

Visit to a Warehouse Heaped with Pickings of All Kinds—Sorters and Their Defiance—A Pile of Old Rubbers and Arctics.

'Twas in my golden age of childhood that there lived, if indeed, she does not yet, a bent and withered woman, wrinkled as China crepe and merry as a lark's song...

'Oh, it's a great business,' he remarked—I mean the proprietor—as he glanced over some letters before conducting me over the establishment. 'If it weren't for rags there would be no paper, you would have no Bible, no romance, no—love letters,' he added in a courtly manner.

Of all the queer places, that warehouse I clambered over the foot hills of rags, separated by valleys rich with old iron, zinc sheets, lead piping, brass wire, and my eye rested upon Arctic mountains in the background, perhaps I should say mountains of arctics. It seemed I touched rudely upon professional pride when I asked if that immense bulk and the many bales for shipping were brought in by rag pickers...

I asked the proprietor what under the canopy he does with all this truck, and was told he had contracts with large factories all over the country. Old metals are returned to foundries, paper and rags to paper mills and also ropes, which are used for manilla paper, vinegar and oil barrels to be refilled, bits of leather and old boots to soap factories, where the grease is extracted for soap for my elegant ladies white hands, old bones to sugar refineries, where calcined, they purify sugar and syrup, or bones may be shipped for fertilizing. Old bottles are returned to brewers etc., new cloth rags from tailors back to cloth factories, and rubber, 'gums' as the Angliomanians term them, to the factory in Massachusetts.

That pile of rubbers and arctics reaching to the ceiling did look odd. There were tiny baby arctics and large scows stranded side by side, those exasperating run-down at the heel rubbers which people had lost in the street and plenty which had sprung a leak and been abandoned. You've walked from many directions, through many paths, upon feet shod in righteousness and those taking hold on hell, haven't you? They present a good illustration of reincarnation doctrines, they will be rid of the useless parts and the impurity and their best parts sent to the factory, whence they will shortly issue again, shining and new.

I always used to deprecate throwing arctics, etc., into the alleys, but now I shall do all in my power to assist these rag pickers to a plentiful spring crop. They receive four cents a pound for them, besides, quite a number of boys and girls get employment in cutting off the rubber. It's queer baling them. Hundreds of them are flung into a huge box lined with burlap. Then a man on each side pumps on a windlass—this may not be clear enough, but that's what it looks like. When the box was opened, I saw the rubbers had been pressed out of all semblance.

The proprietor took me to another warehouse where the rags were being sorted. A long room was bordered with deep boxes in shape and size like tables, with bottoms of sieves for the dirt to sift through. On either side stood women rapidly sorting them, and unerringly flinging the rags into various barrels round about. They wore calico gowns reaching to their feet, and kerchiefs on their heads, to protect themselves from the dust. They didn't seem to be paying any attention to whether rags were linen, woolen, mixed, what not. I asked one of them how she tells 'By the feeling. We scarcely ever stop to tear it. We get so that we can tell anything by touching it, even with our eyes shut.'

CRUISING SOUVENIRS OF SEDAN.

A camp following 'tourist' found himself caught in the railway station at Sedan during the engagement. Of course he could not go out except at the risk of his life. So he amused himself within the innermost doors of the office. 'Look here,' he said to a friend afterward, opening a small bag full of railway tickets. 'I've got some souvenirs of Sedan.' They were all marked 'Sedan, September 1,' and indicated an immense number of quite impossible journeys, such as that to Metz, as having been made on that day. While the storm was raging around, he had stamped all the tickets he could lay hands on with the date of the battle till the ink gave out. 'These will be curiosities,' said he, adding, 'and I've got money out of the pocket of a dead soldier; they say it's lucky.' He showed some silver of which he had robbed a corpse.—The Aronaut.

Whistling Jugs of Peru. The silvadors or musical jugs found among the burial places of Peru are most ingenious specimens of handiwork. A silvio in the William S. Vaux collection of Philadelphia consists of two vases, whose bodies are joined one to the other with a hole or opening between them. The neck of one of these vases is closed, with the exception of a small opening in which a clay pipe is inserted leading to the body of a whistle. When a liquid is poured into the open necked vase, the air is compressed in the other, and, escaping through the narrow opening, is forced into the whistle, the vibrations producing sounds. Many of these sounds represent the notes of birds, one in the Clay collection of Philadelphia imitates the notes of the robin or some other member of the thrush tribe peculiar to Peru. The closed neck of this double vase is modeled into a representation of a bird's head, which is thrushlike in character. Another water vase in the same collection representing a llama, imitates the disgusting habit which this animal possesses of ejecting its saliva when enraged. The hissing sound which accompanies this action is admirably imitated. A black tube of earthenware, ornamented with a grotesque head in low relief, to which short arms are attached, pressing a three toothed syringe to its lips (Clay collection), deserves especial mention, as it suggests the evolution of this instrument from a single tube to more complicated forms.—Swiss Cross.

Outlook for Juvenile Literature. When there are no more red Indians, when those who continue to exist are generally respectable, law abiding, industrious personages, what will the boy of future do for exciting literature? Pirates need hardly be pointed out, are being in these latter days ridiculously scarce even in their former happy hunting grounds off the coasts of Sumatra, Borneo and other East Indian islands. There are few other East Indian legends that are immortalized by Marryat, Low and Stevenson, and a score of other novelists. When we come across a pirate story in a boys book, we may always find it written in the past tense. The same is becoming true of adventures with Redskins, but still there are parts of the American continent where Comanche or Apache in his war may even now be encountered. This is it should be. The misery which is inflicted on schoolboys when all the deserts of the world are inhabited, where a pirate will be as extinct as a piebald, and the few remaining red Indians become waiters in New York restaurants, has never been taken seriously or systematically into account. It is an outrage, boyhood to deprive it of the chief field of the expansion of its imaginative faculty.—London Telegraph.

Importance of Owning Land. There is something worth thinking about in the remarks of a Buffalonian returned from California. 'Americans native born have no idea of the importance of owning land. They have let thousands of acres of land, and just because it was cheap the American citizen wouldn't have it. The result is that when the value rises as in many cases out west, the foreigner was the one to profit by it. In San Francisco you will find a great many very wealthy Chinamen who own valuable blocks of stores and flats, and who are powerful competitors of the American merchants. The rich Chinaman can knock out the rich American when it comes to buying goods in China for export to this country, and so it goes. Every young native born American, of whatever parentage, should acquire at least some real property if he expects to keep up with the 'land wagon' in the future.'—Chicago Herald.

Losses Through Shoplifting. 'All the way from \$10,000 to \$50,000 a year,' said the detective, 'are lost to proprietors of large stores through shoplifting. In some of the Sixth avenue stores where no detectives are employed three, four, and even five sealskin cloaks are stolen in a day, and rarely do the detectives in the stores where they are employed search a person for stolen goods that they do not find concealed about them articles belonging in other stores all along the avenue. In some of these stores a plumber is regularly employed to keep the ladies' toilet in order, for into the sinks are thrown pocketbooks from which the money has been taken, small parcels, when the shoplifter finds she is being watched, cards and tags on goods, and a whole piece of lace or embroidery is sometimes crowded down out of sight to avoid detection. About 90 per cent. of the pilferers are women. In a store where 470 prosecutions are recorded for one year, only 43 of the culprits were men.'—New York Sun.

Von Moltke's face looks as though the natural skin had been replaced by a stretch of ancient and yellowish parchment. The lines are innumerable and they radiate regularly from the corners of his mouth when he smiles as ripples from a stone that is dropped through the surface of a placid pool. The smiles of the grizzled and wrinkled old field marshal are frequent enough, too, when he is abroad. The small army of little children who are taken to the war office every day by the nurses to see the old commander stump about as though a man had just about reached his prime when well along in his 80th year wave their hands delightedly at Count Von Moltke. None of them has a more genial, winning and childlike smile than the head of the greatest army in the world. Military critics assert that not one of the countless and masterly documents on army affairs that Von Moltke has given to the world during his long life compares in force, clearness, energy and power with his report of the present year.—Blackely Hall's Letter.

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