

PROGRESS SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

COMBATIVE CHRISTIAN.

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN WHO WAS ALSO A SLUGGER.

He Was a Trifle too Gay and Festive For His Cloth and Fell in With the Police—He Created a Sensation at Lunenburg by Whipping a Medical Man.

LUNENBURG, Oct. 10.—Here is a dramatic sort of a story, from real life, that comes from New Ross, a district in this county not far from this town. A clergyman, secured board at a private boarding house in New Ross. At first the clergyman is meek and reticent, later on he becomes bold. Then the man of the house reports that his wife was embraced by the clergyman. The report becomes common property. The preacher hears the report and becomes rattled. As a solace the preacher gets heated and takes a stroll with a big cane in hand. While passing through most thickly settled part of community, the preacher meets the landlord who put the report in circulation and mows him down with a big cane. A doctor of New Ross, goes to the rescue. The preacher leaves victim number one floating in his gore and attacks the doctor; the latter succeeds in warding off a number of well aimed blows and eventually persuades the parson to take a walk. The parson and the doctor dart forward arm in arm. Before long the parson again becomes irksome, and strikes the doctor and the doctor retaliates in kind and does preacher up. Both leave the field scarred. The parson mounts his horse and goes abroad. Though the fracas took place a fortnight ago, the pugilistic divine has not since been seen by any of his New Ross parishioners.

Word comes from Halifax in this connection, that the police had a clergyman at the station some days ago. He was found drunk on the common and was taken into custody. It is satisfactory to learn that the minister was not a Halifax man. He came out from England sometime ago and went to the north-west. There the drink habit got the better of him and his usefulness was destroyed. In process of time the man drifted to Nova Scotia, and as stated, fell into the hands of the police for drunkenness in new Scotia's model capital. It is said that Chief of Police O'Sullivan and friends interested themselves in the poor clergyman's case, for he was without money, and had him sent back to England, thus avoiding public disgrace to the man and his cloth.

Wine in and Wit Out.

HALIFAX, Oct. 10.—When a man is drunk he is no respecter of persons, as a general rule. On Saturday night a full grown youth, son of a prominent citizen, was on one of Cleverdon's teams. Suddenly there was a cry for help from the conveyance. The passengers were in terror on account of the violent conduct of an intoxicated man on board. It was the prominent citizen's son making trouble. Chief of Police O'Sullivan saw the disturbance and noted that a respected resident of the south-western suburbs, who is a comparatively well-known journalist, was being set upon by the drunken man. It did not take the chief a moment to decide what he should do, and up into the team he sprang, and hustled the disorderly passenger to the street, and was taking him along towards the lockup with a firm grip. In an evil moment the chief slightly relaxed his hold, as quickly as a flash the man dealt the head of the police department a severe blow on the front of the ear, causing the blood to run down in a stream and inflicting a wound that will be visible for a month. A half dozen citizens, who were looking on, sprang to the chief's assistance and it was only a minute more when the man was in the station. Before he was placed behind the bars, however the violent meddler got his work in on a policeman who was standing near, in the form of a knock out blow on the cop's head.

It was only at this stage of the proceedings that the man's identity was discovered. On Monday the court fined him for his assault on the policeman and for drunkenness, but neither the journalist nor the chief preferred charges thinking his own conscience and the fine that could not be avoided would be a sufficient lesson for once.

Students Will be Students.

HALIFAX, Oct. 10.—Dalhousie students over 100 strong, attended the academy of music last Friday night, to see the performance of "Pinafore" by the Gilbert opera company. Before the curtain rose the collegians sang a half dozen songs etc., in lusty tones. "Society" was out in force that night, and several representatives of "upper tenndom," so-called, were almost as loud as the students in their complaints of the noise. They appeared to forget that Halifax is a college town, and that in any other city where a university is located the same kind of thing is seen and heard very frequently, and nothing thought of it. The students' voices were kept in time by the baton of a Newcastle, N. B. boy,

son of a minister of that town, whose voice and gestures were both of great assistance in making the choruses a success. No one on second thought thinks of making serious complaint of the joyous pranks of merry-hearted collegians at Dalhousie or elsewhere, even if they go so far as to become very noisy between the acts.

TURKEYS AND BIBLE.

A War Times Thanksgiving Incident of the Camp Near Washington.

The Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission were both grand institutions in their way, but the two when first organized were very often slightly mixed in the minds of the soldier. The good work of the two commissions was also slightly mixed occasionally, and the results, although rather disappointing at times, were laughable in the extreme when the disappointment were away.

Along in 1862, when convalescent camp near Alexandria, contained over twenty thousand convalescents returning to duty from the various hospitals in the North, the Sanitary Commission conceived the idea of giving a Thanksgiving dinner to the sick soldiers in the hospital attached to the camp, and the patients in that institution were given to understand that they might expect something over and above the ordinary hospital fare when the national turkey day came round, and remembering the goodies which usually loaded down the home table at such times, they commenced nursing their appetites for the occasion.

About the same time the christian commission bethought themselves that their particular line of business needed bracing up a little in a camp containing so many men, and had sent an agent from the headquarters in Washington to look over the ground and see what was necessary in the way of supplying their spiritual wants. The agent evidently discovered a woful lack of religious reading matter in camp, for on his return to Washington a large box of small pocket Bibles were packed and sent to the depot quartermaster's for forwarding to that point.

The Sanitary Commission purchased a large number of turkeys, and they were roasted in one of the bake ovens in the city on the morning of the day they were to be eaten in Virginia, then packed in a large box with all the various good things that go to make up the regulation Thanksgiving dinner, not forgetting a goodly number of fat mince pies, and the box forwarded at once to convalescent camp, where the sick soldiers were all ready and anxious to get away with a good, big dinner. The two boxes were delivered by the same driver just before noon—one at the hospital dining room and the other a quarter of a mile away at the office of the receiving officer of the camp.

The latter box was opened by the officer at once, and concluding that some big-hearted people of Washington had taken this anonymous way of introducing home comforts to the internal workings of that portion of the army, he proceeded at once to distribute the contents—an undertaking that was an immediate and pronounced success, and the turkeys and pies disappeared like magic.

The thought that a mistake had been made never entered the mind of the receiving officer, and the soldiers—well, they were really too busy with the matter in hand—both hands—to give thought to anything else.

At the hospital the hospital steward opened the box just delivered, whistled a little, then scratched his head. The surgeon sent down a little later to learn if the "Thanksgiving box" had arrived, and what it contained, and the answer sent back was:

"Box just opened. Contents, about a thousand Bibles for dinner and a lot of treats for dessert."

Innumerable were the blessings called down upon the heads of the good people who packed those boxes, but probably the most emphatic, the most soul-stirring and awe-inspiring, were those intended for the parties who sent that Thanksgiving dinner in small packages—in cloth binding—Washington star.

Without Morals.

Rev. George R. Dodson, the popular Unitarian minister of Alameda, tells a rather good story at his own expense. While spending a summer vacation at Spragg's Springs one of his greatest friends was a little girl about three years old. The two were constant companions, and the child daily accompanied the clergyman on his excursions in the neighborhood. One evening the little girl remarked to her fellow diners:

"I like going out with Mr. Dodson."

"Why?" queried a stranger, hoping to draw the child out.

"Because he has no morals," was the starting reply.

When the summer boarders had recovered their equanimity, they instituted an investigation, the upshot of which was the discovery the curly-haired maiden possessed an insatiable craving for stories. This desire was frequently gratified by Mr. Dodson; but, unlike the anecdotes in her books, the minister's tales were never pointed with an obtrusive moral.—San Francisco News-Letter.

RICHES IN THE RAGBAG

RICHES MADE BY SNAPPERS UP OF UNCONSIDERED TRIFLES.

Profits of the Business in former Days in New York—Hard Times Have Had their Effect on the Industry Rewards—Uncertain at All Times.

A ragpicker who was arraigned in the Jefferson Market Police Court a few days ago for violating a city ordinance begged the magistrate to make a reduction in his fine because the business has become so unprofitable lately that a man could scarcely earn a living at it. This explanation was made through an Italian interpreter, who added that if a change for the better did not come pretty soon, there would be no ragpickers in New York two years hence.

A few years ago an experienced ragpicker could average \$10 a day, and many of them made the business pay double that amount. Now it is said that the best of them earn less than \$1 a day, and do twice as much work as they did in their palmy days. Even old Mother Carpio cannot average more than 70 cents. Mother Carpio is reputed to be the oldest ragpicker in the metropolis. She has picked rags for nearly forty years, and during that time she has saved up over \$100,000, which she has invested in real estate. But she is wedded to the business, and goes over her route daily, getting up at 2 o'clock in the morning and working until late in the afternoon. She lives in the new Ragpickers' Row, which comprises three tenements in the rear of 166, 168 and 170 Mulberry street. She could afford to live in style at any of the best hotels in the city, but she prefers her little uncarpeted room in the row, for there she has made her home, and there she will probably enlber days. There are forty-eight other tenements in the row, all boss ragpickers, and each of the forty-eight has from one to five lodgers whose occupation is picking rags. The houses are five stories high and are built of brick. In the three it is estimated that there are 250 ragpickers. They have occupied the buildings since June last, when they were dispossessed from Bottle alley, over on Baxter street, the city having purchased the property for the Mulberry Bend Park.

Mother Carpio is one of the most interesting characters of the new settlement. She is shaped like the letter F, her head being bent down so that when she walks she faces the ground. Every year it seems that her head bends lower, and if she continues growing in the same direction for a few more years, she will assume the shape of a horseshoe. Many who have known her a long time say she got that way by bending over ash barrels. Others attribute her deformity to the heavy loads carried on her back in her rag bag.

Mother Carpio says her peculiar work has compelled her to stoop forward so that her spine finally became curved. If she was straightened out she would be about five feet in height. In her present condition she just fits over an ash barrel. Mother Carpio is very regular in her habits. She gets up at two o'clock every morning and goes to bed at 7 every night. For half a century she has only eaten two meals a day, one at 10 o'clock in the morning and the other at 4 in the afternoon. The first meal consists of anything she can pick up in her route. For dinner she eats half a pound of raw beef between two slices of hard bread. It is the ragpickers' customary meal. Sometimes an onion sandwich is substituted for the uncooked beef. Mother Carpio has a nephew who shares her apartment. He is about 24 years old, and, like his aunt picks rags for a living. His name is Antonio Bonnacchio. Like other ragpickers in the settlement, Bonnacchio has had a great deal of good luck. He reluctantly told a Sun reporter of some of his experiences, after the reporter had oiled up his palate and tongue in the saloon on the Mulberry street premises.

"Yes, he said. I speak good English, and I understand it well. I ought to know something about the language, for I was born here. I was raised in Bottle alley, over on Baxter street, and for twenty years I have lived with my aunt. Some people think ragpicking is a dishonorable business, but it's not. I'd rather pick rags than steal, and, as long as I was brought up in the business, I stuck to it. We used to make a lot of money, but we don't any more. You see it's not only rags we pick, but we also pick for rope, cord and twine, because we get \$1.25 for every hundred pounds of cord we gather. Six years ago we could sell it for \$2.50. There is scarcely anything in paper, and a man could not carry around enough old iron to pay him. Old copper and lead are still worth picking up, but we don't get one-quarter what we used to get in days gone by. There are men, women, and children engaged in ragpicking. The rags are brought home, washed and assorted. Nearly all of those who pick get the clothing they wear from ash barrels. The women find old skirts and portions of dresses. They make use of these at home.

"What about your lucky finds?" asked the reporter.

"Well, it's hardly worth talking about these things. They had a story down here that I once picked up a roll of bills amounting to thousands of dollars. That is not true. I did find a roll of \$116, but that was three years ago. It was in the centre of a bundle of old newspapers that had been stuck in a chimney hole where the stovepipe goes. A woman called me into a house and asked me to clean out the cellar. I removed a pile of rubbish. Then she asked me to put up a stovepipe, and in cleaning out the hole in the wall I threw down a bundle of old paper. The woman put the old paper in my bag. I didn't know until I got home that the money was there. Another time I found a locket filled with hair. I picked it from an ash can, and brought it into the house where the owner lived. The locket was worth 50 cents, but the owner prized the hair in it, and gave me a present of \$10 for being honest. She was an Irish servant girl, and she told me the locket contained a lock of her mother's hair. Her mother was dead.



'Now, I call that a Stunning Gown.'

Of course it is; all dresses interlined with the new improved stiffening,

Sponge Crépon

are remarkable for their chic. The skirts hang just right and never become limp nor sag in the seams, and the set of the sleeves is perfect. It is also much in vogue for lining flaring capes, the fashionable sailor collar, revers etc., and no matter how closely gowns are packed for travelling they keep their shape beautifully if lined with the light and uncrushable Sponge Crépon. White, slate and FAST black.

For Sale by all Dry Goods Dealers.

Brass buttons are saved and sold. Some people who pick also gather cigar stumps."

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Just the opposite of this was when I found a diamond earring in front of a house in West Fifty-first street, I raked it from the bottom of an ash can. I returned it to the owner who had missed it that morning from a table in the dining room; the woman gave the servant a laying out for being careless. The servant denied having thrown it out, and said that I must have stolen it from the table. She told the owner of it that she had noticed me in the hallway that morning. The servant wanted to get out of the scrape, and kept blaming it all on me. Finally the woman believed the servant's story, and abused me. The servant wanted to have me arrested. Her mistress said no, because they couldn't prove that I had stolen the earring. Then they ordered me away from about the house, and I went in a hurry. That was the thanks I got for being honest. I thought I would get a big reward. That was why I brought the earring into the house. But I said to myself, "Tony, that's a careless servant, watch that ash can." Then I watched it for two months, and was rewarded one day by finding an opened letter. The envelope contained \$20 in cash and a check for \$46. I sent back the check to the house. I mailed it. In a note sent with the check I wrote: "This was swept out by a careless servant." I guess that servant was discharged.

"It's easy to get square with them if they injure you. Did you ever know that some ragpickers stood in with certain servants up town? Well, that's so. I knew it to be so two years ago. The servant would pack shawls, clothing, and food in boxes, and then put the boxes in an ash can and cover them with paper, then dump a scuttle of coal ashes on top. The ash can would be rolled out and the favored ragpicker would be waiting. The hidden stuff would be put away in his bag, and the next day he would call at the basement door, pretending he was a beggar. He would then stake the servant—give her 50 cents or a dollar, according to what he received by way of the ash can. I suppose that is done yet. Many a bottle of wine was smuggled out that way. Then again there were servants who would leave things out in the ash can for a relative or lover. The ragpicker who struck those cans was usually lucky. He got the stuff and the servant's friend got left. Ain't I telling you too much?"

"No," said the reporter, "go ahead. Have another drink and go on with your story."

"Well," continued Bonnacchio, "its strange things that the ragpicker finds in the ash can or barrel. One time I picked up a human leg. It had been used by a medical student who had taken it from a dissecting room. Mother Carpio once found a human skeleton, and another time she found a skull. These came from a doctor's office. Another find of the ragpicker is legal papers and letters. I guess in my time I have found fifty bunches of love letters. Some had been thrown away purposely, others have been swept up and thrown out without the owner knowing it. I can always tell those that have not been put in the ash barrel purposely. They are generally tied together in bunches with fancy ribbons. Often when I'd find those kind of letters I would return them to the house and get a present of a dollar or two. I know one ragpicker who found a bundle of letters that would have queered certain people, and he sold them to the people for \$25.

I have found false teeth, artificial legs, glass eyes, and artificial hair. We pick up all these sort of things. Then again I have found stuffed snakes and birds, dolls, mechanical toys, religious articles and prayer books. You could start a drug store with the bottles of medicine that you could pick up on one lock alone. Then there are photographs. Old Zabo, the lame ragpicker, has a collection of photographs picked up in ash barrels. He has about 11,000 of them, and we all save them for him. Some of them, we know, are of prominent New York people. These Zabo has labelled. Then there are others, about 8,000 in all, that we know nothing about. Among the pictures there are many nude ones. Old papers and coins are also plentiful in ash barrels. One of the funny things I found was a book of sketches. They were pen-and-ink sketches, and all were original drawings. I sold the book for \$14, and the man I sold it to said it was worth \$100.

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"In the barrels in front of the theatrical boarding houses, we find tight, prince's costumes, ballet girls' pads and wigs. The principal pickers in New York never go on the east side now, because there's nothing to get in those barrels but stale vegetables and rotten meat. Some of the up-town barrels contain new shoes and new clothing. Zabo got a broken bicycle up there leaning against an ash can, and he reported his find to the lady of the house. She told him the bicycle had been out purposely to be taken away by the ashman. Zabo took the bicycle along and we had great fun with it out in the alley in the rear of this saloon. Then he sold it for \$11. Another time he found a bunch of railroad tickets, and these he sold for \$40. Among other things the ragpicker finds are scarf pins, shirt studs, bracelets and watch charms. But I never heard of any picker finding a watch. Pretty nearly everything else that would fit in an ash barrel has been found. There we find door mats, lamps, brackets, clocks, vases, bronz statues, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, razors, scissors, electric batteries, banjos, guitars, violins, tambourines, accordions, baseballs, old guns, pistols, swords, eyeglasses, smoking pipes, story books, bottles of cologne, soap, face powder, grease paint, umbrellas, suspenders, neckties, hats, and surgical instruments. About the only things we don't find are baby carriages and coffins. I suppose it is the ash barrels were made bigger we'd find them, too. I have dug out divorce papers, marriage certificates, wills, [and] deeds of graves. Papers of this sort are generally brought into the house. For bringing them back we sometimes get a dollar or a quarter, but more often we get a setting out. It's queer how people often abuse you for doing them a favor. Now I guess you have told you everything that I know about the poor ragpicker.

"But some of them are wealthy," suggested the reporter.

"Very few," answered Bonnacchio. "The majority are poor. The boss ragpickers are better off, of course, than the hired ones, because the boss gets a profit on the

Manchester, Robertson & Allison, AGENTS FOR THE Manufacturers IN THE Maritime Provinces.

other fellow's labor. Still, there are a few bosses who also go out themselves. Mother Carpio is a boss, still; she works every day. Blind Giuseppe—he's only got one eye, and he can scarcely see out of that—that is why they call him blind—he is worth considerable money. He made it mostly on spoons. For years he has bought up all the spoons the other pickers gathered. Many of the spoons were of solid silver, and Giuseppe can see a silver spoon with his one eye closed. I have also dealt in spoons, but we don't get enough of them now. But let me tell you a secret. I wouldn't be picking now, only I've got to do it on account of the old lady—Mother Carpio. I must stand in with her, so I got to work. If she was dead you can bet your life that I'd never use a hook again. It was all right years ago, but the business is run down to nothing. There's too many Hebrews in it, and then again, the city has got too many new rules that work against us. But say—if you put something in the paper about the ragpickers, just say they're as good as city laborers and work hard for their living. Put it down that they are honest, and have done many good things for the people by finding and returning lost articles."—N. Y. Sun.

How Dead Snakes "Come to Life," In nearly every country in the world there is a superstition to the effect that a serpent's head must be smashed to a jelly or else its companion will seek out its dead comrade and restore it to life by means of certain grasses, leaves, or herbs. This fancy appears to come to us from remote antiquity. In the mythological story of Polyidos we find it related in a curious form. Glauco, the son of Minos, the Cretan King, was smothered in a cask of honey. With the help of Apollo, Polyidos located the body (the whereabouts of which was previously unknown), and the stern old King then shut him up with the corpse, telling him that if he could discover that which was hidden he was scotswayer enough to bring his son to life. While in the dungeon with the corpse a dragon approached the body. Polyidos killed the reptile, but within the hour was surprised to see a second dragon creep forward and place a blade from a certain species of grass on the back of its dead companion. Polyidos took a hint from the wise serpent, and with the same blade of grass resuscitated the honey-smothered youth. The same story appears in different forms in the folk-lore of all nations. You can find it in "The Three Snake Leaves" in Grimm's "Tales;" in the Breton legend of "Sir E'ldoc;" in the Hindoo story of "Panc Paul Kanee;" and also in the Chinese and Japanese fairy stories.—St. Louis Republic.

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGARS. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public. UNGAR'S LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS 28-24 Waterloo St., 63-70 Spring St. St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S.