The Iuka Reporter.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

—AT—

IUKA, : : MISSISSIPPI.

It is a very dull week in Russia, observes the New York *Mail and Express*, in which the assassination of his imperial and unhappy majesty the Czar is not attempted at least once.

Reports from Buenos Ayres show that the Argentine Republic is filling up faster in proportion than the United States. With not over 4,000,000 population she receives 140,000 immigrants yearly. It is the effect of a stable, liberal government, and cheap, accessible land. Gold is at 50 per cent.

The son and heir of the once proudly independent and jealously exclusive interior Asian state of Bokara is to receive his education in Russia under the eye of the Czar. Thus the Russian influence, subtle, unswerving, powerful, is gradually extending itself over all the broad domain of Central Asia.

A member of the Philadelphia Club who has been South for ten days quail shooting tells a reporter that the party of which he was a member got 100 birds in four days, gave them all away to the farmers whom they met, and that, "taking everything into consideration," the trip cost him $1000. The sport may have been worth what it cost, comments the New York *Tribune*, but we suspect that there are frugal-minded Quakers still to be found in Philadelphia who will feel that a man is a goose who spends $1000 for 100 quails, and then doesn't get the quails.

Says the Chicago *Sun*: "Among the various reasons why we have no ships is because we have no banking facilities with foreign countries where we desire to build up a foreign trade. Other nations have, and hence their merchants and manufacturers can trade. In the coffee growing region of Brazil, for instance, there are nineteen banks with a capital of nearly $75,000,000. These banks last year paid dividends amounting from 6 to 15 per cent. In the last five years we have paid Brazil, through English channels, $206,281,432 cost, or its equivalent, over what we received from that country."

The diminutive Swiss canton of Basle (city) is setting a shining example to all the great European Powers in the matter of popular education, says the Paris American *Register*. Throughout the territory not only are the schools of every description free, but the cantonal government also furnishes all schoolbooks and utensils gratis. Public instruction up to the point of entering a university, therefore, does not cost the pupil or his parents a cent. In addition to this universal liberality the cantonal government also defrays the expense of burials. In many other ways, too, does the government provide for the people by the distribution of gratuities and largesse in one form and another.

Remarks the Boston *Commercial:* The financial loss which the phenomenally mild winter caused many manufacturers and merchants it is impossible to estimate. Some businesses suffered so much that it will only be with great difficulty and after a long time that they will be able to entirely recover from the effects of the season's poor trade. Not only the clothing dealers, the furriers, and the sleigh and skate manufacturers suffer, but many other tradesmen as well. All of which goes to show on what an uncertain and conventional basis our whole industrial and mercantile system rests. Should the average temperature of the United States be hereafter but a few degrees more or less than it has been in the past, or should men suddenly agree to wear entirely different clothing from what they do now, business in general throughout the country would be convulsed, if not for the time being entirely paralyzed.

The Real Shetland Pony.

The real Shetland pony is only thirty or at most forty inches high. Those commonly seen in this country are from the north of Ireland, being bread with the horses there, and are larger than the real Shetland for the genuine pony is difficult to rear. The country of which he is a native is bare, and the farmer is sharp, and when the little creatures survive the rigors of the climate and the effect of having but little to eat, the farmer values him so highly he only sells him at a high price. It costs a great deal to ship them, and they die on the voyage, all of which goes to account for there being so few of them among us.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

NOT AN OLD MASTER.

Visitor (to butler who is showing him through the picture gallery of the old mansion)—"That's a fine portrait. Is it the old master?"

Butler—"No. That's the old missus."—*Boston Courier.*

Poetry and Miscellany.

WHEN LILACS BLOOM.

When lilacs bloom the winds grow still,
The velvet deepens on the hill;
The bee turns giddy as he greets,
With long-drawn happy kiss the sweets
The lavish, love-flushed blossoms spill.

The daisy dons her whitest frill,
The oriole his gladsome trill
Sings loud, and oft his joy repeats,
When lilacs bloom.

Then lives with careless rapture fill,
Then hearts with joy of living thrill,
And fancy weaves her golden cheats.
Ah! who could doubt the fair deceits?
No room for reason thought or will,
When lilacs bloom.

—Jesse F. O'Donnell, in Once a Week.

"TOTE'S" LAST "TAKE."

E had applied to Tom Duncan six months before he was given a "case." Tom, who had served through the war, besides receiving several wounds, had contracted a habit more dangerous than all his wounds. He was undergoing the mortification of flesh and pride; had "sworn off" for the time with a sore head from his last "periodical." The only sound heard in the composing room that afternoon after Tom uttered these words, "Pull out, boys," in a surly tone, was the regular, dull clicking of type and "sticks" as the boys shot sharp glances at each other, screwed up their faces, or winked, until Tote Potter's voice broke the silence.

"Are you Mr. Duncan?"

Tom, who was snipping out a pile of nonpareil copy rapidly glanced over the letter and numbers a second time, reached out a hand for the wire, thrust the fresh "takes" down on it angrily, tossed the wire stand back in the box, lifted three entire sheets of loosely written, but very familiar copy, stuck them on the brevier wire, checked off the letters running, and, in answer to a whistle at his back, swore under his braath, inclined an ear to the tube, and, without looking at the boy, said:

"My name's Duncan. What do you want?"

"I've come—they told me I might ——"

"Yes, yes, yes," said Tom impatiently, "how many times do you want to repeat it? Go to the devil!" He turned from the tube and looked directly at the boy, whose face grew red as scarlet. He was walking away, when Tom called after him:

"Come back, here. I wasn't talking to you. I was talking to the sap-heads down stairs. Now, what is it? Speak out." But speech failed Tote at that moment. He looked around him nervously, dropped his eyes and scratched the floor with his toe. He was shoeless and the hair twisted up through the torn crown of his hat. The foreman scrutinized him closely. There was something in the boy's face—a bright, clean-cut face it was—that he liked. "What is it? Who sent you here?"

"They said you was foreman."

"Who's they?"

"The boys I go with,"

"Well?"

"I came to see if I could get a job."

A pair of clear blue eyes were lifted to the foreman's.

"Want a job? What have you been doing?"

"Shined and sold papers."

"Never worked any?"

"I never had a chance"

"That's a pity! Why, you must be 13 years old, at least?"

"I'm past 14."

"What's your name?"

"The boys call me Tote, but——"

"That just suits you. What's your other name?"

"Potter, I'll come again when—" But the foreman's ear was at the tube again, while his right hand waived the boy to a broken chair. When he turned from the tube he looked at Tote keenly, wrote rapidly on a slip of paper, dropped it into the elevator, and shut the box down with a bang. Then he addressed Tote grimly:

"I've just fired the third boy they've sent up to me in two weeks." He reached up to a pigeon hole, pulled out a slip of yellow paper, wrote rapidly on it. "Composing room, boy. Tote Potter. April 14th, 1881." and handing it to Tote, said: "If you'll risk being the fourth, be on hand to-morrow at 2 o'clock, sharp. You give that to Mr. Peters—remember, Peters."

Thus was Tote "taken on" the Vindicator.

When Mr. Peters came up stairs two hours later, and expostulated with the foreman for employing "that little ragamuffin," Tom Duncan, who was feeling worse, if possible, than he felt at 2, retorted dryly: "I don't know an office in town, Peters, that needs a devil more than the Vindicator. We've tried three of your angels, and they were all dead failures." Peters shot down stairs.

It was against the rules to take a boy into the composing room fresh from the outside world, but Tom Duncan had a wholesome contempt for Peters, whom he did not hesitate to designate as a round peg in a square hole, and in this, as in other instances, he violated the rule with impunity, saying Peters might sweep all the boys he pleased into the business end of the paper, he wanted a boy that could be taught the difference between a "galley" and a "dump" inside of six weeks.

Tote's wages for the first three months was necessarily small. It was the only way Peters could work out his revenge. Peter's idea of the mission of the American press was to reduce the amount enclosed in the envelopes on pay day to the lowest point. He practiced steadily at it until 10 cents seemed large enough in his eyes to serve as a pivot for the universe to revolve upon.

So Tote's wages, instead of equaling the three angels he succeeded, was just 75 cents less. The angel's envelope contained $3. Tote's day.s labor was carefully marked on Mr. Peter's roll as 37.1-2 cents.

The difference was not discovered by the foreman until July was approaching. Then by the merest accident, he overheard Tote indulging in anticipation of the glorious time he would have if he could be sure of a "day off." Tote had "picked up" more in a week than any of his predecessors had learned in a month. He had very little time to waste. When the hand of the big round clock pointed to 2, every man in the Vindicator composing room knew that they were expected to perform a given amount of work with the precision and regularity of so many wheels until a certain point was reached. Then, when nature was tired, and craved cessation, and the copy flooded the foreman's desk, he grimly gave the screw another turn, generally accompanying it with the words: "Pull out now lively, boys," and the human whee's turned faster.

Tom Duncan remarked that when the human wheels in the composing room were whirling with all their might and men could scarce find time to wipe the perspiration from their faces, the uncomplaining, ever bright-faced Tote seemed to grow cheerier. The smallest of all the wheels there, his feet moved faster in obedience to the slightest command. He accepted rebuke quite as a matter of course, it was never once deserved. Tom Duncan, looking at his earnest face one morning, as he resolutely rolled out p oof after proof, felt a sharp twinge of conscience, and never swore at him again. When the last "form" was sent down, and Tote was busy assorting the "dupes" for the printers, the foreman startled him by saying suddenly:

"What are you going to do on the Fourth, Tote?"

"If you won't miss me much——"

"Hello, boys! Tote's asking me if we can get the paper out without him."

The laughter made Tote's cheeks burn.

"Never mind, Tote. I was a boy once myself. How much have you got to spend?"

"I can spend two days' wages if I've a mind to."

"A dollar. A whole dollar!"

"I wish it was—but it ain't."

"What's that?" The foreman turned to him abruptly.

"Why," said Tote, "it's easy counting. Flo's counted it so often there can't be no mistake. Two dollars and a quarter a week is 37½ cents a day—and I'm to have 75 cents."

The foreman's face was a study as he looked down at Tote. "You tell me you have only been getting $2.25 ever since you began here?"

Tote nodded, still smiling. The foreman looked around him incredulously. Those nearest him curled their lips; one or two laughed aloud. Then Tom Duncan exploded. His wrath assumed the usual form, but just when the men began to look around, noting the color of the air, the foroman checked himself suddenly.

"That'll do this morning, Tote. You can go now."

When Tote had disappeared, Tom Duncan stood nodding his head meditatively, then suddenly he turned and said, with an expletive I need not reproduce here. "That's Peters all over! But he's got to make this right. I'll fetch him."

We all knew what he meant. The foreman's "fetching" way was well known to every compositor on the Vindicator. When Peters joined issue with the foreman, Tom walked down and addressed himself to the editor. Rumor said his sentences were terse. Anyhow, they struck home. Mr. Peters immediately after these interviews looked like a man carrying a hump on his back.

Whether Tote's wages were ever levelled up to the date he began no one in the composing room knew, for Tom was loyal to the office. But everybody knew he was receiving $4 a week shortly afterward, and this, taken in connection with the hump on Peters's back, and his breathless condition, spoke volumes.

The Vindicator effected an extraordinary transformation in Tote. The barefoot boy had neatly trimmed hair, was well shod, comfortably clad, and often brought a bunch of flowers to the foreman. The flowers were always neatly tied with colored thread wrapped around a piece of paper. The day after the incident referred to, Tom Duncan smelled the flowers gravely and suddenly asked Tote where he got them.

"My sister sent them, sir. We think you——"

"Pooh!" Tom shut him off. "That's all right, Tote. Prove up that galley with the 'ads.,' quick."

That was the first inkling any of us had that Tote was blessed with a sister. In the hurly-burly of a great business city, the human wheels in a representative establishment often find as little opportunity for the manifestation of passing interest in each other's revolutions outside of the establishment as the cogs in a metal wheel experience. Accident one day revealed the truth.

Tote had served six months faithfully, when the foreman said one day, in tones loud enough for one-half the compositors to hear him: "Tote, you can try your hand setting type to-morrow."

Tote was in the act of lifting a dead "ad" to the stone at the entrance of the adjoining room. The assistant at the "make-up" had called him; he was carrying the galley with the type in it when the foreman spoke to him.

He turned to look at the foreman, his foot caught under a huge splinter, and galley and Tote went down together. He lay so still that everybody was alarmed. They lifted him up; there was no sign of a cut or bruise, but he looked like the dead. There was the faintest fluttering of the pulse. A messenger was dispatched for a physician—some one wanted to send another to his home, when the foreman frowned at the suggestion. It was time enough to send bad news when it could not be helped. The foreman, finding the physician was slow, sent to the nearest drug store for some whiskey, and mixing it with water, poured a few spoonfuls down Tote's throat. He was standing up, with a dazed look, when the doctor came. The doctor looked at him narrowly, and advised that he be sent home immediately.

The next day a hush fell upon the room as Tom Duncan raised a hand, and a minute later a young woman emerged from the stairway, and walked straight to the foreman's desk. She was dressed very simply in a dark brown dress. Her hat was very becoming. Her features were perfect—soft in their outline and beautiful in themselves—but the beauty of her expression was the surpassing loveliness that surprised those who got a glimpse of Tote's sister. She carried a small basket of flowers in one hand, which she placed on the foreman's desk, said something in a low tone, and withdrew. She seemed a vision of light and beauty for one brief minute.

After that everybody knew that Tote and his sister Florence lived alone. When Tote returned to work, three days later, the compositors on the Vindicator were resolved that he should have "the best show going." Always liked before, he became a prime favorite. The man that stood in Tote's way incurred the ill-will of his fellows.

Tote was at the case a year—another boy had taken his place—when a great change came over him. He was not less mirthful; there was the same play of the features, the same imperturbable good will, the same accommodating spirit, but there was not the same buoyancy. He was ambitious, some said, as his work proved he had a settled purpose. He became a rapid compositor before he turned his 16th year. When he was 17 he was pitted against the fastest typesetters.

He grew up a graceful, self-contained, self-reliant, manly fellow. As his fellow-workmen had opportunity to see him with his sister, their resemblance was remarked. Tote Potter was as handsome as she. As he grew older he seemed shy; certainly he was sensitive.

About this time one man discovered that Tote Potter was "killing himself to keep himself." In other words, he was too greedy for money. Tom Duncan rebuked the fault finder, and ever after the foreman openly avowed his friendship for the apprentice. Among the few that had discovered how close the bond was between Tote and his sister, none respected Tote's motives more than the foreman. All Tote's thoughts were devoted to his sister Flo'. Florence and George to the outer world, the two were always Tote and Flo' to each other. Tote had an aim—a clearly defined aim. His sister should have her own home. She had stinted herself, walked miles in snow and slush with thin-soled, leaky shoes, fighting his or her battle before he was 9. She refused to be separated from him. And now there could be nothing too good in this world for Flo'.

The only drawback to Tote's plans, in the opinion of Peters, the one man that never joined in Tote's praise, was his fondness for physic. Peters had observed him on several occasions emerging from the office of the physician who was called in the day he fell. Peters said plumply that he was too eager to make money. This coming to Tom Duncan's ears, Tote's envelope the next week held $2 more, and never was diminished.

However, the change in Tote's appearance a month after he was his own man, and stood proudly at his own case, seemed to give a color to Peters' insinuation. It was plain to everybody that Tote was working too hard.

He began with 11,000 the first day he was his own man, and nobody ever saw his "string" below that notch. It rose gradually until some of his fellow workmen wondered if there was any limit to Tote's working capacity. Presently his "string" averaged 12,000 a day, and now and then, when there was a pressure, and no one could complain how much he made, he spurted ahead, and his "dupes" showed that he had averaged thirteen thousand a day, and did it easily.

He did not stop there. His average rose, until one envious printer called to another across the room: "Heavens! Erskine, Potter's going to set the paper up himself. He has five thousand up, and it's not five o'clock!"

Erskine deliberately walked over and looked at Potter, whose hands moved with the regularity of machinery. Never a false nor a nervous motion; straight, easy, naturally as a child picking up pebbles, Tote's hand moved from his "stick" to his case.

That night an alarm of fire attracted the workmen's attention. The clanging of the engines and the multitude of feet caused many to look out of the windows. The glow in the heavens indicated a serious conflagration. Everybody paused and looked out in the direction of the fire except Potter. One of his companions called to him to look out at the fire.

"I have no time to waste," he answered.

The fire was near at hand. It threatened to devastate an entire block. The entire department was out, and in less than fifteen minutes we began to set "fire" copy. The copy that night seemed to be forked right in fresh from the fire. It smelled of the fire.

Presently the bell rang, and after that the foreman's ear and mouth were glued to the tubes. His assistant had to mark takes while Tom Duncan vibrated between the men at the forms and the speaking tube.

Tote Potter paused just long enough to carefully read a startling headline he lifted from the hook. He stood beside his case reading those that followed.

Numbers were dead, numbers were dying.

The fire had reached several cases of guns gathered from the battlefields whereon the blue and gray had madly contended for supremacy. The guns, deemed useless, were disposed of by the Government. Those who had charge of them did not even think it worth while to examine them ere they passed from the possession of the Government into the hands of the private purchasers. The purchasers did not dream that the cases contained death charges rammed home on a battlefield.

The copy box danced up and down the elevator that night—or morning rather—as it never moved before. Tom Duncan's desk was submerged early. The fire copy rolled over on his assistant's, took complete possession of that, then spread over the proof-reader's tables.

The human wheels never worked so regularly as they worked that morning in the Vindicator composing room. Everybody mopped their heads, faces and necks. The bell kept up a din; the foreman and his assistant flitted from their desks to the make-up; the readers had it all to themselves, for no man on a case had breath to spare.

The last "take" was out; the assistant foreman and proof-readers were comparing notes. None of them had experienced a rush that could be compared with the last hour. Tom Duncan stood anxiously by the form and called out: "See if it's all up, Jack." Everybody was exhausted. The only cool looking man was Tote Potter.

Suddenly the bell jangled viciously. "What's that?" Tom Duncan demanded. Jack lifted a paper out of the copy box. "It's the name of one of the victims."

Jack turned to Potter. "Slug 19."

Potter advanced, took the paper from Jack's hand with a laugh, and walked back to his case. When he faced his case and was in the act of reaching for the type he uttered a hoarse cry and fell in a heap.

"Let the form go down without it," said Tom Duncan, savagely, when he heard that Potter had dropped like one dead on the floor. "One name don't signify."

The same physician who was summoned to Tote's assistance before he was given permission to stand at a case came speedily to his side now in answer to the call.

Tote was lying on the table where Tom Duncan helped to lay him tenderly. His face was flushed; the very picture of health. But nobody could detect a pulsation.

The doctor glanced at him, lifted both hands in horror, and said, in a strange, broken voice: "It came sooner than I thought, but not sooner than he expected."

"What is that, doctor?" Duncan asked in a whisper.

"Heart disease," said the doctor. "He knew it was only a question of time as well as I did."

"How——?"

"Why," said the doctor, interrupting the foreman, "it's very simple how he learned the truth. He came to my office after I was brought here years ago to see him. He persisted until I subjected him to tests, and then his fear was lest his sister would learn the truth. He knew he was likely to drop any moment. This will kill his sister. They were bound up in each other."

Half the men around the dead boy were crying. One man (he worked next to Tote) walked away to conceal his emotion. When he reached his case he picked up a piece of paper that was lying on Tote's case. It was Tote Potter's last "take." He turned it over, read it, then walked over to the foreman with it.

Tom Duncan held the paper up where the doctor could see it. It contained the name of the last victim identified at the morgue: "Florence Potter."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The White House Stables.

Just south of the White House, hidden in the White House Park by a big clump of trees, is the stable of the Executive Mansion. It is a long, low brick building, with a large yard laid with flagstones. The exterior of the stable and the yard look as though they were not well taken care of. The visitors to the White House don't know where this stable is located. In fact, they don't know anything about the White House stable or whether there is one. Albert Hawkins is the ruler over that stable as absolutely as President Harrison is the ruler over the White House. Hawkins has been the coachman of the White House for a quarter of a century. Hawkins says that President Harrison has the finest horses that have ever occupied the stalls of the White House stable. The President has four horses. They are Kentucky thoroughbreds. Abdalla and Billy are the names of the carriage team. They are very stylish steppers. John, a horse from Lexington, is used for the President's mail buggy. The fourth horse is Lexington. He drags the brougham. These are the family horses. There are three others, known as the office horses—Dan, Frank and John. These horses are used for the executive work in delivering packages, &c., to the different departments.

The carriages all came from Indianapolis. The Landau is the prettiest that is seen on Pennsylvania avenue. The body is painted a rich, dark green. The windows are beveled plate glass and the lamps are silver plated. The brougham is Mrs. Harrison's favorite carriage. The President's own conveyance is the mail wagon, a heavily built buggy with a movable top. In this buggy the President frequently takes an afternoon drive accompanied by Mrs. Harrison.

The harness is all elegant. It is all silver mounted, but there is an entire absence of initials, monograms or crests. Everything is good and strong and plain. There is no gingerbread work about the carriages or the harness.

Paper Overcoats.

"If the clothmakers don't get that man up in the Northwest who has invented paper clothing into a trust by next winter he'll make a big fortune, and millions of overcoats will stay in the pawnshops, where they are now," said Harry Parker. "He hasn't got the idea worked out yet as far as he will probably go, but he made enough vests and underclothes last winter to create something of a panic among the St. Paul clothiers, where he made his first business experiments on a big scale. The paper is prepared so that it is as soft as cloth, and the cold cannot penetrate it. My father is engaged in an open-air occupation, and likes to experiment, so he got one of these vests and wore it with no overcoat all last winter with great comfort. Next winter he says he intends to come out on the streets in a full suit of it."—[Globe-Democrat.

A DOUBLE ENCORE.

Amateur (debutante)—No, I cannot sing longer.

Musical Enthusiast—Oh, give us a note.

Poll Parrot (entreatingly)—Oh, give us a rest.

The Roman Toga.

The toga (tego, to cover, Lat.) was the principal outer garment of the Romans, and originally perhaps the only one. Subsequently an under garment, the tunic, was added. It was probably of Etruscan origin, and yet it came to be the distinctivs badge of the Roman citizen, whence the Roman people are called togati, or gens togata; and consequently when the Cisalpine Gauls received the rights of citizenship, their country was spoken of as Gallia togata, in opposition to transalpine Gaul or Gallia braccata (breeched, as with the Highland kilt, for example). At first it was semi-circular in shape, but afterward, when it became an elaborate and complicated article of dress, it must have been a smaller segment than a semi-circle. It required considerable art to make its folds fall gracefully. The toga was made of woolen cloth, and except in the case of mourners, was of a white color. Accused persons sought to excite sympathy by going about in a soiled or unsightly toga, while those who were seeking office were accustomed to dress themselves in garments which had been rendered artificially bright by the help of chalk; hence they were called candidates, or "shining ones." Under the Emperors the toga, as an article of common wear, fell into disuse, the Greek pallium and other garments being worn instead. It was retained, however, for official occasion by the public functionaries.—[New York Dispatch.

Her Nose Wasn't Plumb.

I have been making a study of noses lately, and really it's astonishing to find how large a proportion of the noses are twisted to one side or the other. Try to find the median line of a person's face by tracing it from the tip of his nose and see how you come out! Many people who imagine that their noses are perfectly straight would find by a close inspection that those appendages gee or haw a little—perhaps to their amusement and maybe to their chagrin.

A Portland dentist tells a story to the point. Says he: "After I had fitted a set of false teeth to a lady, she exclaimed, 'Why! you haven't got the middle of the set in the middle of my face!'

"I looked again, and thought I had.

"'But just look at my nose!' said she. 'The middle of the set certainly is not in line with middle of my nose.'

"'That may be,' said I, 'but your nose—'

"'Do you mean to tell me that my nose ain't straight?'

"'I think you will find that such is the case.'

"'How much is your bill? I'll pay it, and you can keep your old teeth!'

"She paid the bill, threw down the set, and flounced out, as angry as an angry woman could be. She went home, her friends told her how foolish she was, she lay awake all night, and the next day came back, apologized, and had her work finished."—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The Malay's Solace.

The betel-nut of which the Malays are said to be so very fond is a white nut which looks almost like ivory. Every Malay family has a box, divided into little compartments, and with a drawer at the bottom containing a pair of shears. In one of the compartments of the box is some betel-nut cut fine with the shears; in another several sirih-leaves; in the next some slaked lime made from coral shells, and in the last some very fine tobacco. At midday, which is the dinner hour, the family assembles and squats in a circle on mats, which do duty for chairs. In the centre is a bowl of rice and another of curry. Each one takes a handful of rice in turn, dips it in the curry and conveys it to his mouth without spilling a crumb. To do this gracefully is the height of Malay table etiquette.

After all have finished, the betel-box makes its appearance and is handed round. Each person takes one of the sirih-leaves, which are five inches long and arrow-shaped, and lays it out flat on the palm of the left hand. Then he takes a little betel-nut, puts some of the lime upon it, adds a small quantity of tobacco and rolls the whole up together. Then he places it in his mouth, holding it by his front teeth, never chewing it by his side teeth, as Americans do tobacco. Then you may want to hire him or to transact some business with him ever so badly, but he won't stir. He will simply say: "I have no time for it, master. I am chewing the sirih."

Watches Spoiled By Electricity.

If you are going out on the electric railway you had better leave your $600 chronometer at home and carry a Waterbury, for there is so much electricity around that it is apt to magnitize your watch. Several people complain that their valuable watches have been rendered useless by riding on the Eckington line. This is something that can hardly be remedied. Electricity will escape. It isn't like a bulldog, which can be chained up and tagged. Invisible and impounderable, it makes its way from the wires which conduct it into the very air itself and the delicately constructed wheels of a watch catch it up. Then the cogs and pinions are held back by its subtle force until the value of the watch attaked "as a timekeeper" is destroyed. There are some non-magnetic watches made now which seem proof against such dangers, and non-magnetic cases are also put out, which prove equally serviceable. But it is well to observe the precaution not only on electric railroads, but when near the dynamos of an electric-light plant. —[Washington Post.

A GREATFUL HEART.

"Give me three cigars for a dollar," said a pink-shirted young man in the Hoffman House.

Then he tooled luxuriously up to Woodlawn, and, gazing at his father's grave, tears of gratitude swelled from his eyes as he thought of all the old man had done for him.—[New York Life.

JOHN HEALY, at Columbus, O., going in swimming with some companions, dived into twenty feet of water and never came to the surface. When his body was recovered it was found entangled in the meshes of a lot of loose wire, into which he had plunged, and which had held him down.