A REPORTER'S LIFE.

Not All Sweetness by Any Means—Good Advice.

(Jersey City Argus.)

There are few people who, as they sit comfortably by their firesides reading their daily papers, are aware of the amount of reportorial labor each column in that paper contains, and the worriment in many cases the never-tiring reporter endured. I can remember very distinctly when but a schoolboy how I tried to outrival my school companions in writing essays, and unfortunately for myself I made this a special study. I was always devotedly attached to newspapers, in fact, there is a streak of printer's ink coursing through my veins, my grandfather at the time of his death being the oldest editor and publisher in the State of Pennsylvania. It is no more than natural that when I left school—which I did very suddenly to avoid being expelled for putting a rat in my teacher's desk—that I should drift into a newspaper office. I did this, and now, as I look at the little clock on the mantel and my wife in bed soundly sleeping, I wish I had not. It is long after midnight, and before me is a note from the city editor, which reads:

Have a column of copy in the city desk by 8.30 to-morrow morning. Imperative.

———.
City Editor.

Now, had the last word been omitted, I might be soundly sleeping, but with that word in the order the column must be given, and in doing so I will tell the city editor what I have been doing, and at the same time let the *Argus* readers take an outside glimpse at the daily life of an average newspaper reporter.

At 7 o'clock this morning the little alarm clock on my mantel made a buzz and a whizz that fairly set my hair on ends, and with the alarm were several well-aimed rib blows inflicted by my wife and her pointed elbow. Every man when so suddenly awakened longs for just forty winks more of sleep, but if he is a reporter and has a wife who sleeps from 7 o'clock in the evening he can't have them. I was soon turned out of bed and after going through my morning evolutions, hurried down stairs to breakfast. Hastily breaking an egg, half of which I spilled on the clean table cloth, I seized a roll so hot that it could not be eaten, sipped my coffee which made me think a "Bob" Davis torchlight procession was going down my throat, glanced lazily at a morning paper that was lying by my plate, but which lack of time would not permit me to read, seized my hat and last year's overcoat and hurried to my office. "A little late this morning," was the salutation from the knight of the blue pencil, as every city editor is dubbed by the reporters who have the pleasure of watching him make sheet music out of his copy. "I understand," he continued, "that there is reason for believing that there is crookedness in one of the city wards; you go see the expert's report, carefully compare his figures and footings with the originals, and get in a good story in time for the first edition. Now hurry."

Out I went and in a very few minutes was poring over columns of figures. Now, if there is anything I detest it is figures, unless on a bank note in my own possession. Until now, I put down and carried over until nothing but figures seemed to exist. I turned in my story, had the pleasure of hearing it pronounced "not what it should be," and sat down for a little rest. The city editor saw me do this and turning to me said: "The police headquarter reporter has sent in a story of a girl missing from Hoboken. Now you go over there, trace her up, and if possible, find her. You can get your lunch when you come back." I am morally certain that a city editor is like an actor, inasmuch, as he never eats, but I do when it comes my way. Well, I went to Hoboken, and after two hours' hard work trying to make the Germans understand English and listening to them try to make me understand German, I succeeded in tracing the girl to her aunt's and finally bringing her home. Thinking I would be credited with a good piece of work, I returned, wrote a half column story and turned it in. The city editor read it, and when he concluded, handed it back to me and said, "Cut that down to ten lines. Anybody could have worked that case up."

My heart sank. I wrote ten lines, handed it to him again and began to chew copy paper to prevent immediate starvation. I have worked on a half a hundred papers since entering the profession and I do honestly believe that it has always been my luck to get the mean assignments. Again the city editor saw that I was resting and he opened his assignment book. "They are holding a post-mortem in the morgue on a body they think was poisoned. Work yourself in and catch all you can, because the doctors won't tell you anything."

A post-mortem, an empty stomach, and the subject having been buried two weeks before being exhumed. It's all in the business and out I went. For an hour I stood by the dissecting table carefully watching the tests made by the doctors, and when they put the stomach in a pail to be analyzed I was happy and returned to the office. There was no result, so aside from the brief mention of the fact there was nothing to write. The forms were soon on their way downstairs and a moment later the boys were on the street shouting the *Argus*. I drew a sigh of relief, for there could be no more work for that day's paper. Evidently the city editor saw the smile of satisfaction and as he drew a cigar from his handsome cigar case called me to his side. Oh, no, gentle reader, it was not for the purpose of giving me a cigar, but some more assignments. "I have cards for a wedding to-night. You take it in, and on your way drop in the theatre, and write up a notice. Before you go to the wedding see what the fire commissioners do, and when you return take a look in police headquarters and see what you can do for early copy," were the orders as he tantalizingly blew some of the smoke from his regina-victoria in my face.

"Is that all?" I asked, as I entered the order in my pocket dairy. "That's all I know at present," he generously replied, and kindly told me I might go home for lunch. This was the best order he had given and home I went. My wife kindly told me that if I couldn't get home at the proper time I could get my meals at a restaurant as she would not be bothered keeping them warm. I did not dispute her suggestion, for she had a peculiar way of arguing that is not by any means as pleasant as it is striking. My luncheon was cold. The chops were dried to a crisp, the muffins were heavy and the coffee all grounds. I did not dare complain, and after trying to eat in vain, I left the table, and throwing myself on the sofa tried to rest until dinner hour. My wife, as usual, noticed I had eaten sparingly, and ventured to suggest that I had been drinking, when the truth was I had not tasted a glass of beer all day. She also noticed that my muddy feet were resting on a tidy that had been carelessly left on the foot of the sofa, and after telling me what she thought of men in general, brought in my slippers that my mother had made and presented to me last Christmas. I put them on and soon fell into a doze, only to be awakened by my wife, who insisted upon telling me the number of creditors that had called to see me during the day. While she was in the midst of her list the fire bell rung. Of course the fire was in that portion of the city for which I am held responsible. I jumped from the sofa, threw off my slippers and started to put on my shoes. I could find but one of them, but after a long search during which the entire city might have burned down I found it out in the back yard, where it had been taken by an ugly yellow dog that my wife's brother had given her. It did not take me long to put it on and as I ran to the fire I could imagine a large tenement house in flames, people jumping from the windows, others burned to death and I sending copy over for an "extra." How I ran when I pushed myself through the crowd and found the chief engineer he very kindly told me there was no fire. He added by the way of consolation that the fellow who sent out the alarm thought there was one. Again I started homeward, and after walking two blocks a tough young fellow met me and wanted to know if I was not the *Argus* reporter. I told him I was one of them and he seemed to be surprised that I had front enough to say that I was a reporter. He wanted to break my face because his name had been in the paper for being drunk. I never saw him before in my life and am not particularly anxious to see him again and besides I have but one face and though that is very nearly worn out, still I want to use it. It cost me fifteen cents to treat him, but I squared things. I arrived home in time to see Mary, that's our girl, clearing off the dinner table and my wife had done as she said she would, let me go without it if I was not home in time. I was now thoroughly tired and my wife wanted me to take her to the theatre. All my reasoning power failed to make her realize that it was an impossibility, and when I hurried out to the wedding, theatre, fire board and police headquarters, she was crying and saying something about going home to her mother. I wouldn't blame her if she did, for I have not a minute to devote to her. Why, honestly, at one time I had not seen her awake for so long, when I met her on the street I did not know her and actually tried to flirt with her, but my wife don't flirt, that is, not with me. Well, I covered all my assignments and when I came in, beside my regular copy, found an order calling for a column. I don't know what time it came. My wife does, however, but I don't think it would be healthy to wake her up to ask her. I am inclined to think I have written nearly a column and will submit it to my city editor, but just one word in conclusion to parents who have sons anxious to become reporters because they don't have to pay to get in the theatre. Should they ever express to you such a desire just tell them—

"Yes, darling, in a minute."

My wife's awake and is telling me her opinion of a man who runs around all day and neglects his work to such an extent that he has to keep a light burning until morning to catch up.

"Yes, dear, I'll put the light out so you can sleep. I'm coming to bed right away."

Light out. J.

To-day's Church Notes.

Rev. Dr. Reid, agent of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, announces the receipt up to date of $2,670 as the result of the tour of the mission bands of Knox and Queen's Colleges.

Bishop O'Mahoney, of Toronto, who has been dangerously ill for some time past with rheumatism of the heart, was reported much better last evening.

Prof. Mon Muller, in a letter to the *Times* (London), suggests that an asylum or an institution should be opened at Bombay or Calcutta for the poor persecuted child-widows of India, of whom there are seventy-nine thousand under 9 years of age. The suggestion furnishes a practical opening for the energies of ladies interested in Zenana work.

Heiress to a Fortune.

Mrs. Ballantyne, wife of Rev. W. D. Ballantyne, Principal of the Ladies' College, Ottawa, has by the death of a near relative become the possessor of £10,000. The deceased gentleman was possessed of £200,000 which was divided amongst his relatives. Each of Mrs. Ballantyne's sisters received £10,000 and her brother £15,000.

Six of the Family Dead by Diphtheria.

A Canajoharie, N. Y., despatch says: Fred. Smith, a farmer living near Oriskany, who recently lost four children from black diphtheria, buried two more on Tuesday. The two remaining members of his family are critically ill.

It is not likely that the Government will adopt the proposal for a reduction in first-class railway fares to a uniform rate of two cents a mile recently made by the French Chamber of Commerce, of Montreal.

Pittsburg *Chronicle*: "A prominent physiologist says that the coming man will be completely bald. Perhaps by that time some inventive genius will build a theatre with every seat in the front row."

—Never enter a sick room in a state of perspiration, as the moment you become cold your pores absorb. Do not approach contagious diseases with an empty stomach, not sit between the sick and the fire, because the heat attracts the thin vapor.

—Nellie King is an expert detective in Minneapolis. She is about 20 years of age. Nellie Bly, of the New York *World*, who has won fame in the same line, especially in showing up lunatic asylum scandals, is only 19.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

The Romance Woven from the Strains of the Piano Next Door.

I wonder why the piano isn't going this evening? My pretty little neighbor must be otherwise engaged. The door-bell rang a moment ago, so Sir Welcome Beau is doubtless in attendance. Ah, me! I believe I'm just a wee bit jealous of that handsome, smiling fellow. It's a little trying for a crusty old bachelor to sit up here in his lonely den and wonder what those two young people are about next door. Humph! They're probably enjoying themselves after the manner of young folks. Sentiment and small talk without limit is doubtless the bill-of-fare. Yes, yes, how silly I am to envy them. Isn't this fresh magazine and my generous pipe of "Lone Jack" far preferable to such nonsense! Of course it is!

* * * * * *

"Ah! there, she's playing now! How she makes that instrument speak! It voices her very feeling more truly than ever tongue could. Yes, he's certainly there to-night; and she's talking to him through that piano just as plainly as can be, the little minx! I wonder if he can interpret her music?

There, now, those quick treble notes—those bird-like runs and trills—don't they say, just as plainly as daylight: "I'm so glad you came to-night—so glad, so glad, so glad, glad, glad, glad, glad;" and now those softer, deeper notes! Can't you hear? "For I love you. O, I love you, love you, love, love, love—" Oh, you young looney, you! Why don't you take her right off that piano-stool and fold her in your arms and kiss her? I have no patience with such a young noodle. What wouldn't I give to be down there in your place for just one minute, young man—just one single minute! Ah! There, now! The music suddenly stops! The youngster's evidently come to his senses at last! Well, God bless them—God bless them!

What! is that a tear? It is, by Jupiter! and I've let my pipe go out, too, and haven't turned a leaf in that magazine yet. What an old idiot I am, to be sure!

* * * * * * *

"Yes, little maid, I know you are very sad this evening. The first plaintive note of the piano told me so; and there's no use in your repeating it so often. You'll make me sad, too, if you don't stop soon. How often has the piano told me, within the past two weeks, that *he* has gone. Oh, so far—far—far away—away—away; across the sea—the sea—the—sea; and you're so lonely—so lonely, that your heart is almost breaking—breaking—breaking—breaking. Poor little girl! I wish I could cheer her up. I'd give my right hand to bring her absent lover back to her this minute. Well, I declare! is that more tears? I'm getting to be as soft as a woman. I must cease this moping here in my den, every evening, listening to that sentimental little woman pouring her heart out at her piano. It's not good for me, I'm afraid.

* * * * * * *

"Great Heavens! I shall go wild if this continues! Every evening since that steamship has been overdue the agonized tones of the piano have almost driven me crazy. And there it goes again, telling me over and over, in weird, distracted tones: 'He is dead, dead, dead; he is drowned, he is drowned. I, too, will die, will die; I, too, will die.' And those wild, piteous chords! Do they breathe a prayer? I think they must. Ah! how they pierce my heart!

* * * * * * *

"There is resignation in the piano's tones to-night. The steamer is lost. They have given up all hope. I saw a man of prayer at the house this evening. He has doubtless comforted her. But, oh, what unspeakable sadness there was in her face, as she stood at the window this evening as I passed! Yes, the piano is resigned to-night. In sad, low tones it speaks of heaven, and reunion, and peace and joy unutterable! There are still tears in its notes, to be sure, but they are brightened with hope. And now the hope grows stronger and seems almost ready to burst forth into a hymn of celestial gladness. But there, the door-bell rings, the music stops, and—what was that? A scream?

* * * * * * *

"Well, bless me if it isn't almost too good to be true. So he isn't drowned, after all? I wonder what they all thought of me for rushing in where the returned lover and his sweetheart, almost wild with joy, were clasped close in each other's arms, with the rest of the family standing about weeping for gladness. I suppose I had no right to intrude, but that scream justified it.

* * * * * * *

"The old piano seems almost bursting with happiness again to-night. It fairly delights me to hear it. I'm so glad the young folks are not going away from the house next door, now that they are married. I should miss the piano, oh, so much. My! what a divine hymn of gratitude and bliss there is in those simple, soulful measures that the happy little woman is playing now! Heigh-ho! That young fellow got a rare treasure! But I don't envy him. No—I—don't—believe—I—do. But, anyhow, here is his health, and long life to the young couple. 'May they live long and prosper!'"

Physician, Heal Thyself.

"You see," said Mr. Fred Grant to the electors of a New York town the other day, "that, like President Cleveland, I have taken my wife along." Freddy is right. Most of the mistakes made in married life come from men not taking their wives along. A man is never in better company or safer than when he takes his wife along. —*Buffalo Courier.*

The Departmental Committee appointed by the Imperial Government will commence an inquiry to-day, with a view of ascertaining how far State grants can be made to agricultural and daily schools. The question of horse-breeding will be discussed by the committee.

Experience is a good school, but it keeps us too long, and the tuition bills are too costly for a fellow who is in a hurry for a diploma.

Steps are being taken by the Kamper syndicate to have the iron ore of Nova Scotia practically tested, in connection with the proposal to establish an extensive steel manufactory in that Province.

MAGNETIC WIND.

A Remarkable Subterranean Bellows Near a Texas Town.

About 100 miles east of El Paso, near Sierra Blanco, on the line of the Texas & Pacific Railway, there is a strange phenomenon that has just come to public notice. The authority for the statements about to be made is ex-Governor John C. Brown, of Tennessee, receiver of the Texas & Pacific, who visited this city a few days ago, accompanied by several officials of the road, in whose jurisdiction the phenomenon is located. Governor Brown and Superintendent Judy told the story to one or two persons here, and it has just come out. About three years ago the Texas & Pacific Railway Company undertook to sink an artesian well a few miles east of Sierra Blanco, which is a little hamlet, 95 miles east of El Paso. The workmen put the pipe down about 600 feet, when suddenly an underground cavern was struck, the drill dropped about 6 feet and a current of air rushed up the pipe. Drilling ceased and the well was abandoned, the 600 feet of pipe remaining in the ground and giving a connection between the surface of the earth and the subterranean cavity a quarter of a mile beneath. The phenomenon did not at that time attract the attention of any one sufficiently to investigate. Recently, however, Superintendent Judy's attention was called to it, and his personal examination and inquiries have developed peculiar facts and testimony about the wonderful well. Gov. Brown stopped to see it on his way here. Not many people live near the well, but those who do reside in the neighborhood of it are thoroughly acquainted with it. Ever since it was abandoned, three years ago, the people near by have been in the habit of going and sitting about the well in summer to enjoy the cool and invigorating air that rushes up the pipe. One of the strangest things is the fact that the current of air ebbs and flows like the ocean tides. From 10.15 a.m. to 10 15 p.m. a current of air rushes out of the pipe with a sound that resembles the noise made by a locomotive blowing off steam so loud that it can be heard for forty or fifty yards. At. 10.15 p. m. the overflow of air ceases and a strong suction sets in, which lasts for the next twenty-four hours, this ebb and flow continuing day after day. It has been observed by horsemen that whenever they get in the neighborhood of the well strong magnetic forces are felt and sparks are given off if the horse's mane is touched. Recently a man from Sierra Blanco was sitting close to the well, and on taking out his pocket-knife found a nail which he had in his pocket clinging to the knife. He held the knife in the current of the air and found the magnetic property was greatly increased. Several weeks ago Supt. Judy held his pocket-knife in the current of air for four minutes, and the knife is still strongly magnetized from the effect. The overflowing current of air is believed to possess remarkable curative properties. Its efficacy is to be tested by experiments upon cases of paralysis and other diseases. The people who live near the wonderful well call it the "fountain of youth."—*Galveston News.*

As She is Wrote.

The *Gran Establecimiento de Modelos* of Jose Gamero Cruz, Granada, advertises as follows:

Geometricals reductions of the more conspicuous and better conserveds reliefs of the Alhambra Arabian palace.

Windows, porches and models of Generalife Said Palace Tower of Infantas and others Arabian monuments of architectural importance.

Warehouse of the photographs of the Alhambra and Generalife and images in boil-clay of the best famous andalusians exemplars types.

Ornament of edifices in arabian style in alls class of works and arabesques flowers pots.

Dont purchases nothing until visit this establishment.

The prices are very reduceds and incredibles.

We remit the demands out Spain with readiness and economy.

Keep this advertisement of the trading-house Joes Gamera Cruz and use it as a pocket in order to place the visiting cards.

The Origin of Man.

In a recent lecture at Rochester, Rev. C A. Johnson, in dealing with the subject of "Evolution," said: "I propose to solve this vexed question and present evolution in its proper light, so that you can understand what evolution is composed of, relative to the material which go to make it up. Evolution is as settled a scientific doctrine as the laws of gravitation. It is of great importance for us to know whether man descended from a stock of primates back to which we may trace the converging pedigrees of monkeys and baboons until their ancestry becomes indistinguishable from that of rabbits and squirrels. We shall have some difficulty in settling the questions that at times arise from the cases of human nature which exists potentially in mere inorganic matter and the chain of spontaneous derivation which connects incandescent moleculus or star-dust with the world and with man himself."

Somewhat Contagious.

"Hello! Ella, my girl, where's your pa? Haven't seen him on the street in a long time."

"He's sick."

"And where's your ma? Haven't seen her lately.

"She's sick."

"Where's your brother George? Don't see him any more."

"He's sick."

"And where are you going in such a hurry?"

"Going to the doctor's. I'm sick."

"What, all sick? What's the matter?"

"Oh, Cousin Nell has come to board at our house, and she's taking music lessons."

The Ontario & Niagara Navigation Company's new steel steamer the Cibola was successfully launched yesterday at Deseronto.

A constitution for the proposed annual Industrial Exhibition in Ottawa has been approved by the Citizens' Sub-Committee, and will be submitted to the general committee for adoption to-morrow.

A USEFUL DEACON.

He Couldn't Pray or Sing, but He Could Keep the Dogs Out of Church.

The Rev. E. A. Dickinson, editor of the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., was telling the Philadelphia Baptist Association the other day how necessary it was to enlist the active services of every member of a congregation, when some one pertinently asked: "What are you going to do with a man that can't do anything?"

"That's a mistake," returned the reverend journalist. "Every man is of some use. If he can't do one thing he can do another. The point is to find out just what he is fit for, and having found it put him at it. This recalls an actual experience I once had in a backwoods congregation in Virginia. It was my first visit among the people and I was anxious to make it successful. It should be remembered that church in the backwoods means a gathering of all the people and a good many dogs. After the opening hymn I called on old Deacon Blank to lead us in prayer.

"'Taint no use askin' me,' he said, 'I can't do it.'

"'Suppose you start the next hymn, then?'

"'Can't sing either.'

"'How about taking up the collection? I guess you can manage that?'

"Nop. I'm a bad hand at getting 'round. Better get some one else.'

"Noticing that the old fellow carried a stout walking stick an idea was suggested.

"'Well, brother, do you think you're able to keep out the dogs?'

"'You bet I air,' he confidently replied. Then taking a seat at the door, he battled with the brutes throughout the meeting, and after it was over more than one of the congregation was followed home by yelping curs with broken limbs.

Every man has his sphere of usefulness. —*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Odd Jots From China.

At the recent eclipse of the sun the Chinese authorities, in accordance with the usage of the Empire, ordered the Buddhist and Tavist priests to recite their incantations to rescue the sun from being devoured. It was at the time of the festivities over the Emperor's birthday, when all officials were required to wear embroidered robes, but it is also the law that during an eclipse officials who participate in the ceremonies must wear ordinary garments until the sun is rescued. An edict had to be got from the Emperor to settle it. He ordered the officials to ignore his birthday and attend to the sun, so they all wore ordinary robes.

The pen with which John Chinaman makes his tea marks is a curiosity. It is a hair brush placed in a quill, and is very much like the little brushes sold with toy paints. When he writes he never touches his fingers nor wrists to the paper, but grasps the quill in the middle and begins to paint very much like an artist retouching a picture.

The Chinese Government has applied to the Grand General Staff at Berlin for several German officers to act as instructors and organizers of the Chinese army.

The first American railway engine that has been imported into China left Shanghai on October 8th in the El Dorado for Tien-Tsin.

Ontario Crop Report, 1887.

The November report of the Ontario Bureau of Industries is just out. It states that the yield of fall wheat is 14,440,611 bushels, being 3,630,531 bushels less than last year, and 5,162,693 bushels less than the average of six years. The average yield per acre is 16 bushels. Spring wheat may be set down as a general failure. The estimated yield is 5,633,117 bushels, against 9,518,553 bushels last year, and 9,713,879 bushels for an average of six years. The barley crop was saved with scarcely any injury from discoloration, but the yield per acre is less than for any harvest of the last six years. The total product is 17,134,830 bushels, being 2,377,448 less than last year and 2,031,583 less than the average of six years. The oat crop is below the average in yield. The estimated product is 49,848,101 bushels, against 58,665,608 last year. The estimated yield of peas is 12,173,332 bushels against 16,043,734 last year.

The G. T. R. Tunnel.

At the recent Grand Trunk meeting in England President Tyler stated that the cost of the St. Clair Tunnel would be about £486,000; the traffic that would pass through it would come partly from their ferry at Sarnia and partly from their ferry at Detroit; the traffic which passed over these ferries every day was eight passenger trains and twenty freight trains at Sarnia, and ten passenger trains and twenty-five freight trains at Detroit. Supposing this work cost £500,000, the interest would come to £32,000 a year, and they calculated there would be a saving of at least £10,000, as compared with the present working of the ferries.

Opera Versus Prayer Meetings.

Man—My gracious! We'll be late. Get your things on.

Wife—My dear, it's raining pitchforks and the wind is blowing a hurricane.

"We have strong umbrellas."

"My dress will be ruined."

"Wear your waterproof."

"And you know you have a cold."

"I can wear rubbers; I wouldn't miss that opera for—"

"Opera? This is no opera night; it's prayer meeting night."

"Oh! I wonder if our preacher thinks people are idiots enough to stir out of the house such a night as this."—*Omaha World.*

A Fruitful Vine.

An Oakland, Ill., despatch says: Yesterday Mrs. Samuel Nelson, who lives near Sidell, gave birth to four babies, three girls and one boy. Mrs. Nelson is about 35 years old and about two years ago gave birth to twins, both girls. The four children are doing well but the mother's life is despaired of.

A St. Louis reporter, who counted the number of people with whom the President shook hands at one of his public receptions in that city, says that 70 persons a minute passed for three hours, making 12,600 "shakes" without rest for the President.