

OLD LIVELIHOODS.

Earning an Existence in Queer and Original Ways.

A Unique Character Who Buys Left Over Washing.

The ever-increasing energy necessary to keep the wolf from the door in these times of pushing, jostling competition has driven many of the rank and file of life to capture the floating dollar in queer and original ways. It occurred to one genius recently that there might be a profitable trade done through purchasing the left-over linen from Chinese laundrymen and disposing of it to indigent individuals who retain a lingering amount of self-respect and a weakness for a clean shirt. The man to whom the idea came has been making a steady living since at his unique business, and already has a competitor in the field.

In almost every Chinese laundry there is an accumulation of linen, left there for the most part by persons who forget to call for it, and in some instances through the loss of the ticket and the consequent hopelessness of identifying the owner. This left-over linen the individual referred to makes a bid for, gets, usually at his own price, and retails at a handsome profit.

Another queer way of getting a living is that pursued by a man on the East River front, who is known from Cherry Hill to Corlear's Hook as "The Grappler." In the summer time, when the piers and stringpieces are crowded with sweltering humanity from the east side tenement houses, it is a common thing for some unfortunate to topple over into the water and be drowned before help arrives. The body is usually washed around by the tides and eddies on the pier front and cannot be located without a careful search by an experienced hand.

"The Grappler" is usually sent for by the sorrowing relatives, and he strikes a bargain to recover the body for so much money. The price usually paid him is \$25. Then, armed with tools of his own invention, "The Grappler" launches his boat, makes a careful study of the spot where the body disappeared, draws his own conclusions as to the whereabouts of the drowned from a life-long study of the ways of East River waters, and then begins to grapple. Sometimes a body will be brought to the surface within half an hour. At other times the work has to be carried on patiently for days and weeks before the grappling irons catch the remains. In some instances the grappler has failed to find the body and has thrown up his contract. As a rule, however, his gruesome task is successfully accomplished. When not searching for bodies, "The Grappler" fills out his time fishing for anything he can get. He catches all sorts of flotsam and jetsam, that he turns into cash. Old rope, lost anchors, chains, rusty iron and other deposits of the river bed are all worth money to him. "The Grappler" says business is not flourishing now. He succeeded to his peculiar calling through his father, who taught him the business in the days when grappling paid, and he cannot turn his hand to anything else at this late date.

One of the remarkable band of jump followers that hovers on the outskirts of Wall street's speculating crowd is Billy the Goose, an ex-stool pigeon of the police, who is credited with earning a weekly sum in a variety of ways. Billy is usually seen holding in his arms a pyramid of cast-off hats, which he sells for anything they will fetch. These transactions are all clear profit to Billy for he gets the hats as gifts from the brokers of the neighborhood who have purchased new ones. Billy also loans money at exorbitant rates of interest to impecunious messenger boys, and makes a large profit in this manner. Then he acts as the broker on commission to men who wish to speculate in the bucket shop, but who do not care to be seen in this low strata of Wall street society. Every one in the street knows Billy, and if he were to announce that he had accumulated a fortune and was about to retire from business, no one would be at all surprised.—New York Recorder.

A Japanese Hostelry.

When one enters a Japanese hotel, far away from a treaty port, he passes through the spotless kitchen, where landlord, cook and waitress all salute him with, "You have come with honorable earliness." Here, too, his departure is hailed with, "Please return with august earliness." The food prepared in the clean kitchen, however, the traveler will not like. Especially will he miss the meat to which he is accustomed, unless he is near the sea when an abundance of fish will be served.

Tourists often, perhaps usually, take with them knives, forks, spoons, bread and canned meat. At the hotel they find neither these, nor chairs, nor tables, nor milk nor coffee, or beds. Nor will he, unless the hotel is very small, find quiet.

Fish, rice, oily bulbs, boiled chestnuts and other articles of the sort disposed of, the evening draws on and the bath is ready. This is in nearly the most public view, and filled with boiling hot water. The first use belongs as a matter of honor, to the most distinguished guest, though he is bound to protest that someone else should precede him. And then the whole household use the bath in turn. Next morning there are again the fish, the rice and the queer vegetables. No coffee, no bread, plenty of tea, no milk.—Home Queen.

Revival of the Husking Bee.

One of the most gratifying things in this much-shouted, long-drawn-out end of the century is the revival of the husking bee. The barn party has struggled hard to get the better of it. "Barn party"—incongruous name—brings to mind a floor nicely polished for dancing to the music of the city orchestra, with no trace of hay or straw, and the horses resting in roomy stalls. "Barn party" belongs to the city village, and marks a weak attempt to bring together the old and the new.

In "husking bee" there is the odor of the breath of cattle, the light of the jack o' lantern, the warmth of the summer sun stowed away in the mows, the dancing of bright eyes, the laughter of red-cheeked girls, the gurgle of the cider jug and withal the itching from the rye beards that make dust on the rough board floor. "Husking bees" belong to the country cross roads and beyond. We know there is a revival of them, because almost every one of our exchanges mentions them in its correspondence, but, unfortunately, not enough attention has been given to them in print to make a boom. The nearest to it was when it was written of a bee over in East Hartford that it was decided to call all the ears red ears, and "the girls liked it."—Hartford Courant.

An Oklahoma Contest.

Clara George and Albert Jones were claimants for the one quarter-section of land on the Arkansas river, north of Perry, Oklahoma. For two years they had been quarreling and even fighting over this excellent tract of bottom land. Both built humble cabins and have lived on the land for two years. Some weeks ago Jones was taken down with fever. Miss George was informed of her neighbor's illness, and ventured to his lonely hut to see him. Her heart was touched at his afflictions and she remained a while with him. All of Jones' neighbors left him, and Miss George's tender heart compelled her to remain and administer to the wants of her contestant. She remained for weeks, and when Jones got better he proposed to Miss George to divide the claim and quit quarreling, and to this Miss George agreed. When Jones got up from his bed he proposed that they marry and enjoy the claim together. This was agreed to, and the couple were married.—Kansas City Times.

What One Woman Would Do.

"Ezra," said Mrs. Billtops to her husband, "do you know what I think about it?" "No, Elizabeth," said Mr. Billtops. "What do you think about it?" "If I could lick the English without shedding blood," said Mrs. Billtops, "oh, how I would go in for fight!"—New York Sun.

The hot springs in the Yellowstone Park cover an area, all together, of nearly 4,000 square miles.

APACHE SCOUTS.

An Arizona Tribe in The United States Service.

They are Invaluable in Subduing Indian Uprisings.

The Apache reservation in the eastern part of Arizona contains the first successful showing of disciplined Indians employed as a body of fighting men by the United States Government, the White Mountain Apache scouts.

The United States has called into requisition the services of some 300 trained Indians, who have within the last five years proven invaluable in subduing uprisings in different Indian reservations. At various times the Government has employed special Indian police, and individual Indians have served in the army on important scouting duty, but the utilization of the good part of a whole tribe, trained to modern arms and tactics is a comparatively new departure. Aside from the Apaches, the only other instance on record is that of two companies of Sioux Indians attached to the United States Army post at Salt Lake City.

The Apaches are one of the most barbarous and warlike Indian tribes in North America and until recently have not been amenable to the influence of civilization. They are related to the great Shoshone or Pacific Coast Indians, a branch whose treachery and cruelty are traditionally famous among all Western Indians. The Apaches are at present divided into the White Mountain Apaches and the Mescaleros. The latter tribe, now headed by the treacherous old San Juan, was formerly a band of desperadoes, led by the well-known Geronimo and the Apache "Kid." The Apaches are a naturally vicious people, and while they are capable of receiving a moderate degree of education, are totally unfit afterward for any other pursuit than wandering over the plains in armed bands. Even under a thorough military education they are unable to fight other than in their own methods of warfare. They learn the manual of arms and field maneuvers without any difficulty and are drilled to fire by platoons, but when it comes to the actual fighting they can operate to greater advantage if left to their own devices and inherent trickery.

Their usual dress is a native woven cotton cloth shirt and turban to match, close-fitting "pants" and buckskin boots. In fighting trim they discard everything but the turban, boots and a loin cloth. Thus costumed and equipped, with a repeating rifle and cartridge belt, they make a desperate and dangerous antagonist. The Territory of Arizona contains stretches of the most unproductive soil in the country, but the Apaches, muscular of limb and hardy by nature, thrive under its semi-tropical sun. An Apache's powers of endurance are phenomenal. They have been known to go two whole days, running, fighting and retreating, without tasting a mouthful of food or a drop of water. A band of 1,000 Apaches could wear the life out of an ordinary army in a month. They fight in squads of twenty or thirty, scattered out over the plains and concealing themselves behind a small stone or clump of sage brush that would scarcely hide a child. They can shoot right or left handed, either in a crouching attitude, rolled up into a ball or stretched flat in a shallow "arroyo," a ditch washed out of the soil during the rainy season.

From this ambushade they make for the foothills, where they ensconce themselves in gulches and fire on their pursuers with deadly effect. They are as fleet of foot as a broncho, being able to outwind a horse over the parched plains. Apache messengers between government stations frequently cover a distance of twenty-five miles in less than three hours, and know how to elude the terrific sandstorms that sweep the desert tracts in the vicinity of the Gila mountains. In mountain climbing they are like chamois, jumping from ledge to ledge with the greatest ease and agility and scaling precipitous walls on the most delicate footing. When riding horseback they almost become a part of the animal, crawling around its body

and firing while they hang on one side in true Indian fashion. The Apache scouts are especially dreaded by the Navajos, Yumas and the Maricopas, whose outbreaks they are occasionally called on to subdue, and who know them of old from the pillaging expeditions for which the Apaches are famous.

The Apache reservation is about 250 miles from the Mexican boundary line. As they are continually at war with their neighbors or among themselves, it is difficult to estimate their numbers, but it is known to be between 5,000 and 7,000. They speak the Spanish language almost universally, and display all the undesirable qualities of the North American Shoshone in close admixture with the blood of the Mexican Indian.

Life Without Bodily Exercise.

The Rev. Wm. Davis, rector of Staunton-upon-Wye, and vicar of All Saints, Hereford, died 1790, aged 105. The life of this gentleman displays the most extraordinary instance of departure from all those rules of temperance and exercise which so much influence the lives of the mass of mankind than is probably to be found in the whole records of longevity. During the last 35 years of his life he never used any other exercise than that of slipping his feet, one before the other, from room to room, and they never after that were raised but to go down or up stairs, a task, however, to which he seldom subjected himself. His breakfast was hearty, consisting of hot rolls well buttered, with a plentiful supply of tea or coffee. His dinner was substantial and frequently consisted of a variety of dishes. At supper he generally ate hot roast meat, though never to excess. Though nearly blind for a number of years, he was always cheerful in his manners and entertaining in his conversation. He had neither gout, stone, paralysis, rheumatism, nor any of those disagreeable infirmities which mostly attend old age, but died peaceable in full possession of all his faculties, mental and corporeal, save his eyesight. Like most long livers, he was very short.—San Francisco Examiner.

The Red Sea Miracle Reproduced.

It is a well-known fact that at certain times of the year Litak River, a stream a mile and a quarter long, which connects the great water systems above and below this point, becomes almost dry. This state of affairs, however, lasts, as a rule, but a few hours, during which time people have been known to walk across the river, 300 feet wide, without getting their feet wet. The bottom of the river has been dug out in many places by the action of the water, forming large pot holes, and when the river becomes dry these holes are filled with trout, which are left stranded. At such times it is a common occurrence to see men and boys knocking the fish on the head with clubs, and in this way they secure many a good meal.

There are many traditions regarding this phenomenon among the Indians here, but the real cause of the low water in the river is the action of the wind. The course of the stream is southeast, and the high winds which prevail in the spring and fall are from the south, and blow up the river. The outlet from the upper lake being small, the force of the wind keeps the water back in the big lake, causing the river to become very low.—Klamath Falls Express.

Oil Prospectors on The Jordan.

According to consular reports, it is the intention of the Turkish authorities, at Jerusalem, to establish a steamship line on the Dead sea. The existence of asphalt in that region has been ascertained and it is supposed that petroleum will be found also. A rational development of the Jordan Valley from Lake Tiberias down, and especially the opening up of the rich mineral resources of the Dead sea basin is considered a very profitable undertaking, for which, however, foreign capital will hardly be found, as the legal status of property holders in those regions is very unsafe.—Scientific American.

Attractive.

"Is she pretty?" "No, but she has a prepossessing bank account."—Puck.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.—Hugo.

Those whose whole mind is upon riches recede in general from real happiness in proportion as their stores increase.—Burton.

Honest instinct comes a volunteer, sure never to overshoot, but just to hit, while still too wide or short of human wit.—Pope.

It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.—Johnson.

No earnest thinker will borrow from others that which he has not already, more or less, thought out for himself.—Charles Kingsley.

True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you love to be treated yourself.—Chesterfield.

Despair is the offspring of fear, of laziness and impatience; it argues a defect of spirit and resolution, and often of honesty, too.—Collier.

There are braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for what is loud and senseless talking and swearing any other than braying?—L'Estrange.

Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved.—Marcus Antonina.

A Strange Story.

Good material for a novel may be found in a tale which comes from Hope, Stille county, this state. Miss Ellen Norman, living near there, was engaged to be married to George Thompson, a prosperous young farmer, but her parents were strongly opposed to the match. In October, 1894, the girl was taken ill; October 24 she died, at least the doctors pronounced her dead, after subjecting her to numerous tests. The funeral was set for October 25. The body was kept over night in the Norman house. The only watcher was Mr. Thompson, who declared that he was not afraid of the disease, whatever it was. It was due to his watching that the young woman is alive today.

Thompson removed the lid of the coffin in order to gaze once more upon the face of his fiancée. He was surprised to see the chest of the body rise in the casket rise and fall in a spasmodic way, as though the girl was gasping for breath. He wrapped the rigid form in a blanket, carried it to his house, returned to the Norman house, made up a dummy and closed the coffin. This was buried.

After Miss Norman had been carried to the Thompson residence and a doctor summoned who worked over her for several hours, it became evident that she was simply in a trance. She remained delirious for several days. As she became stronger all was explained to her. About the middle of December Miss Norman was spirited away from Hope by Dr. Mullian and Mr. Thompson and since that time she has been traveling in the south and west, where she has fully regained her health.

The other day she returned to Hope as the bride of Thompson, the old folks were apprised of her being alive and well, the fatted calf and several other farm animals were killed, and they will doubtless live happily ever afterward.—Bismarck, North Dakota, Tribune.

Brigands' Treasure Found in a Cave.

About forty years ago a wagon train loaded with valuable goods and about \$80,000 in gold and silver coin, enroute from the City of Mexico to the United States, was attacked near Bincon, Mexico, by a band of brigands and all the members of the wagon train were killed and the booty seized. The robbers were over overtaken a few days later by a detachment of soldiers and all were killed. The money and stores had been secreted by the outlaws and could not be found. Rafael Villegas was prospecting for mineral ten miles south of Bincon, when he came upon the entrance to a cave. He explored the cave, and found several sacks filled with the money taken by the exterminated band of robbers.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.