting. Always anxious to do the leading and quick to see and take advantage of an opening, he forces the fighting from beginning to end. Like the Brooklyn whirlwind, he neither drinks, smokes nor chews and indulges in none of the vices so common to many of his class. He makes it a point to keep in training all the time and is always ready to face his opponent at 124 pounds at short notice.—Exchange.

No Stopping Place.

There is a wealthy, but very hard headed citizen of Detroit who has no hesitancy in telling this story on himself:

"If there's anything on earth grinds me, it is to plunge into the social swim. I'd rather plunge into an ice cold bath. One of these here steel pen coats make me want to go out and hide in the hayloft, and a standing collar puts me into a grouch for a week after I've worn it."

"But you know how women are. They'll stand right by you when living is up hill work, skim, hustle and save, but once they get money they want a show for it, and the bigger the show the better. Things sorter come my way in pine, and I cleaned up a neat little pile. I just grinned at carriages, horses, a coachman, a lot of servants—a snooking round the house, receptions, theater parties and all that sort of thing."

"But when they rung in a genuine butler on me I had a warm conversation with mamma and the girls. It didn't do a mite of good. They talked me clean off my feet, and the butler came, I could have got away passably with the president of the United States, but that fellow, stiff backed, high headed, looking superior-like and never smiling, 'less it was to stab you, riled me awful. One day while sitting in the library I heard him tell one of the maids he was going to resign. 'What for?' she asked. 'The last lady as called took me for the barbarian'—that's me."

"For years I dealt with raftsmen and lumbermen. I paid his bill for six weeks in the hospital and his wages, too. We keep no butler."—Detroit Free Press.

"Old Subscriber's" Kick.

"How does it happen that you are reading the Bugle this morning? I thought the Daily Planet was your favorite paper?"

"I used to like it, but I've stopped it."

"Politics?"

"No. It printed a notice of my daughter's wedding under the head of 'Games of Chance.' I never want to touch the scurrilous sheet again!"—Chicago Post.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

ANOTHER LARGE ICE JAM.

This One Is at Some Place Below Selwyn.

Water Here Falls Six Inches in as Many Hours Today—No Steamers Reported.

Saturday evening it was confidently expected that a steamer would reach Dawson from up the river at any moment. Since then two more days have been laid away on the shelf of eternity and yet no steamer has arrived, nor is it known when one will arrive. The river at this place was full of ice for several hours last night, supposed to be that which was reported passing Ogilvie Saturday afternoon.

The telegraph wire is down between Stewart and Selwyn, and at 2:30 this afternoon the steamers Flora and Florence S. had not been reported. It is believed that there is a big jam on the river at some point below Selwyn and this theory is borne out by the fact that the water has gone down fully six inches here today. There is no doubt but that there is a jam, and a big one, at some point up the river and that it has held for several days; otherwise, the river would be so greatly effected at this point.

According to many who claim to have made note of the habits of the river for the past three years, its actions this year regarding the going out of the ice are unprecedented. Usually the river is free from ice within three days after the general break; but it will be a week tomorrow morning since Dawson's harbor first opened, and if the jams continue to collect up the river, another week may pass before the ice is all gone.

The only feasible cause to be assigned for the many jams in the river this year is the extreme low water. The river was unusually low when the freeze up came last fall; there was not the usual amount of snow fell last fall to melt this spring; there have been no heavy rains, consequently there has been nothing to cause the river to rise. The result is that, in many places, the channel is so narrow that when a large amount of ice comes down it fails to get through until forced out by the backed water behind it.

A Battle Royal.

Waw-Aleep-Eshee-Ka is the Indian chief who is fighting John D. Rockefeller. If it were a case of man to man it is probable that the Standard Oil trust would need a new head when the affair was over. But this is not the kind of fight that is being waged. It is a legal battle, and the brave old chief has but small chance of winning.

Waw-Aleep-Eshee-Ka is his Indian name, and he is chief of the Delaware Indians. He says the Standard Oil magnate is trying to rob his tribe of their home in the Indian territory. Rockefeller smells oil there, the Indian chief declares, and is trying to force him and his tribe into signing a lease of their lands. The crafty Indian sees in this a plot to drive him and his people from their homes.

He says they will never move again. He has hired two New York lawyers to take his case before the United States court of claims and before the secretary of the interior. The wise old Indian knows that there is no longer any use of fighting with the tomahawk, however much he might like to get the scalp of John D. Rockefeller.

Waw-Aleep-Eshee-Ka is no ordinary Indian. He is rich as Indians go. He has lands and herds and money. He is educated. His civilized name is Richard C. Adams. He can talk white man's speech and write.

He has written a book which he calls "A Delaware Indian Legend and the Story of Their Troubles." The legend is written in poetry. It may not be quite equal to Longfellow's "Hiawatha," but it is very good poetry for an Indian.—Ex.

He Laughed First.

Yesterday afternoon a party of men were on a scow in the edge of the river where Rudy Kalenborn was supplying entertainment by having his dog jump from the scow into the water in pursuit of sticks and other objects. To Rudy, who for sometime past has been endeavoring to laugh a great deal, hoping thereby to grow fat, it was the greatest time he had seen in several months. In his hilarity he neglected to look behind him in taking a step backward. The result was that he tripped on a rope and joined his dog in the water from which he emerged a most woe-begone, dripping specter. To him all interest in the scow performance was off, and the only bright spot on the page of the day's history was that he had got a oath free of charge.