

Longfellow's Aunty.

THOS. J. ADAMS, PROPRIETOR.

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IF WE HAD BUT A DAY.

We should fill the hours with the sweetest things.

If we had but a day; We should drink alone at the purest springs In our upward way; We should love with a lifetime's love in an hour.

If the hours were few; We should rest, not for dreams, but for fresher power.

To be and to do.

We should guide our wayward or wearied wills

By the clearest light; We should keep our eyes on the heavenly hills

If they lay in sight; We should trample the pride and the discontent

Beneath our feet; We should take whatever a good God sent With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak regret; If the day were but one; If what we remember and what we forget Went out with the sun; We should be from our clamorous selves set free

To work or to pray; And to be what the Father would have us be, If we had but a day.

—Mary Love Dickinson.

LOVE IN A MINOR KEY.

HE inhabitants of Harplestone had ceased to discuss Hannah Fletcher's questionable position toward her lodger, and any interest attached to her unconventional attitude had quietly faded away with her meagre claims to fame. When the world had gone well with Hannah, and she had possessed the irritable devotion of an invalid mother and the undivided love of a selfish father, she had modestly the good looks which belong to a middle class young woman who enjoys excellent health and a wholesome temperament. Now the light in her abundant hair and her bright color had died for want of vital sustenance, and her prominent features had bleached with the resting struggle for existence. A stranger would not trouble to question if her unsympathetic manner was the result of the cause of an unsatisfied existence.

Hannah Fletcher had spent the best years of her youth subduing the passions and emotions which make beautiful woman irresistible, but she had not studied her own ugliness and mastered it as some women do. A plain woman's battle in life defying her own ugliness. Hannah had fallen into the way of walking like a plain woman, and the world accepted her as such, for the assurance of a beautiful woman.

Hannah's lodger was, it is true, an "elderly party," so the maid-of-all-work described him, "always messing about with them chemistry fizzes; it's wonderful clever, but it don't bring in no money, and if it wasn't that Miss Hannah was a bit sweet on him she'd 'ave cleared 'im out along with his rubbishing smells long ago."

Hannah was a "bit sweet" on the "elderly party." When her mother had died he had looked after her and not given a thought to the fact that it would be advisable for him to leave his comfortable quarters. Hannah had grown necessary to him in his work, and he had learnt to depend on her, as a man of powerful intellect grows to depend on a practical woman who is an intelligent brain who is his daily and hourly companion. Habit is stronger in men than in women. Five or six years had passed since her parents' death, bringing little or no change into Hannah's life. She slaved, and toiled, and pinched for the "elderly party," who was too self-content to guess at the true extent of her poverty. He was casual about his payments, and she would never remind him. To brighten up her rooms and bring a little pleasure into her day he would now and then go out and bring her home an extravagantly beautiful bunch of flowers, or a pair of palms, and present them to her with a touching enthusiasm for his own generosity and thoughtfulness. Her practical mind would fly with a woman's quickness of thought to the four months' rent which was still unpaid; but only a feeling of tenderness for his eccentricities would prevent her from reminding her heart of the thought that she could help him in the work by waiting for the overdue rent.

He was poor, and his income would have barely covered the modest necessities of his simple life if he had devoted it to them, but "he spends all his money on them messes and inventing things as aren't no use to no one," as Arabella remarked when he overlooked her tip one Christmas Day; "if aint' no use for the like of his 'sart'." Clothes he never bought, and Hannah, with a beautiful regard for the feelings of the man she loved, stitched and mended and patched, and bit by bit reduced his worn and shabby wardrobe. She was careful never to put into his room any new garment she had made until the ruthless laundress had robbed it of its newness. Then she would substitute it for one which was beyond even her clever needlecraft to mend, and the "elderly party" would put on the new shirt or wear the new socks without the slightest suspicion that the familiar patches and darns were missing. He acted as intellectual food and nourishment for her starved brain, and she became the practical part of his unevenly balanced character, which nature had left wanting. She often argued with herself that there existed together in that house was a proof that purely platonic friendship can exist between a man and a woman if they are intellectual people. It was a false argument, and she knew it, for her love for him (of which he never for a moment suspected) was eating her strength away day by day, and undermining her constitution. She had his undivided attention, and he was fond of her, but she knew that she was a woman, and that she must have a man, and certainly not on his feelings. A man, if he could have made himself as useful and as companionable, could have taken her place.

One day the peace of Hannah's life was broken by the coming of a cousin,

an orphan like herself, who had written and asked Hannah to give her a home while she looked for work. Hannah wrote and welcomed her with bitter mingling at heart. She had to toil night and day to make money to pay for food enough for herself and her lodger.

Madeline came, and like a hot wind passing over a sensitive plant, she withered up Hannah's cottage. She was young, and the beauty of her animal health was startling. She stood in Hannah's humble parlor in the noontide sunlight, straight as a young palm tree and beautiful in symmetry, a pulsing, tingling pulse of flesh and blood, colored like a pale pink peony. Hannah felt herself grow colder as she looked at her. Madeline's eyes were so blue that if you came into the garden and the water there it was her two gemmers fringed with black that caught your notice, and her childishly perfect teeth closed tight when she laughed, and her passionate lips quivered into smiles. Blue eyes such as Madeline's, and white young teeth alone can make a face provoking to the dullest sensibilities; when she introduced herself blushing for her own prettiness to the elderly party he crossed the white teeth in his heart and blamed the beauty of her eyes for he knew not what. And poor Hannah, whose eyes had had color in them once, with a growing numbness at her heart for her own plainness in contrast, followed the pink flower that moved so glibly about the house, giving her the best that lay in her power, marvelling at her cousin's beauty, which was after all principally the result of perfect health and a self-satisfied disposition.

Weeks passed into months, and Madeline had planted herself firmly in the house; Hannah could not turn her out, and she never suggested going, and never made any serious attempt to get work. Her orphan and penniless condition served her as a useful means of appealing to the sympathy of the "elderly party." As time went on, Hannah saw less and less of her lodger, and Madeline appropriated his study and laboratory, and it was bitterness and gall to Hannah to see her administer to him all the little attentions which she had been wont to perform, and the last straw was that Madeline talked as if she gave enough help to fully repay Hannah for her room and keep.

Hannah, with her heart smarting at the bitter injustice of things, could not tell her that she was day by day robbing her of all that made life bearable. Madeline had taken to using the "elderly party" study as her sitting room; it was more attractive than the prim parlor downstairs; and when Hannah was hard at work during the hot August days—days that made her look paler and plainer than ever, her cousin would sit reading a book with her feet up on the table of another—a pretty picture of ease and comfort. She never forgot to look up at intervals, with a cat-like something in her blue eyes and in her soft, purring voice, and say to her companion, "Don't you wash and come and sit down?" stopping frequently as she went, and when a woman is particularly busy, a man generally does think she is "fussing" and choosing to do something totally unnecessary, the "elderly party" came to look upon it as quite natural that Madeline should be his hourly companion, and that she should sit in an easy chair while Hannah, hot and weary in mind and body, should toil and strive for them both.

After Madeline had been with them three months Hannah's lodger came into a fortune. It was not a large one, but it would enable him to live in ease and comfort for the rest of his life. When Hannah heard the good news, what she dreaded most did not happen. He did not suggest moving into more luxurious lodgings; he seemed to consider his future in the old, but insalubrious room with its cot and window and old oak floor; but he bought more pretty plants and fresh hot house flowers, which Madeline now accepted with a bluish and prettiness that sent his blood coursing through his veins.

She knew that she had appealed at first sight to the human passion latent in the scholar, as Hannah had never done. Intellectually she was nothing to him, but for that she did not grieve. As an intellectual companion only, a woman has no actual power over a man's heart; but as a beautiful woman she can use him as it best suits her purpose. Hannah's lodger paid his money in advance now, and she felt as a mother feels when her son grows into manhood and passes out of her care. There was no need now to substitute new skirts for old ones, and the "elderly party" was coming to rest on her by remaining in his humble lodgings. Her self-sacrifices for her lodger's teacher were useless now. She comforted herself with the thought that he never treated Madeline as an intellectual companion, but she knew that he was more a man and less of a scholar when Madeline's blue eyes and bright head were lighting up the corner of his dark study.

One morning when Hannah was ironing, with the table piled high in well bleached linen, the "elderly party" came into the kitchen with Madeline. He walked straight up to where Hannah stood, with her hot face bent over the steaming shirt, and drew Madeline forward.

"Hannah, your cousin has promised to marry me. She is young and beautiful, and I am only a plain scholar, but I will do my best to make her a good husband."

As if it had been thrust through her body with the point of a bayonet each word went to Hannah's heart. It ceased beating. Madeline, of course, knew why her cousin had so suddenly fainted, and the poor little bit of triumph made her heart beat quicker, but when she looked up at her lover his face was pale with fear. She saw a look of agony in his eyes as he turned to her for help, which told her that she did not possess the heart of the scholar so completely as she thought, and the vixen in her was roused.

"Oh, you need not be so alarmed; she has fainted through sheer jealousy."

For one moment she stood transfixed; all that he had been blind to for years was made plain to him now, and in that moment he recognized the heartlessness of the woman he had proposed to only ten minutes ago.

"Are you a woman to tell a woman's secret and make light of it?"

Madeline was frightened at the look of scorn and contempt in his eyes, which had always looked at her so gently. She stood at bay, and watched his trembling hands sprinkle Hannah's face with the cold water she had used for sprinkling the linen. It was kept in a small white bowl on the ironing table.

"I've not said anything [that the whole village does not know, Arabella included, that Hannah Fletcher has been waiting to marry her lodger for the last ten years."

"Then I'll marry her now. I love her, I tell you." He chafed the pale cheeks, and rubbed the thin hands. "I've always loved her. Oh, what a selfish fool I have been."

"You loved me but ten minutes ago. For a simple scholar you are wonderfully quick at lore."

"Ten minutes ago I did not know that it was Hannah I loved as a man ought to love the woman he marries. Your beauty deceived me into believing that I loved you. I had not given a thought to love until you came. I ask your forgiveness."

"Gears, they were always ready, came into her blue eyes at the harsh words he had spoken, but she knew that they were true. She had no love for the grave and elderly scholar; he was to be her refuge from work, and she loved ease. She stood for a moment or two and watched returning consciousness quiver over Hannah's pale face, and then she turned to go.

"After all, Hannah is growing old, and she has been good to me; I will not rob her of her elderly lover."

A lover was waiting for Madeline half a mile on the village road, and a provision dealer, and Madeline would have preferred being the wife of a scholar.—The Queen.

Origin of the Marine Band.

A naval officer, who has the history of the service at his tongue's end, says that the Marine Band owes its existence to the eccentricities of one Captain McNeil, who was a gallant if peculiar officer of the United States Navy at the beginning of this century. The story goes that Captain McNeil, when in command of the Boston, off the coast of Sicily, engaged a band belonging to a regiment quartered at Messina to play on his ship, and that when it was safely aboard he sailed away with it to America, and so the Marine Band was acquired.

What became of this band is not written, but later, just before the War of 1812, another naval officer, of reckless and venturesome spirit, when cruising along the coast of Italy, sent a boat's crew ashore with instructions to impress a band of strolling musicians as American seamen. This was done, and the poor stolen Italians were brought under the protection of the humor of this escapade and ordered the musicians returned to their own country. They were, accordingly, placed on a man-of-war bound for the Mediterranean, but on the way out this vessel met and captured a British warship, and, having to return with the prize, brought the men back to New York with her. This victory, perhaps, inspired the Italians with admiration for the services, for it seems they abandoned the idea of returning home, enlisted shortly afterward, and subsequently were formed into the Marine Band. There is no doubt some truth in this story, although it is not much more than a tradition, for the early records of the band show on its rolls the names of thirteen Italian musicians. Its personnel to-day is almost evenly divided between Germans and Italians, but its leaders have been, with a few exceptions, Italian or of Italian descent.—New York Tribune.

A Tribe of Tailed Men.

Nature evidently receives with much hesitation the story told in respect to a tribe of tailed men. According to the story, six years ago, in the course of a visit to the Indo-Chinese region, M. Paul d'Enjoy captured an individual of the Moï race, who had climbed a large tree to gather honey. In descending he applied the sole of his feet to the bark; in fact, he climbed like a monkey. To the surprise of the author and his Annamite companions, their prisoner had a caudal appendage. He conversed with them, swaggered in his savage pride, and showed that he was more wily than a Mongolian, which, as the author adds, however, a very different matter. M. d'Enjoy saw the common dwelling of the tribe to which this man belonged; but the other people had fled. It consisted of a long, narrow, tunnel-like hut made of dry leaves. Several polished stones, bamboo pipes, copper bracelets and bead necklaces were found inside; these had doubtless been obtained from the Annamites of the frontier. The Moï used barbed arrows which are coated with the juice of a very virulent poison. The tail is not their only peculiarity. All the Moï whom M. d'Enjoy has seen in the settlements have very accentuated ankle bones, looking like the spurs of a cock. All the neighboring nations treat them as brutes, and destroy these remarkable people who, the author believes, to have occupied the whole Indo-Chinese Peninsula.—New York Independent.

High Prices for Bibles.

The book sale at Scribner's, London, which, thirteen signed, was from George Washington to Arthur Young, the auctioneer, dated from 1786 to 1793, on farming in America, were auctioned for \$2350, attracted attention on account of the high prices reached.

Three leaves from Franklin's letter-book, containing copies of eleven letters, addressed to Dr. Rush and Sweden. Spain mines a great deal of iron ore, but she ships the most of it to England. I heard of big undeveloped iron mines in China during my stay there, and there are some good mines in Mexico and Central America. There is one iron mine in Cuba, and you find small beds scattered through the West India Islands. The great bulk of the product of this hemisphere, however, comes from the United States, and, as I have said, the indications are that our resources have not yet been touched.

The furnaces at Bessemer are within a half mile of the mines from which the iron is taken out. In company with one of the superintendents of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company I

visited them. We rode up to the mouth of the mine in a carriage, winding our way up a little range of mountains, the sides of which were covered with terra cotta stones. I picked up one of the stones and found it exceedingly heavy, and was told that it was iron ore. The iron lies right on the surface of the ground. They begin on the vein and work right down into the mountain, taking out nothing but iron. Deposits of this kind extend through the mountains of the region, and it is a wonder that they were not developed long ago. I was told that iron mines were worked there during the late war and that the Confederate Government got a large part of its coal and iron from that region. From time to time Northern capitalists were asked to invest in the mines, but they would not believe the stories that were told them.

One man who owned some of the most valuable iron territory of Alabama called upon Abram S. Hewitt, who has made a fortune out of iron, and who has big iron interests to-day. He showed Hewitt the ore, and told him it lay there in Alabama on the top of the ground and could be had for the picking up. Hewitt replied that he had no money to invest at present, and he evidently did not believe the man's story.

"Why," said he, "we people here in New York look upon iron as so much gold, and you can hardly make me believe that you people have lumps of gold laying around down South and that no one has yet picked them up. If your story is true I advise you to take several New York experts to the South and get them to swear to what they see before you try to place such property in New York."

It was some time after this before the Alabama mining boom began. A great deal of this was on paper, but the foundation upon which the iron mines are as valuable to-day as they were ten years ago. They are now all owned by big corporations, and they are being developed after the best business principles. The mine which we entered was worked with compressed air drills. The cars were hauled up and down an inclined railway by steam, and hundreds of sooty

IRON-MAKING.

VALUABLE AND GROWING INDUSTRY IN THE SOUTH.

Wonderful Development of Alabama Iron Mines—Story of the Iron Boom—A Visit to a Big Mine.

A WONDERFUL development is going on in iron-making in the South. I spent some time in Birmingham, which city is the biggest iron producer south of Pittsburgh, writes Frank G. Carpenter in the Chicago Times Herald. There are twenty-six iron furnaces within thirty miles of the town, with a daily output of almost 4000 tons of pig iron. They employ nearly 4000 men, and pay wages of \$150,000 a month. They claim to make iron cheaper than anywhere else in the world, and one of the furnace companies shipped some of its product not long ago to London and sold it there at a profit.

The South is doing its business on a big, broad scale. There is an enormous amount of money invested. The Tennessee Coal and Iron Company has itself a capital stock of \$21,000,000. It has mines scattered throughout Tennessee and Alabama, and I am told that its property is worth as much as some of the small European kingdoms. It has a vast area of coal beds, and is now mining more than 17,000 tons of coal a day. It owns mountains of iron ore, and last year it produced more than 500,000 tons of pig iron and more than 3,500,000 tons of coal. I visited its coke ovens at the town of Bessemer, south of Birmingham, and was told that the ovens there, together with the others owned by Alabama, make almost 5000 tons of coke a day, while out of its Alabama iron mines alone are daily taken more than 6000 tons of ore. This is perhaps the biggest company of the South, but there are other large establishments, and an enormous industrial development may be expected there within the next few years.

The coal and iron of the South are fairly hugging each other. They lie side by side, and when their marriage takes place in the furnaces with the aid of the fleecy bridal veil of limestone, which is also found near by, they can produce industrial children in the shape of iron and steel more cheaply than their kind in any other portion of the world.

There is no doubt that we are to furnish the greater part of the iron for the world in the future. We have bigger ore beds than any other country, and our coal fields are practically inexhaustible. There is enough coal in Alabama to do all the manufacturing of the United States for many years to come. I was told at Bessemer that the available coal of Alabama alone, if it could be put into a lump, would make a solid chunk seventy miles long by sixty miles broad and ten feet thick. Such a lump would, it is estimated, furnish 10,000 tons of coal a day for more than 11,000 years, or 1,000,000 tons a day for 115 years. But Alabama has only a small amount of the great Appalachian coal fields. These fields extend themselves in Alabama. They run from there northward a distance, it is said, of about 900 miles, and they are from thirty to about 180 miles wide. They furnish about two-thirds of our bituminous

ware at an average of twenty-four feet. It is a great sandwich of iron ore between walls of slate and rock. It dips down into the ground at an angle of about thirty-five degrees.

I could hear the boom! boom! of the blasting powder as I went through the mine. At times the air shook and quivered with the concussion, and our candles were blown out. Dynamite is used almost together in iron mining, and the danger is very great if it is not carefully handled. Every now and then accidents occur in the mines. Men are torn to pieces, the walls fall in, and there is great loss of life.

Leaving the mine, I next went to one of the great furnaces at the foot of Red Mountain, where the ore is turned into pig iron. Iron, you know, never occurs pure in a state of nature. The ore of the Red Mountain, which is used at the Bessemer furnaces, contains only about forty-eight per cent of iron, and the superintendent told me that the purest iron stone found anywhere contains only seventy per cent of iron. The rest is made up of rock and other minerals, and it is necessary to separate the iron before it can be used for manufactures. This process is known as making pig iron. The iron is mixed with limestone and coke in great furnaces, which are, I judge, as high as a six-story house. The furnaces are filled with alternate layers of coke, limestone and iron. It is blown through a blast to furnish enough heat for such a furnace, and the blast is created by immense engines, which force the air first through what are perhaps the biggest stoves of the world. They are immense tubes, many feet high, and as big around as a city gas tank. They are lined with firebrick and are heated by the gas which comes from the furnaces. The air is made to pass through these enormous stoves before it goes to the blast and produces a heat so intense that the iron and steel machinery of the furnace would not last a minute were not every bit of it enveloped in water. All of the pipes are incased in other pipes which are kept full of cold flowing water, and this water is forced about the outside of the furnace whenever smelting is going on. The heat is so great that the iron is melted in a very short time. It is drawn off from each furnace twice a day.

It flows out at the foot in a little stream in a golden stream into a river of gold. The stream looks like molten gold alloyed with copper until it gets a distance of perhaps twenty feet away from the furnace. Here it is divided into two streams. The iron flows one way and the slag or refuse, which has formed a scum and floats on the top, is carried off in another. The iron is now of a yellow gold color. It seems to have lost its reddish tint. It runs in a golden stream into a bed of sand, in which little holes have been cut or milled, so that it looks for all the world like a garden patch ready for planting. These holes are of just the size and shape of what is known as an iron pig. They are about as big around as the upper arm of a good-sized man and about three feet long. The yellow stream finds its way in through them and soon the garden is full of these bright yellow pigs, which turn to a copper tint as they cool and then change to the gray color of cold pig iron. As the metal is cooling the heat waves dance over the garden patch of hot iron, and you have to hold your hat before your face to keep from being scorched. After the pigs are cooled they are piled up and ready to be shipped to different parts

of the United States for use in manufacturing. The slag goes to waste. It runs off into a great iron pot fastened on car wheels, and is wheeled on a

railroad track some distance away and emptied out on the slag heap. There are mountains of such slag near every great furnace, and the invention has yet to be made which will turn it into any other uses than that of ballast-railroads.

We lead the world not only in the production of iron, but also in the making of pig iron. We made 10,000,000 tons in 1892, which was an increase of more than 1000 per cent over the product of 1865. Since that time we have increased our steel product 360 times, and we are now making enough steel every year to give every man, woman and child in the United States 140 pounds, and have some to spare. Some of our pig iron which was lately sent to England, I am told, was sold for less than \$7 a ton. We made pig iron at the time of the Revolution, which was worth \$50 a ton, and we are making steel now, it is said, almost as cheaply as a good class of iron.

It is wonderful how iron increases the value after it is turned into machinery or articles of use by the people. You get some idea of what labor is worth when you think of it. It is estimated by Carroll D. Wright, of the Labor Bureau, for instance, that seventy-five cents' worth of common iron ore when turned into bar iron is worth \$5. If you make it into horse shoes it is worth \$10, or if into table knives, \$180. Seventy-five cents' worth of ore manufactured into needles is worth \$6800, and when made into buttons more than \$22,000. If the iron is converted into watch springs its value is almost ten times as great, and when turned into hair springs your seventy-five cents' worth of iron ore will sell for the enormous sum of \$400,000. The difference between seventy-five cents and

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known as the New Ragnickers' row, located in the rear of the three tenements at Nos. 166, 168 and 170 Mulberry street. These houses are each but five stories in height, yet some 700 people live in them, including 350 ragpickers, who employ four or five men and women each to do the work. Mother Carpio would be the greatest boss of them all, but she prefers to go out each day and gather her own riches.

Two rooms are an unusual luxury for a ragpicker, but this is Mother Carpio's only extravagance. Besides, she has a nephew, Antonio Bonaccio, a born in New York city, and is more of an American than an Italian. His neighbors say that he would like to be a sport, but he is a sensible young man and he picks rags all day. His old aunt thinks he is a fine young man, who loves his calling, and every cent of her money will go to him when she dies. When that happens Tony will lay aside his bag, his boots, his ragged clothes, his industry and parsimony and enjoy the world as a young man with an income of \$3000 a year generally does.

It may seem remarkable that Mother Carpio should accumulate so much money in such a humble calling, but when the secrets of the trade are known it will be seen that the profits were large. They are not large to-day. The golden times of the ragpicker are past, because the city sells the privilege of sorting over the refuse to great contractors, and the business is worth half a million a year.

A ragpicker does not pick for rags only, but for everything, from champagne corks and pieces of fat to bundles of love letters, false teeth, artificial eyes, birds, dolls, toys, musical instruments, medicine bottles, cork legs, shoes and clothing, wigs, bits of ribbon and string, all of course, more or less used.

Mother Carpio, it is said, has found everything in her long career but a coffin. She found a skeleton one day, and at another time a human leg on which some young medical student had been operating. She sold the skeleton, but the leg was a loss. She has found money, checks, legal papers, private letters, diamonds and jewelry. She is an honest old woman, and she returned all these, but with true commercial instinct always insisted upon a reward.

In the old days she often made as much as \$20 a day, but now \$2 is considered a great day's work, and \$1 is a trifle more than the average. Her neighbors say that it she did not make a penny she would go over her route each day, as it would kill her if she had to stop.

Census of the Animal Kingdom.

The editors of the Zoological Record have recently drawn up a table that indicates approximately the number of the living species of animals. The following are the figures given: Mammals, 2500; reptiles and batrachians, 440; tunicata, 900; brachiopods, 150; crustaceans, 20,000; myriapods, 300; echinoderms, 3000; celenterata, 2000; protozoans, 6100; birds, 12,500; fishes, 12,000; mollusks, 50,000; bryozoans, 1800; arachnids, 10,000; insects, 230,000; vermifer, 6150; sponges, 1500. General total, 366,000 distinct species.

The tallest trees are to be found in the State forest of Victoria, Australia.

Johnnie—"Grandpa, what did Washington's father do after he cut the cherry tree?"

Grandpa—"Well, I dunno. Guess he made some cough syrup out of 't' bark."—New York Herald.

RICHES IN REFUSE.

THE QUEEN OF GOTTHAM'S RAG-PICKERS IS WORTH \$100,000.

Eats Two Meals a Day and Has Acquired a Big Fortune in Looking Over Metropolitan Ash Barrels.



THE DANGERS OF MINING.

MOTHER Carpio, for forty-five years has been raking over the ash barrels of the metropolis. To-day, according to a Picasay correspondent, she has at the very least \$100,000, and every penny of it is drawing interest at four per cent.

Mother Carpio never touches a cent of the income, except to reinvest it. She works as regularly now as she ever did, giving fifteen hours a day, from 2 o'clock in the morning to 5 o'clock in the evening, to her beloved task. Ragnicking is her delight. She could not pass an ash barrel without poking her scrawny, dirty fingers into the mass of rubbish if her life depended on it.

She came to this country when she was twenty years old. She is sixty-five now, and at one time, perhaps, she was pretty and pleasant to look upon. Italian girls, in the first blush of womanhood, are generally attractive, but if Mother Carpio was ever young and handsome, Father Time has wrought some wonderful changes. The word of her neighbors is the authority for her being sixty-five years old. She looks as if her years ought to be 165. Molded with a fist, chiseled with a pickaxe, describes the physiognomy of this wonderful old woman better than anything else.

She has only one or two teeth left, but her principal meal of the day consists of a pound of raw meat between two hard slices of bread. When she feels like treating herself she adds a raw onion to this banquet. She always dines thus at 4 o'clock in the afternoon on her return home with her bag of treasures, sorted from the ash barrels on her route. Then she spends a happy hour sorting the stuff over. At 5 o'clock she goes to bed and gets up at 1:30 a. m., so as to be sure to have the first pickings. She eats something before going out at 2 o'clock, and unless the barrels yield some dainty morsel attractive to her peculiar palate she does not touch food until 4 in the afternoon.

Mother Carpio cannot weigh more than ninety-five or 100 pounds, but she has a reputation for being worth

known as the New Ragnickers' row, located in the rear of the three tenements at Nos. 166, 168 and 170 Mulberry street. These houses are each but five stories in height, yet some 700 people live in them, including 350 ragpickers, who employ four or five men and women each to do the work. Mother Carpio would be the greatest boss of them all, but she prefers to go out each day and gather her own riches.

Two rooms are an unusual luxury for a ragpicker, but this is Mother Carpio's only extravagance. Besides, she has a nephew, Antonio Bonaccio, a born in New York city, and is more of an American than an Italian. His neighbors say that he would like to be a sport, but he is a sensible young man and he picks rags all day. His old aunt thinks he is a fine young man, who loves his calling, and every cent of her money will go to him when she dies. When that happens Tony will lay aside his bag, his boots, his ragged clothes, his industry and parsimony and enjoy the world as a young man with an income of \$3000 a year generally does.

It may seem remarkable that Mother Carpio should accumulate so much money in such a humble calling, but when the secrets of the trade are known it will be seen that the profits were large. They are not large to-day. The golden times of the ragpicker are past, because the city sells the privilege of sorting over the refuse to great contractors, and the business is worth half a million a year.

A ragpicker does not pick for rags only, but for everything, from champagne corks and pieces of fat to bundles of love letters, false teeth, artificial eyes, birds, dolls, toys, musical instruments, medicine bottles, cork legs, shoes and clothing, wigs, bits of ribbon and string, all of course, more or less used.

Mother Carpio, it is said, has found everything in her long career but a coffin. She found a skeleton one day, and at another time a human leg on which some young medical student had been operating. She sold the skeleton, but the leg was a loss. She has found money, checks, legal papers, private letters, diamonds and jewelry. She is an honest old woman, and she returned all these, but with true commercial instinct always insisted upon a reward.

In the old days she often made as much as \$20 a day, but now \$2 is considered a great day's work, and \$1 is a trifle more than the average. Her neighbors say that it she did not make a penny she would go over her route each day, as it would kill her if she had to stop.

A Great Find.

One of the greatest finds of treasure ever known was that of a Russian in the village of Starogorski. The man was a resident on the estate of Prince Ostersky, whose ancestors were plundered and expelled from their possessions by the Tartars. The treasure was probably secreted by the family at the time. The man had been given a horse somehow or another, and he worked on a farm before finding any gold. At last he came across twelve large boxes filled with very ancient coins of fine gold, besides enormous other articles of great value. The total value of the find was given at 17,000,000 rubles, two-thirds of which went to the State and one-third to the finder, making his share about \$3,000,000.

Buried in a Winding Sheet.

John Mauck, a pioneer of Washington, who cast his first vote for Jackson, died on the day before Christmas at Oakdale, in that State, at the age of ninety-three, and left directions that his body be wrapped in a winding sheet and put in a plain pine coffin, as had been the usual way in his early life.—New York Sun.

Practical.

Johnnie—"Grandpa, what did Washington's father do after he cut the cherry tree?"

Grandpa—"Well, I dunno. Guess he made some cough syrup out of 't' bark."—New York Herald.



THE DANGERS OF MINING.

MOTHERS READ THIS.

The Best Remedy.

For Flatulent Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Nausea, Coughs, Cholera Infantum, Teething Children, Cholera Morbus, Unnatural Drains from the Bowels, Faints, Griping, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion and All Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.

PITT'S CARMINATIVE is the standard. It carries children over the critical period of teething and is recommended by physicians as a friend of Mother. Adults gain Appetite, Indigestion and All Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels.

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HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

HEATING SAUCE DISHES.

Cold gravies and tepid sauces need no longer distress those who like these things "piping hot." A sauce that has been made on the principle of the chafing dish and the table-top, standing in a wire frame over a spirit lamp.