SHIP SWEEPINGS.

A Man Who Makes His Living From the Refuse Gathered on Years.

I claim to be the proprietor of the very cheapest shop in London, and without me some of the poorest of the poor would have to go even shorter of the necessaries of life than they do at present, says a writer in Answers. The majority of my shipings are of first-class quality, and I retail them at often less than half the price of the most inferior stuff on the market, and make a handsome profit, too. How do I manage it?

I am what you might term a river marine store dealer. Every day, upon the falling tide, I proceed down the river with my small barge and boat, and make my way to any ship or craft which has just discharged or is discharging her cargo. The sweepings of the ship are what I trade in.

When a ship arrives at its destination, no matter what cargo she has, the owner of the cargo engages extra men to help the sailors get it out. While this work is in progress a part of the cargo—more specially if it is in bags—is sure to get spilled about the hold and deck. When the ship has finished discharging her cargo the officers sweep her out to make ready for the next cargo, and the results of the sweepings are their perquisites.

The records which I like to buy from most are those which contain corn and those which have a general cargo of dry goods. As regards the returns, they both pay me fairly well, but the latter more than the former. Something in the latter case will save me a better assortment. For instance, I bought a bag of sweepings which contained lump sugar, barley, maize, split peas, nails, razor blades, a description candles, nails, two bottles of ink and a packet of wallet pegs.

Some years ago, I was offered a cask containing something unknown that had been washed ashore a few miles away. I noted the name on the cask and during the same evening heard a sound if he knew anyone who would buy the contents of the cask. He never said a word as to the nature of the stuff to me, but must have gone straight to the police station, for well at half an hour there were nearly a dozen policemen at my place, demanding to see what I had purchased. Brandy was the thing they searched there were over twenty of them in front of the fire to warm themselves.

Game Fruit.

When foreign game fruit has become much more valued in favor in the market than it is at the present time, I can only guess, yet there are many perishable articles I know it when they see it, which, in many others, the price is prohibitive, such as the Providence Plantain. Only a few years ago the largest and most expensive fruit was the "Cape grape," which, in fact, is not the grape of the Japan of that name. It is nearly the size of a plum, and it is that of an orange in color, the covering is as tough as leather, and its keeping quality is equally good. In taste it is solid and juicy, but not overpowering sweet, and it is a most wholesome fruit. Many people who have never tasted it, but have read about it, are fond of it, and it is a good seller. Pineapples are now a common fruit, and are cheap, but there are many persons who have never tasted one, and they are a most wholesome fruit. The Providence Plantain is a fruit which, I believe, is not known in Europe. It is nearly the size of a large pear, and is of a pale green color, with a thick skin. The pulp is firm, and has a taste like a mixture of pineapple and banana. It is a most wholesome fruit, and I believe