

FINDERS AND KEEPERS.

THE PERQUISITES OF THE RAG-PICKER'S PROFESSION.

A Quaint Trade—that Deals with the Flotsam and Jetsam of a Great City—What the World Loses and What the World Finds.

HE carelessness and extravagance of residents of large cities have given rise to a new industry during the past few years, and no better name has been found to designate the followers of this modern vocation than that of "finders." What is a "finder?" You would propound the query indefinitely among the higher ranks of society without obtaining a satisfactory answer, but the reporter or policeman, the average man about town, generally know some-



A RAG-PICKER.

thing of this new and strange class, which probably came into existence in the guise of an indigent tramp or beggar, and has been recruited since from the ranks of ragpickers, garbage-collectors, and the like, until, in a city like Chicago, many thousands make the



CITY DUMPING GROUND.

"finding" business a part of their daily labor.

A finder is a seeker, and a seeker a man who finds. Finds what? A living. Where? In the dust-heap, in the garbage-box, along the streets above the surface, under the surface—on the water and under the water. Keen eyes, quick hands, a knowledge of trivial values, a further knowledge of the laws of flotsam and jetsam, all the requisites to success in this unique calling, and precocious children, shrewd peddlers, professional junkmen, and vagrants generally comprised the bulk of the class.

At first, the finder began business on



A RICH FIND.

the beach at fashionable watering places. The action of the tide played strange freaks with the valuable stray coins and general articles dropped, thrown away, or lost by frequenters of the sandy shore. What yesterday covered up to-day unearthed, and one professional claimed to have ended a season of keen picking in the sand several hundreds of dollars ahead. The business then spread to the large Eastern cities. At the first break of day the various finders would pursue various routes. Here would be a package dropped from some swift wagon in the darkness, maybe only a whip, a strap, a blanket, a cushion, a milk-can cover, a bag of oats; but all was fish that came to the finder's net, and occasionally a freight or express parcel, a fine silk hat, an overcoat, a pocket-book, a watch, a revolver would reward his vigilance. The gutters were carefully scanned. The scene of a street fight revealed a lost pin or ring; the scene of a robbery, a purse dropped by the thief in his flight. Spectacles, umbrellas, gloves, wraps, and the like were most frequently found near theaters. Stray coins were sure to be obtained along the street-car lines, and the early sweepings from saloons usually panned out more than one sawdust-covered quarter or dime. Soon, however, every thirsty tramp, who was not too busy emptying out stale beer from kegs or robbing clothes-lines in the early dawn, "got onto the racket," as the saying goes, and the streets were pretty well scanned between dawn and sunrise. Then the trade became less lucrative and more systematic and difficult. Various lines developed themselves, and accidental findings were abandoned for a legitimate trade in the seeking line. The eager seeker waiting for daylight found that the work of civilization had denuded his calling of half its original interest. He would hasten forth on his quest to discern his accustomed course already gone over. The street-sweeping

machine had preceded him, and car tracks, gutters and pavement were spick and clean as a kitchen floor. Dust, coins and all had been disturbed by the street-sweeper, and wagons had carted away the refuse. Then a regular system of operation was begun by the professional finder. He learned where the city dumping grounds were located. Much like a gold miner, he considered them his own personal claim, but invaders came. A fight or a division of spoils was necessary. The latter system came into vogue, and a visit to the various spots where the refuse of the city is dumped is likely to reward the observer with some very curious sights.

In a great city like Chicago the sweeping of the streets comprise many hundred wagon loads daily. Some of this refuse is loaded on scows that are towed out into the lake, where it is dumped, but most of it is used to fill in abandoned quarries, streets below grade, and the like. The finders' work at a spot being filled up is as business-like as that of a miner. So many people want their front yards filled up with dirt that numerous loads of street dust designed for the dumping grounds never reach their intended destination. This saves time to the cartman, and secures him tobacco money. Most of the stuff, therefore, that reaches the dumping grounds, consists of the contents of ash-boxes, garbage barrels, and the sweepings of alleys. When a load arrives, the gang of pickers, usually numbering about half a dozen, surround the wagon. As soon as the refuse reaches the ground, they begin poking in and out the load, spreading it about, prodding it with their long hooked sticks. One man looks for bones only, another for glass, a third for iron, a fourth for rags, a fifth for paper, a sixth for bottles. Having secured each his portion of the plunder, they adjourn to a spot near by, where they have a roaring fire burning. Surrounding it each man has his heap. If a piece of wood with an iron bolt through it is found, it is placed on the fire. In some loads from hotels some good pieces of food or fruit are found, and this comprises the lunch of the finders. By nightfall they have gathered quite a bagful of truck, often finding such valuables as rings, coins, knives, forks, spoons, dishes, copper bottoms of kettles, and especially scraps of

headquarters, where they may be recovered by the loser. In winter, the street-car men reap a rich reward for their perseverance in sifting the hay that is swept out of the cars, and many coins and valuables are lost between the car side and the window.

The nautical finder is the true finder, after all. He is termed a "wharf rat," a "river pirate," a "bird of prey," but he plies an occupation that calls for hard work and application, all the same. His stamping-ground is the river, his outfit a broad scow, a pair of cars, and some poles, hooks, and ropes. If an anchor is lost he grapples for it, and very often brings up a valuable piece of junk—pulleys, metal, and often a watch or money. The temptation to cut a cable leads him into trouble many times; but the profession includes a fair average of honest workers. Another class fish only for fuel and loose lumber and the like.

Any one may become a finder. A story is told of a boy who found an abandoned horse. He nursed it to health, rigged up a rattle-trap wagon, and started out every day on the quest for building material. He stole nothing, but when he found a dimension stone on the prairie or in a rut he carted it home. Bricks the same, and piles of lumber



GIRLS FINDING A DIAMOND RING.

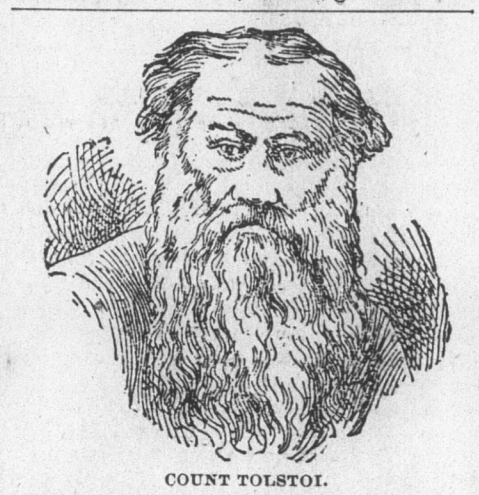
and nails were to be had for the seeking in the vicinity of new blocks of houses. In a year he had the material to build a house, and he did it. The finding trade is an exciting one sometimes a lucrative one, but the inexperienced had far better find employment, sure and regular, than start out in a line that makes a vagrant and a chance-worker of its votary, at the best.

TOLSTOI.

The Famous Author of the "Kreutzer Sonata."

Count Leo Tolstoi, the Russian author, is in reality the founder and leader of a new philosophical and religious sect. Although Emile Zola claims that he has only adopted and barbarized the ideas of the French realistic school, he is accepted in Russia as an original thinker and the preacher of a new gospel. The Count comes of an ancient aristocratic family, but he emphasizes his belief in the equality of man by discarding the fashionable trappings of the nobility and adopting a style of dress which is a sort of compromise between the costume of the moujik, or peasant class, and that of the nobles. He wears a loose-fitting black blouse, an ordinary trousers, a wide, brimless slouch hat, and goes without collars, cuffs, or ornaments of any kind.

Tolstoi was born on the estate where he now resides, at Yasnaya Poliana, in Southern Russia, and was educated at the Moscow University. He entered the army and had the same chance of a brilliant career as other young Russian nobles, but his literary tastes and strong convictions gave him an aversion to military life. After filling an important civil function he finally resolved to devote himself to the propagation of his ideas through his books and by personal teaching and example among the peasantry in the neighborhood of his home. He has written numberless works, among the best



COUNT TOLSTOI.

known of which are "Anna Karenina," "War and Peace," "Before Tilsit," "The Invasion," "Borodino," and his latest work, "Kreutzer Sonata," which has called forth so much criticism.

Tolstoi has had thirteen children born to him, of whom eight are now living, the youngest being only a few years old. He speaks English and French fluently, and is a close student of Western literature. But his chief studies are among the peasantry. At certain seasons of the year he receives large numbers of them, who come on pilgrimages to see him and to seek his advice, and recently he walked all the way from Moscow to his home, a distance of over two hundred miles, stopping in the peasants' cabins on the way and sharing their humble fare. When he adopted his present mode of life he learned the trade of a shoemaker and has worked at it constantly ever since, besides laboring daily at ordinary farm and garden work. His food is of the simplest. He has given up the use of meat, wine, beer and tobacco, and about the only luxury he indulges in is tea.

"FAINT heart never won fair lady," or conquered difficulties, or achieved glory; but insolent assumption is more contemptible than a lack of moral courage. Be determined, fearless, energetic—not impudent. Stick up for your own rights with all your soul and all your strength, but never infringe a hair's breadth on the rights of others.

A good memory is a blessing, says a writer. And it is one that wealth cannot buy. Just look at a man who suddenly becomes rich. He cannot even remember the faces of his old friends.

Some people are always agitating into a box, and asking you to lift the lid.

We suppose a nose may be said to be broke when it hasn't got a scent.

SHOOT THEM LIKE DOGS.

SO SAYS MRS. LESLIE OF THE ANARCHISTS.

And Thereupon the Chicago Socialist Her in Hand and Lenore's Hair Language as Barbarous—The Fair New York Publisher Severely Criticized.

It having been freely advertised that the socialists would discuss Mrs. Frank Leslie, Waverly Hall was crowded on Sunday afternoon. By way of preliminary, a few minor resolutions were offered and discussed and several articles were read on socialistic subjects, and there was the usual row over Prof. Orchardson and his resolutions.

The subject of the day was introduced by Mrs. S. Woodman, who read an interview with Mrs. Leslie, which appeared in a recent issue of a local sheet, in which she is accredited with saying many harsh things about the socialists. Mrs. Woodman offered a long resolution, of which the following is a sample:

Resolved, That the gentle, tender-hearted representative of America's upstartdom who has done Chicago, during the last week, the honor to visit it, and has kindly consented to enlighten the general public as to her views on the industrial situation and recommend a course of treatment warranted to cure in all cases for discontented workers of all nationalities, is hereby entitled to the thanks of this meeting, for voicing in so unmistakable a manner the secret sentiment of the self-styled elite of our great cities in regard to the working classes and the grievances of which they complain.

Mrs. Woodman then made a long address in the course of which she said: "Shoot them like dogs." This Mrs. Leslie would have the anarchists treated. It seems strange, does it not, that a woman's lips should utter such words as these? Stranger still, that a woman's heart could beget the thought. Even the coarsest and most cruel men shrink a little from the woman who advocates coarseness and cruelty, and they are right. From woman—the wife, mother, sister, daughter—one naturally expects gentle thoughts and humane sentiments, and so to hear an expression which would do credit to the most illiterate and brutalized officer on Chicago's police force from the lips of one whose beauty and grace have become a household word in the United States, cannot fail to have called forth a faint shudder even from so callous an individual as a Chicago newspaper man.

"Shoot them down like dogs! Treat them like mad dogs!" How redolent with refinement, how suggestive of feminine delicacy, purity, and womanly sweetness in this language! Has this woman no children? No; she is childless. She tells you so. "I have no child's stocking to fill with candy and dolls Christmas morning." There is a world of pathos in this thought. After all, with all her wealth of diamonds, she is to be pitied. Had she been a mother she would have thought of the little children left fatherless, of the wives and mothers bereft of their only support and left to struggle single-handed in consequence of that shameless and infamous execution Nov. 11, which Mrs. Leslie characterizes as "a brave and wise thing." As a matter of fact, there are few of Chicago's citizens who are not more worthy candidates for hanging than were those.

"It is a great nation, this," sighed Mrs. Leslie, "and will be greater when these social questions are settled." They will be settled according to Mrs. Leslie, and that by force. There is just one point which the lady has apparently overlooked. It is that the people themselves will be apt to take a hand in the settling. Yes, strikes must be suppressed by law and the strikers be suppressed by force, she says. Herr Most could scarcely have delivered himself of more incendiary language than that employed by this cultivated beauty and pet of fashion—Mrs. Frank Leslie. Imagine it; no Judge, no jury, no court, but let every man, woman, and child rush through the streets armed with a revolver, ready to shoot at any suspected anarchists or other discontented person. If this be not anarchy, what is it? But only the "better classes," as Mrs. Leslie calls them, may indulge in the luxury of recommending this particular kind of anarchy.

The "better classes"—New York's better classes! Well, you heard some account of their performances at a certain big ball held in that city a little while ago. It is a pity that these refined, cultured, high-bred, blue-blooded, altogether superior beings, only a little lower than the angels, should have been compelled to endure any discomforts when they wished to travel, merely that a few thousand commonplace, insignificant, every-day plebeian creatures like ourselves should have a few more of the necessities and comforts of life.

"Mrs. Leslie at least runs things this way, if her statements are to be taken at their par value. 'Do you know your own typesetters?' asked the reporter. 'Every one of them; they all touch their hats to me.' Think of this! Isn't it remarkable? Every man who knows enough to go in the house when it rains will touch his hat to a woman, be she washerwoman or a duchess. The homage is to the sex, not to the individual, but Mrs. Leslie does not seem to be aware of this. And I believe they would all die for me, says she. Well, either Mrs. Leslie's organ of regularity is abnormally developed or there must be 400 people in that city who have very little interest in living. Possibly Mrs. Leslie makes life such a 'demonition grind' to them, that it's the toss of a penny to most of them whether they live or die, with the odds, if any, decidedly in favor of the latter alternative.

"In conclusion, we would like to give the Mrs. Leslies one little word of friendly warning and admonition. It is contained in the old proverb, 'Better let sleeping dogs lie,' more especially when they are suspected of being mad and there are a good many of them. Furthermore, it is unwise, to say the least, to invite the attack of an enemy whose real strength you are not in a position to ascertain."

Pleasant Paragraphs.

A POLITE term for splinters in Northern Germany is "standing alone ladies."

A BLUEBERRY factory at Cherryfield, Me., has earned 7,063 bushels of berries this season.

A BILL to forbid and punish the making of caricatures has been introduced in the Vermont Legislature.

AN OHIO man received \$97 from an accident insurance company on account of being kicked by a boy.

A PRESQU' ISLE, Ga., young man dug, on a wagon, fifty-three barrels of potatoes in ten hours one day this season.

DEATH IN THE FLAMES.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE IN A HOTEL FIRE.

Between Twenty-five and Fifty People Burned to Death in the Leland Hotel, at Syracuse, N. Y.—A Scene of Wild Confusion—Ghosts Crazed with Fright.

From twenty-five to fifty lives were lost early this morning by the burning of the Leland Hotel here, the largest hotel in Central New York. The building will prove a total loss. An eye-witness says that he saw twenty-five people lose their lives in attempting to escape, and a guest who narrowly escaped death says that fully twice that number have perished in the burning building. The fire started a few minutes after 1 o'clock this morning, and almost instantly the large structure was enveloped in flames from collar to roof. Every effort was made to arouse the sleeping guests, but the smoke in the halls was so dense that it was found impossible to reach the upper floors, and it is believed many persons were suffocated and their bodies burned. A number of people jumped from windows and were killed or injured.

The fire started in the kitchen near the elevator, and shot up the shaft with almost incredible rapidity to the sixth story and burst through the roof. All the fire engines of the city were quickly upon the scene, but the fire continued to gain headway, and it soon became apparent that the building would be destroyed. The firemen worked heroically to save the inmates of the hotel, and a number were dragged unconscious from the first, second, and third stories, above which the rescuers could not ascend on account of the dense smoke which filled the upper stories.

The scene was one of the wildest confusion. People were seen at the windows on every floor, shrieking frantically for help, which could not be given them. Many fell back into the flames, fainting and exhausted, while others hurled themselves from the windows, meeting instant death on the pavement. Many who escaped from the lower stories will die from the effects of their injuries, occasioned by the flames and portions of the falling walls.

How many victims perished will not be known until the fire has spent its force and the debris has been cleared away. Indications, however, are that at least fifty persons have lost their lives, and probably a much larger number. The hotel was well filled with guests, and though many escaped, it seems almost certain that the loss of life has been very large.

Five bodies partially hidden by bricks are lying in the alley, but cannot be reached, owing to the intense heat. Two of the victims were women, and are supposed from the location of the bodies to have been domestics who jumped from their dormitory on the sixth floor.

One woman was being lowered from a window by the aid of a rope and had reached a point opposite the third story when the rope became ignited from a burning sill. The rope parted and the woman fell to the pavement. Her brains were dashed out and her body flattened into a shapeless mass.

So great is the confusion and excitement that the identity of those killed and injured cannot be ascertained. Undertakers and ambulances are flying in all directions, and the streets in the neighborhood of the ill-fated hotel are thronged with excited crowds of people. Every physician in the city is on the scene, and the wounded are being cared for as well as possible.

Among those injured is Cora Tanner, the actress, who was severely burned about the head and feet. She was playing an engagement at the Grand Opera House and had a room in the hotel.

Frank Casey of Glens Falls, N. Y., and Emil Forbes, a prominent brewer of Syracuse, are among the dead.

Many lives were lost by people crazed with fright jumping from windows. One man says he saw six people jump from different windows on the Fayette street side of the building within a space of four minutes, and the sight sickened him with its horror, and he was compelled to leave the spot.

The building was provided with both iron fire escapes on the outside and ropes on the inside, which were the means of saving many lives. Burnett Forbes, a stock-broker, escaped into the streets almost naked. He was slightly injured about the hands. He lost a gold watch valued at \$500 and all his clothing.

One woman was found with a nursing babe in her arms crouched in a stairway, where she had been overcome by smoke. She was removed by the firemen, but has not yet regained consciousness, and it is impossible to say what her name or experience was.

Escape by the stairways was cut off, and those in the upper stories were compelled to jump. The clerk of the hotel began sounding in the alarm by telephone, but the flames spread so rapidly that he was driven from the instrument and compelled to jump to save his own life. Nothing is left of the building except the elevator shaft and the chimney.

The New York Central Depot, which is across the street from the hotel, was in great danger, but was finally saved. The loss will exceed half a million dollars. This covers the hotel and furniture, the stores on the first floor and their stocks. The insurance will probably be about one-half the amount of the loss.

The hotel was one of the finest in Central New York. It stood on one of the most prominent corners of the city, and was well known to the traveling public of the United States. There were 400 rooms in the house, and owing to its convenient location as regards the railroad depot, it had always been filled with guests. The New York Central Railroad's station adjoined the hotel. Recently all the rooms and parlors of the house were redecorated and renovated. Elegant furniture was put in, and the entire hotel given a practically new appearance. It was a six-story structure built of stone, brick, and iron. There was an entrance on each corner. Running along the two street sides between the entrances were a number of stores. A restaurant was attached to the hotel. All the rooms were steam-heated. The carvansary was owned by Warren Leland, Jr., & Co.

BARBERS report that hair-dyeing is going out of style. Many "tonsorial parlors" do not keep the dyes. Gray threads in a young man's head, especially if his occupation can be construed to be intellectual, are considered distinguishable.

A NEW thing in penwipers is a silver pig whose back is thickly covered with natural bristles.

A LEVEL HEAD.

The Advantage of Presence of Mind in an Emergency.

During the late strike on the New York Central Railroad, the militia were ordered to be in readiness in case of a riot, but they were not called out.

In an interview Gov. Hill said the troops were not to be called upon except in case of an emergency. The emergency had not arisen, therefore they would not be ordered out. He remarked that this was the first great strike with which he had had experience, and he did not propose to lose his head; the only point at which there had been any serious trouble was at Syracuse, and there a deputy sheriff had lost his head and precipitated an encounter.

The strike continued several weeks, and there was riotous action at various points along the road, but the civil authorities were able to cope with it without calling on the militia.

The test of a man's real ability comes when an emergency arises which makes a hasty call on his good judgment and discretion. The man who retains his presence of mind, and whose equanimity he does not lose sound discretion at such critical junctures, is to be relied on and will be put to the front.

Men with level heads have the staying qualities which make them the backbone of danger. Otis A. Cole, of Kinsman, O., June 10, 1890, writes: "In the fall of 1888 I was feeling very ill. I consulted a doctor and he said I had Bright's disease of the kidneys and that he would not stand in my shoes for the State of Ohio. But he did not lose courage or give up; he says: 'I saw the testimonial of Mr. John Coleman, 100 Gregory St., New Haven, Conn., and I wrote to him. In due time I received an answer, stating that the testimonial he gave was genuine and not overdrawn in any particular. I took a good many bottles of Warner's Safe Cure; have not taken any for one year.'

Gov. Hill is accounted a very successful man; he is cool and calculating and belongs to the class that do not lose their heads when emergencies arise.

Will the Steam Engine Go?

A New York paper states that on the eve of his departure for Europe Henry Villard declared that he believed that few more locomotive engines would be built in this country. He added that he had recently come in possession of information which convinced him that electricity could be generated directly by combustion and that it would produce more force from the same amount of fuel than steam applied to an engine does. One of his objects in visiting England and the countries on the continent is to examine the storage batteries, which have been much more successful there than here. He believes that electricity may revolutionize transportation. It already moves passenger cars over short lines of road, and the way to move both passenger and freight trains over long lines has been pointed out by them. Electricity has accomplished more for transportation than steam did in the same length of time.

In Maine, which has the most abundant water power of any State, there is great excitement over employing it to generate electricity for moving trains and propelling machinery. It is thought that car may be moved on most of the railroads in the State by electricity generated by water power furnished by the streams and conducted by wires. Most of the roads run near streams that furnish water power that is not now put to use.

It is also thought that this water power can generate electricity that may be employed to run machinery at a distance from falls. Mills built in the immediate vicinity of rivers and large streams are always in danger when the volume of water is unusually large or when great quantities of ice and logs are carried down in the spring. By using water power to generate electricity the mills may be built in places that offer greater security.

The Way Made Clear.

One of the most serious obstacles to success in the way of man is planted right in the middle of the road to wealth. How to restore and to maintain a regular habit of body and digestion is too often a source of needless and unhappy, of vain inquiry. It is not necessary to inveigh against drastic purgatives. They who have used them continuously know the consequence. A remedy which unifies the action of a regulating medicine for the bowels with that of a tonic both for those organs, the liver and the stomach, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sanctioned by the best medical authority, and receiving daily the endorsement of our fellow-countrymen. With this essential, though gentle, laxative at hand, it is possible to defy those changes of temperature productive of constipation, as well as constitutional attacks of biliousness, which beset even people naturally healthy. Malaria, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and kidney troubles are remedied and prevented by the Bitters.

It is asserted by men of high professional ability that when the system needs a stimulant nothing equals a cup of fresh coffee. Those who desire to rescue the dipsomaniac from his cups will find no better substitute for spirits than strong, newly made coffee without milk or sugar. Two ounces of coffee, or one-eighth of a pound, to one pint of boiling water, makes a first-class beverage, but the water must be boiling, not merely hot. It is asserted that malaria and epidemics are avoided by those who drink a cup of hot coffee before venturing into the morning air. Burned on hot coals coffee is a disinfectant for a sick room, and by some of the best physicians it is considered a specific in typhoid fever.

At one time Gen. Custer tamed a tiny field mouse, and kept it in a large, empty inkstand on his desk. It grew very fat, and him and ran over his head and shoulders and even through his hair.

White Swelling

"In 1887, my son, 7 years old, had a white swelling come on his right leg below the knee, which contracted the muscles so that his leg was drawn up at right angles. I consulted him a confirmed cripple. Hood's Sarsaparilla woke up his appetite, and soon pieces of bone came from the leg. The discharge decreased, the swelling went down, the leg straightened out, and in a few months he had perfect use of his leg. He is now running everywhere, and apparently as well as ever."—J. H. McMANUS, Notary Public, Ravenswood, W. Va.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

MOTHERS' FRIEND

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY

IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.

BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

YOU NEED NOT FEAR

that people will know your hair is dyed if you use that perfect imitation of nature,

Tutt's Hair Dye

No one can detect it. It imparts a glossy color and fresh life to the hair. Easily applied. Price, \$1. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.