

THE ADVERTISER.

G. W. FAIRBROTHER & CO.

THE SAME OLD STORY.

She sits within an easy-chair,
An open letter spread before her,
So bright and dainty, young and fair,

RAGS.

An Industry With Millions In It—The Most Useful They Serve.

There are fifty millions of people in the United States," said a wholesale rag-dealer yesterday to a Tribune reporter who had called upon him to obtain some information regarding the business, "and it is safe to presume that every one of them discards, on an average five pounds of clothing every year.

While the rag merchant was talking he led the reporter into the cellar of his four-story warehouse, and showed him that the place was entirely filled with bales of goods ready to be shipped to the woolen and paper factories of the East.

The first floor of the building was found to be occupied by "paper stock"—the rags, etc., from which paper is manufactured—and the second with woolen rags.

Table with 2 columns: Contents, Pounds. Lists various types of rags and their quantities.

The conglomerate mass of material has to be sorted by the wholesale dealer before he can ship it to his customers.

"army-blues," military overcoats which had done their country good service, and finally pulled up in the rag-house.

"That lot of blue-black rags which you see there," said the dealer, pointing to a bin half-filled with strips of cloth worth \$300, as it stands. It is the color which makes it so valuable.

The reporter then learned that upon this floor, as soon as the goods arrive, they are taken in hand by operators who "seam them," that is to say, remove from the cloth proper of the various garments the pockets, linings and seams, after which the cloth is torn into strips, in which shape it is acceptable to the cloth-manufacturers to whom it is to be shipped.

"I can understand what become of the pockets and linings," the reporter said, "but I suppose the seams are of no value."

"They are utilized, too. The manufacturers apply chemicals to them, and thus destroy the part for which they have no use. The woolen-manufacturers use chemicals which destroy the cotton and leave the wool intact; the paper-makers use chemicals which destroy the wool and save the cotton.

The third floor of the store was occupied with paper stock, consisting of mixed cotton and linen rags. The best quality of these, known as No. 1 white, consisted of shirt-cuttings, tolerably clean. No. 2 consisted of the same, not quite so clean, and No. 3 white of the same, decidedly dirty.

"There's a prejudice against this business," the dealer said. "People suppose that every man who handles rags goes about town collecting them with a sack in one hand and a stick in the other, or else that he goes from house to house swapping tin-pans for old clothes and papers. This peddling cuts a very small figure in our business. We don't have anything to do with it. These people go to the junk-stores, and we do not often have transactions with the people who keep them.

"What do the cloth manufacturers do with the rags you sell them?"

"They enter into the manufacture of new goods."

The reporter assented, and the rag-merchant produced half a dozen little bundles of what seemed to be a very fine quality of wool. Comment upon its excellent appearance evoked the statement:

"I can sell rags from which such shoddy as this is made at twenty-five cents a pound, and that at a time when wool is selling at fifteen cents a pound. This shoddy, which you see is nothing but wool of the very finest quality—all the better for having already undergone the process of dyeing, etc.—goes into the manufacture of all the best cloths now. A hundred dollar overcoat contains shoddy; so does the noblest suit of clothes that is turned out by the most fashionable tailor in the city."

"Then the heaviest swells wear partially second-hand clothing without knowing it?"

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Oscar Wilde, the popular London aesthete, is also a poet, and has a volume of poems in press.

Mr. Arnold, the wife of the author of "The Light of Asia," is an architect of distinction and fame.

Mr. Henry Irving, the English actor, has received and declined an offer of \$100,000, and all expenses paid, for a seven months' theatrical tour in America, which is perhaps the largest offer ever made to an actor.

There is now being published in Vienna, in periodical parts, "The Oriental Travels of the Crown Prince Rudolph." The work is profusely illustrated with original sketches by the royal author, and it is favorably spoken of by German critics.

Mr. Arthur Sullivan is coming to the United States in October to bring out his principal oratorios—the "Martyrs of Antioch," "On Shore and Sea," and the "Light of the World." He intends to write during the summer a new comic opera, which will be presented in America during his visit, and copyrighted.

The Boston society which was started eight years ago for the encouragement of women in the pursuit of studies at home now has 960 pupils, scattered throughout the country, but all under the direction of 174 unpaid teachers, who put themselves in correspondence with the pupils, and direct them what to read in order to acquire any desired knowledge. The originator and present director is Miss Anne E. Ticknor.

Alfred B. Street, who died recently at Albany, N. Y., was a poet better known thirty years ago than now. The "Gray Forest Eagle" is one of his best-known productions. When his poems were collected from the newspapers and magazines and published in a volume in 1846, they excited much favorable comment at home and abroad.

HUMOROUS.

"At Bordeaux," said one, "if you let a match fall to the ground, the next year there will grow up a forest." "At Marseilles," cried the other triumphantly, "you let a suspender button fall, and in eight days you will have a pair of pantaloons ready made."

"No, Mr. Editor," said he, "I don't object to your politics, and you haven't slandered me, but you're always publishing descriptions of new styles of bonnets, and I want to know if that's the sort of reading matter for a wife and six grown up daughters?"

"Come into the house this minute!" yelled a stout mother the other morning to a youthful son. "I sent you after that fifteen minutes ago, and here you've been gone most an hour."

In ancient Greece the women counted their age from their marriage. There are lots of single ladies in this country who propose doing the same thing. It is so long since they were born that they have entirely lost their reckoning and given up in despair. They are eagerly looking forward for an epoch to count from.

"Paul," exclaimed the fair daughter of a bonanza king, addressing one of her suitors, "Paw has settled five hundred thousand dollars on me, and I thought there'd be no harm in telling you." "Florinda," he said, nervously fingering a few nickels in his waistcoat pocket and striving to hide the evidences of the profound interest which the communication excited, "Florinda, do you think I'm so sordid as to let such a consideration affect me?" "No," she added, nonchalantly, "I didn't suppose you'd care much, so I engaged myself to Mr. Slacker last night."

How It Was Settled.

When the Erie Railroad went no further than Turner's Station, fifty miles from New York, the engineer on that and other roads was in the habit of running the train according to his own judgment, the conductor being counted out altogether. Captain Ayres, the conductor of the Erie train, consisting of engine, freight cars and passenger cars in the rear, did not fancy this fashion, and determined to try a new plan. He ran a stout line from the passenger car and fastened it to a log of wood on the locomotive, and told the engineer to stop the train when he raised the stick. The engineer on starting out the stick loose. Then next day the Captain rigged up his string and stick of wood again. "Abe," said he, "this thing's got to be settled one way or the other to-day. If that stick of wood is not on the end of this cord when we get to Turner's you've got to lick me or I'll lick you."

Our Young Readers.

TOMMY'S WISH.

Oh, I wish I was a grown-up,
And nobody could say:
"Or, if you're good, you may,"
If grown-ups suited to be good.

ADVICE TO SCHOOL-BOYS.

Whenever I meet a party of you on your way to school, I am strongly tempted to stop and have a little chat with you. Possibly you might call what I would say very much like preaching. Well, it might start earnest thoughts, and we are apt to call words which do that preaching. I wonder, boys, if you realize what it costs to get an education. Have you ever heard how much your own city or town annually devotes to the schools. Have you ever considered how much your parents must expend to keep you clothed and in school for ten or twelve years? How much parents often deny themselves, how many pleasures and luxuries, that the boys may have a good high-school education, and then, perhaps, go to college. Then how much labor you yourself must give, how many years of labor it costs you to obtain even an ordinary education to fit you for a business life, and if you study for a profession there must be three or four years more of hard work.

So you see it costs a great deal in money, and in that which is of more value than money—in time, self-denial and close application to acquire an education; but let me tell you a secret. It costs much more not to have one! For without it how helpless you are; all your life long you will have to be paving others for the use of their brains, and are at a disadvantage at every turn in life. If you have capital and go into business, you must pay a high-priced man for doing much which you ought to be capable of doing, and even then you are in a measure in the power of another. If you are so unfortunate as to have a dishonest book-keeper or cashier, he may swindle you out of half your profits, and you will never be able to discover it.

I remember years ago a janitor employed in our school building who could neither read nor write. He frequently hired the boys to add up a bill for him, or write a letter, and they invariably charged him ten or fifteen cents for their service. It was not very large-hearted for the boys to ask payment for such a small service; but that is not the point I want to make. The ignorant man had to pay for the use of a little learning, and you will find it the same the world over; all business men will tell you that knowledge and judgment are hired only at a great expense. In any profession or trade you will find (other things being equal) the man of the best education has the advantage.

And lastly, the lack of knowledge will cost you the society of cultivated people, for of course you cannot associate with the educated if you are ignorant; they would not enjoy your society, nor you theirs. Ignorance will cost you much mortification and many regrets for lost opportunities, so when you grow disheartened that you are giving up so much for your education, remember it will cost you much more not to have one.

If you will carefully observe men you will find that most of them have an ambition; by that I mean a fixed determination to possess something, or to succeed in some undertaking. One man longs to become learned, and will spend his days and nights in study, giving up many pleasures that he may have more time to spend over his beloved books. Another wants to be famous as an explorer, so he turns away from all the comforts of a quiet home, and wanders over strange countries, suffering untold discomforts that he may become noted as a traveler or discoverer. Another has set his heart upon riches, and toiling early and late turns his heart and mind from much that is ennobling, becoming old and worn in his pursuit for gold.

Now, do these win the object for which they are striving? Invariably, if they are persistent in their efforts; there are few things within the bounds of possibility that you cannot possess if you patiently and perseveringly work for them. Then how important is it that your ambition should be a noble one. Have you ever asked you self the

question, "What is my aim in life?" Probably you will say that you are now too young and inexperienced to determine what trade or calling you will follow. That is true, but if you are old enough to be in school you can understand that you may work for some object, and this should be clearly defined. You want to get the most thorough education possible. Your advantages may be limited, or may be very good; in either case you want to make the most of them. Having set your heart on this, do not look far ahead and expect to accomplish great things when you take up advanced studies. Do not expect algebra and geometry to make you accomplished mathematicians unless you have first conquered arithmetic. Remember the duty which is of first importance is the one which lies nearest.

Do you remember the legend of the man in pursuit of the four-leaf clover? When a boy he was told that if he could find a four-leaf clover it would be to him a talisman of good fortune, and with it in his possession success in any undertaking was sure; so early in life he started out to search for this little token of good. He left his home and friends to wander alone in this pursuit, traveling across continents and oceans in his search, but all in vain. At last, a disappointed and worn-out old man, he returned to the old home-stead to die; and as he tottered up the familiar pathway, lo! close beside the doorstep grew a four-leaf clover. It may be that your assurance of success lies hidden between the leaves of the despised spell-book; it surely is somewhere among your school books.—Golden Rule.

Be Prompt.

Don't loiter, boys and girls. When you know what you ought to do, then go about it promptly; and work at it diligently, and finish it. Work first, and rest afterward. Never dawdle. Is there a garden to be weeded, corn to be hoed, hay to be raked, coal to be brought up, an errand to be done, a lesson to be learned? make that the first thing, and if possible, the only thing, until it is finished. Your comfort and your success in life depend very much upon the habits you form in this matter.

You find some people who are always saying they have so much to do, and yet they seem to accomplish very little. They are not comfortable, and they are not successful. Perhaps they have a letter to write; and they worry over it every day for a week, exhausting as much strength in this useless worry and "dread to go about it," each day as another would in writing and posting half a dozen letters. The successful men—railroad presidents, bankers, manufacturers, merchants, farmers—are men who have what we call executive ability, or "dispatch." It is the power of forming an accurate judgment quickly, doing a thing, or giving order for it, at once, and then dismissing it from the mind, so that the next thing may be taken up and dispatched. The hour's duties are done in the sixty minutes, the day's duties within business hours; and then the man may read, ride, talk, sleep, rest, with a mind free from care. If the boys and girls manage their work thus, then they will enjoy their play.—Scholar's Companion.

Treatment of Sprains or Strains of the Joints.

Sprains or strains of the joints are very painful, and more tedious of recovery than a broken bone. What we call flesh is muscle; every muscle tapers down to a kind of a string, which we call cord or sinew. The muscle is above the joint, and the sinewy part is below it, or vice versa, and the action is much like that of a string over a pulley. When the ankle, for example, is "sprained," the cord, tendon or ligament (all mean the same thing) is torn in part or whole, either in its body or from its attachment to the bone, and inflammation—that is, a rush of blood to the spot—takes place as instantly as in case of a cut on the finger. Why? For two reasons. Some blood-vessels are ruptured, and very naturally pour out their contents; and second, by an infallible physiological law, an additional supply of blood is sent to the part, to repair the damages, to glue, to make grow together, the torn parts. From this double supply of blood the parts are overflown, as it were, and push out, causing what we call "swelling"—an accumulation of dead blood, so to speak. But dead blood cannot repair an injury. Two things, then, are to be done, to get rid of it, and to allow the parts to grow together. But if the finger be cut, it will never heal as long as the wound is pressed apart every half-hour, nor will a torn tendon grow together, if it is stretched upon by the ceaseless movement of a joint; therefore, the first and indispensable step in every case of sprain is perfect quietude of the part; a single bend of the joint will retard what Nature has been hours in mending. It is in this way that persons with sprained ankles are many months in getting well. In cases of sprain, then, children who cannot be kept still should be kept in bed, and so with many grown persons. The "swelling" can be got rid of in several ways; by a bandage, which in all cases of sprain should be applied by a skillful physician, otherwise mortification and loss of limb may result. A bandage thus applied keeps the joint still, keeps an excess of blood from coming to the part, and, by its pressure causes an absorption of extra blood or other extraneous matter. Another mode of getting rid of the swelling is to let cold water run on the injured part for hours.—Hall's Journal of Health.

The Hartford Globe finds that eight-tenths of the women of Connecticut use the word sasser for saucer.