

WILY HETTY GREEN.

PECULIARITIES OF A WOMAN WORTH \$60,000,000.

She is Old Fashioned in Appearance, Severely Plain in Dress, but the Personality of Shrewdness When Financial Transactions Are Involved.

Not a small part of the fame of Brooklyn can be laid to the credit of the remarkable woman who have lived and live now within its borders—women who have taken rank and honor in almost every walk of life. It is a well known fact that a very large proportion of the real estate of the city is held in the names of women. It is not a widely known fact that the woman who is reputed to be the richest in the United States lives in the City of Churches and right in the classic section known as the heights too. Her wealth is variously estimated at from \$40,000,000 to \$60,000,000, and her name is Mrs. Hetty Green. Her name and personality are more familiar to Wall street than they are to Brooklyn society. That is because Mrs. Green has chosen to devote all her time to the manipulation of her fortune and has let society get along without her. Hetty Green at an Iphetonga ball would create a sensation indeed, but it is not likely that such an occasion will ever be recorded by society writers.

Hosts of people have brushed elbows with a shrewd and rather calm faced woman, apparently 50 years old, rather short, wearing a plain, old fashioned shawl and a bonnet so far beyond fashion's pale that no one would ever suspect it had been in it, even years ago. No body ever saw her with a dress which was not severely plain, and seldom has she been noticed when she did not carry an old style and well worn black satchel. Her appearance would never cause the uninitiated to think that she was anything more extraordinary than an old fashioned woman of moderate means and simple tastes, who was on her way to the corner grocery or the bakery on the block below. Yet, if money is power, this same staid looking person is one of the most powerful human beings in the country.

In an old fashioned house on a corner in Pierpont street Mrs. Green and her daughter Sylvia have lived for several years. The modest apartments they occupy are hired from a pleasant faced woman, who keeps the house and who has an admiration for Mrs. Green, which she does not conceal. The richest woman in the United States has a son, who has been spending some time in Florida seeking to improve his health. Mrs. Green has been a widow for many years, and her daughter is about 20 years old. Since the death of her husband Hetty Green has become a financier of unusual shrewdness. She has indicated by her actions that she has small faith in brokers, and that if she wants anything done the best way is to do it herself.

The weather beaten satchel has carried securities representing millions of dollars. It has knocked about New York and Brooklyn and other big financial centers with precious burdens, and Hetty Green has always had a tight grip on it. She does not believe in spending her money on things she does not want, and as she wants very little she spends but little. Her children and her fortune are the sole objects of her solicitude. Mrs. Green is said to be very anxious to have her daughter become one of the leading actors in the famous Four Hundred of Manhattan island. Something of an obstacle in the way of this is the daughter herself, according to report. Miss Green is credited with caring as little for the dazzle and newspaper notoriety of a social career as her mother. She is a girl whose tastes are quiet and to whom dress is a matter of little consideration. Mrs. Green, by way of a foundation for her daughter's social debut, some time ago settled a large sum of money on that young woman in government bonds. The amount is stated to be \$5,000,000.

Incidents in the career of this remarkable woman have stamped her as a bold yet cautious operator in stocks and securities. When the financial panic of 1884 occurred, Mrs. Green had a large deposit in a firm of Canadian bankers named Cisco & Co. of New York. Information reached her that the bank was in an unsafe condition, and without waiting to hear more she went to the institution and withdrew her entire deposit. The firm had no alternative, and after paying her her money was compelled to suspend and finally failed completely. Hetty Green is the largest property owner in the city of Chicago. She holds title to block after block of land in the business section, and her son assists in looking after her interests there. For many years she lived in the western metropolis, and she spends much of her time there when away from Brooklyn.

Her characteristic bargain with ex-Judge Henry Hilton is fresh in the minds of financiers. The money which the judge wanted so badly is generally conceded to have been used in buying out the interest of his son, Henry G. Hilton, in the dry goods firms of Hilton, Hughes & Co. and Hilton Bros. He went to Mrs. Green, or his lawyers did, and made a request for a loan of \$1,250,000 in cash. Mrs. Green was willing to lend, but insisted on having a mortgage on the marble palace at the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, New York, the Stewart building, which, with the land, is supposed to be worth \$3,000,000. She would take no other security, and after a two months' search of the title the largest mortgage ever given on a single piece of property in New York was recorded. But Judge Hilton needed the money before the search had been concluded, and after he had placed in the hands of Hetty Green title deeds representing \$15,000,000 worth of property she advanced him \$800,000. And in addition to this the shrewd speculator forced him to sign a paper agreeing that she should hold the deeds until the mortgage was executed. —Brooklyn Eagle.

UNCLE SAM'S MAILBAGS.

When Worn Out, They Just Begin to Be Really of Service.

To see the government economically administered, go where they mend mailbags. When a mailbag is worn out, it is considered as just fit for service. A new mailbag is stiff, unyielding. When it has knocked about the world, had the starch taken out of it and its weak places discovered, it grows pliable, gives when it can't force its way and is now prepared to do business successfully. Like a human being, the mailbag has had its experience. The most active mailbags now in the service have scarcely a hand's breadth of the original fabric.

The ordinary jute mailbag is mended by women. This is one of the now few branches of the public service outside of the civil service rules. The women who mend mailbags are appointed by congressmen or public officers in the old way. A more democratic gathering cannot be found in Washington. It is dirty if not difficult work. In the numbers of women clad in their worst clothes, their heads hidden in paper fools' caps with long curtains, their hands guarded by leather bands and at work on sewing so rude that it seems like a travesty on the gentle art of the needle, it is difficult to detect from one another the delicately nurtured woman, the sturdy foreigner and the negro. They are all there working in perfect amity.

Each woman sits on a low chair. She has exchanged her street dress for her working clothes in the commodious dressing room. She receives every morning a mailbag holding 10 bags. Five of these are comparatively good; five are more or less bad. It is a mild sort of lottery, which these women experience twice or three times a day, and the element of chance is not the less exciting though it lie in the depths of a dirty mailbag.

Bad or good the women are paid 34 cents a bag. For the woman who cannot earn at least \$1.07 a day there is no place in this room. They earn on an average about \$1.80 a day, and some women exceed this amount. Each woman works with a darning needle and twine thread. Her first acquirement is the sailor's stitch. With this she can patch, darn or embroider. When she has finished the bags, they are carried to a central table, where on a bulletin board her name is scheduled. There her work is examined by one of three men and checked off accordingly.

Not all sew. Some string the bags at the neck and put on the tags and locks. One of these is a blind negroess. She has not seen since a child, but she works rapidly and deftly while she tells with pride how she can embroider and sew at home.

These women from such varied walks in life work together in perfect accord. When to the foreman the dusty air and unsightly work seem to have depressed the workers, he suggests to some one, generally a colored woman, to start up some music. The wave of sound gathers until the whole room has joined in. It is usually a hymn, for hymns come most easily to women's lips.

The government is a kind taskmaster. The room is finely lighted and ventilated. The washrooms are abundantly and finely equipped with marble mounted stationary stands. At noon a tea and coffee bureau is opened, and the workers have all the tea and coffee they desire at the expense of their country. Washington working hours are easy. Vacations of a month are given, and certain sick leaves are provided for. The sweatshops of the government, where the new mailbags are made by contract, are in this city. —New York Sun.

A Perugian Superstition.

The girls of the Perugian highlands believe as firmly as any heroine of Theocritus that a person possessing a lock of another person's hair can will pain, disease and even death to the owner of the hair, and thus when maidens give their betrothed lovers the customary plaited tress it is virtually their life and all their power of suffering that they give into those trusted hands.

If the man should prove unfaithful and disease descend upon the unhappy woman, she is not, however, utterly lost, the experienced matrons of her village have means to transfer the complaint to a tree, to an animal or to cast it into running water. The patient must rise in the early dawn, touch a certain plant in a certain manner, saying, "May thou wither and I flourish again," or bind her complaint to a tree in a given fashion, taking care never to pass again before that tree lest the disease, recognizing its former possession, return to her again. —London Athenaeum.

Ice Cream Poisoning.

This is a reproach to the professions of medicine and chemistry. Year after year, with mournful reiteration, there are many reports of fatal cases. The deaths from this source must immensely exceed those from hydrophobia, but Pasteur institutes spring up like mushrooms in every country, while the deaths of the victims of poisoning by the cream are passed over in silence. Would it not be well to look into this matter? Would it not be well to prove or disprove the theory of a writer that the common ice cream freezer is often an electric battery decomposing toxic products by means of the mixture acting as an electrolyte? —Medical News.

A Stammering Nute.

Hobbs and Dobbs were discussing men who stammer. "The hardest job I ever had," said Hobbs, "was to understand a deaf and dumb man who stammered." "How can a deaf and dumb man stammer?" asked Dobbs. "Easily enough," replied Hobbs. "He had rheumatism in his fingers." —London Tit-Bits.

Lacking in Taste.

Maud—Why did you break off your engagement with Charley? Ellen—Well, you see he would wear shirts and neckties which didn't become my complexion. —Chicago Record.

MECHANISM OF A WATCH.

A Wonderful Little Machine That Took Hundreds of Years to Perfect.

Open your watch and look at the little wheels, springs and screws, each an indispensable part of the whole wonderful machine. Notice the busy little balance wheel as it flies to and fro unceasingly, day and night, year in and year out. This wonderful little machine is the result of hundreds of years of study and experiment. The watch carried by the average man is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2,000 distinct and separate operations.

Some of the smallest screws are so minute that the unaided eye cannot distinguish them from steel filings or specks of dirt. Under a powerful magnifying glass a perfect screw is revealed. The slit in the head is 2-10,000 of an inch wide. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound, and a pound is worth \$1.585. The hairspring is a strip of the finest steel, about 94 inches long and 1-100 inch wide and 27-10,000 inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered.

The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is gauged to 20-1,000 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has yet been devised capable of fine enough gauging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 1-20,000 part of an inch difference in thickness of the strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour.

The value of these springs when finished and placed in watches is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are made. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings when in watches is worth more than 124 times the value of the same weight in gold. Hairspring wire weighs 1-20 of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound.

The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about 14 times, which makes 197,100,000 every year. In order that we may better understand the stupendous amount of labor performed by these tiny works, let us make a comparison.

Take, for instance, a locomotive with 6 foot driving wheels. Let its wheels be run until they have given the same number of revolutions that a watch does in one year, and they will have covered a distance equal to 28 complete circuits of the earth. All this a watch does without other attention than winding once every 24 hours. —Locomotive Engineer.

Effect of Lightning on the Body.

In describing the recent death of a boy by lightning a dispatch stated that an accurate picture of trees and foliage in the vicinity of the accident was made on the boy's body, which phenomenon was supposed to have been produced by the lightning in a manner similar to that of making pictures or photography.

This, however, is not correct. While such marks are observable occasionally on the bodies of persons killed they bear no relation whatever to foliage of surrounding trees, although they bear a certain resemblance to those objects. There is really no photographing of the image of the trees on the body. That the actual cause is quite different can be proved by experiment in the laboratory. When electricity is discharged at high tension, as lightning is, on the surface of a body having a poor conducting power, a luminous arborescent image is formed, showing the path of one or more of the sparks resulting from the discharge.

This was most beautifully shown in the experiments carried out with high tension currents in London by Swinburne. The current would exhibit scattered lines of light that would develop into most exquisite tracery and take the form of plants or trees. The theory of this phenomenon is that the irregular courses taken by the spark may be due to the compression of air in the path of the discharge, or to superior conductivity of some parts of the surface of the body. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Wise Advice.

In the "Life of Rowland Hill," by Mr. Charlesworth, published in London some years ago, there are many anecdotes of that remarkable man. At one time when Mr. Hill was preaching for the benefit of a charity a note was handed to him, the writer of which asked whether it would be right for a bankrupt to contribute to the good cause.

"No," said the preacher after he had read the note, "but, my friends, I would advise you who are not insolvent not to pass the plate this evening, as people will be sure to say, 'There goes the bankrupt.'" —Youth's Companion.

Algiers Has a Stream of Natural Ink.

In Algiers there is a small stream which the chemistry of nature has converted into real ink. It is formed by the union of two rivulets, one of which is very strongly impregnated with iron, while the other, meandering through a peat marsh, imbibes gallic acid, another ingredient in the formation of ink. Letters and manuscript matter are satisfactorily written with this singular natural compound of iron and gallic acid. —Exchange.

Quick, but Seldom.

Mrs. Watts—Goodness! Aren't you afraid you will ruin your digestion by eating at so rapid a rate? You ought to eat more slowly. Hungry Higgins—I may not eat slow, mum, but I eat mighty seldom. —Indianapolis Journal.

His Forte.

Hill—MacShorte has sold a poem to Scribner's entitled "Ode to a Fair Lady." Halls—Has he? Well, he is more competent to write verses entitled "Ode to a Landlady." —London Tit-Bits.

Duration of Noah's Flood.

In Gould's "Notes and Queries," volume 6, page 284, the following questions are asked: "Are the floods known as Noah's Deluge and the Atlantean deluges considered to be one and the same?" The editor refers the question to his correspondents, and Mrs. L. T. George of Chicago answers it, incidentally giving the following curious particulars and minute details concerning the "great breaking up of the waters." "The deluge was threatened in the year 1536 and began on Dec. 7, 1656, B. C., and continued 377 days. The ark rested upon Mount Ararat on May 6, 1637, but Noah did not leave it until Dec. 18 following." Any reader who imagines that it would be an easy task to figure these details from the Biblical account can find a basis for his calculations in the seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis. —St. Louis Republic.

Saddle on the Wrong Horse.

An emancipated dude applied to a Harlem livery stable and wanted to hire a horse, but a deposit was demanded. "You want \$50 deposit. Do you think I am going to run off with the horse?" asked the dude. "No, but I'm afraid the horse will run off with you," responded the livery stableman. —Texas Siftings.

The Jaffa-Jerusalem Railway.

Rather a striking illustration of how trade and money getting make strange bed fellows is furnished by the Jaffa-Jerusalem railway. The concession for the railway was obtained by a native of Jerusalem, it was built by a French company, while the engines and carriages, manufactured in the United States, run over rails made in Belgium, and most of the remunerative part of the passenger traffic is drawn from British tourists. —London Tit-Bits.

The Business of Hotel Keeping.

Some idea of the enormous proportions of the business of hotel keeping has assumed in this country may be gained from the fact that there are in the United States upward of 50,000 hotels, exclusive of what may properly be termed inns and taverns and what are commonly known as apartment houses, although the latter are in many instances conducted as hotels in that they have a common kitchen and dining room.

A Fastidious Dog.

Gentleman (after throwing a piece of cutlet to his dog)—Hullo! Caesar won't eat that meat. Is it possible that the sagacious animal knows that his mistress cooked it herself? —Schalk.

When Dandy, Colonel Huling's fine horse, died at the Pennsylvania state camp the mastiff which had been his companion pined and sorrowed and had to be removed from the corpse by force. Then he transferred his affections to another horse, Dude.

A silken prayerbook is a costly novelty that it has taken the looms of Lyons three years to finish. The prayers are not printed on the silk, but are woven in.

Theatrical Item.

Tom—I can't understand why you applaud such miserable acting? Dick—I do it to keep myself awake. —Texas Siftings.

Miscellaneous.

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