

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1899.

RETURN OF PROSPERITY.

A REMARKABLE IMPROVEMENT ALL OVER THE STATE.

A Correspondent Talks About Business Prospects—Scenes on the Stock Exchange During the Recent Flurry Described—How Consumption may be Averted.

New York, Feb. 6.—The prevailing opinion is that General Prosperity and his staff have encamped in this gentle country for a good long stay. There is a remarkable improvement in business over a year ago. There are no troublesome strikes, there is no howl in the press over the "great unemployed," and though the public and private charities are working as nobly as ever, they are not calling for public assistance. The best song of all comes from the great retail merchants. The managers of the big firms on Sixth Avenue and Broadway have publically expressed their satisfaction with their January trade. The Christmas trade was excellent, and seemed to stop over abundantly into 1899. The result is that almost the full force of employees is kept on, and big orders for goods are placed with the manufacturers. Mr. Henry Siegel, president of the Siegel-Cooper Company, puts it thus: "Last winter the middle class were buying only necessities; now in addition they are purchasing many comforts." It is to be hoped that the good General mentioned above will not be obliged to fall back on government embalmed beef before hungry March crawls by.

The throbbing pulse of prosperity is best felt in Wall St. It is no uncertain beat. No such scenes of merry money-making have been witnessed on the Stock Exchange for several years. A kind of stock soared toward the speculator's heaven and so far have remained up. In a few days bankrupts became rich, and millionaires almost doubled their wealth. An investment of \$20 brought in \$200 in three minutes. Few investors were dull enough to lose. Excitement reigned supreme amongst the brokers. To a visitor in the gallery of the Stock exchange the transaction of business by the brokers on the floor is a bewildering mystery. Messenger boys are constantly running in all directions, telephone bells are ringing eternally, and a dozen foot-ball scrimmages seem to be in active convention, while over and above all, now rising, now falling, than is sharpest pitch, now in hoarsest tones—in one great yelling shout staccatoed with a thousand short, sharp barks. "Constancy in nothing but eternal strife." At every breath a man's pocket book fattens. Now he is poor, now he is rich. Here is a particularized incident: Apart from the general bedlam a middle-aged man stood, carefully penciling in a note book. His face was very solemn and austere. A smile would freeze to death within ten feet of him. Suddenly he raised his hand containing the note book and shouted two words. A hundred brokers instantly sprang at him. They seemed intent upon tearing him to pieces. They jammed in a solid mass about him, those on the outside were tipping and wedging in to the utmost, and every one stretched a hand as near to the solemn-faced broker's head as he could, with first and middle fingers separated and extended, and every mother's son of them shouting at the top of his voice. But solemn-face stood his ground. In three minutes the mob began to drop apart. The good of it all was shown by some hilarious broker throwing over the shoulders and down the collars of three stately grey heads a handful of fine paper bits. The visitor laughs a sigh of relief as he escapes into the comparative quiet of Broadway, and wonders at the hilarity of money-kings. But who wouldn't split his coat up the back and tear a big hole in his dignity for a thousand pounds.

A Yankee is surely the antithesis of compressed air, but he will tackle even that when he smells a dollar in it. Here we have the Auto-Truck Company, recently incorporated with a capital of \$10,000,000, and with Richard Croker as managing director. The laboring horse will no longer have a pull in this city, but must fold his blanket and silently steal away to the farm, or porter-house steak chop. The trucks, expresses, delivery wagons and cabs will hereafter, if the Company carries out its purpose, be propelled over the streets, with their various loads, by compressed air contained in cylinders beneath the body of the wagon. The wheels will be rubber tired. The Company has

about completed negotiations for a big plant in which to manufacture their horseless vehicles, and expect to have them in general use during the coming summer. Sample trucks are working satisfactorily. The result will be a distinct blessing to the city. There will be cheaper rates, a great cessation of noise, increased cleanliness, and the extension of asphalt paving.

The Cycle and Automobile Show, held during the week ending January 28, at Madison Square Garden, disclosed more knock-out drops for the horse. Many of the motor carriages exhibited are in practical use every day on New York streets. One carriage, weighing five hundred pounds, built to carry two persons, can run seventy-five miles on one gallon of gasoline, and can speed twenty miles an hour. But the automobiles are costly, ranging from \$1000 to \$3000. The price for standard chain bicycles during 1899 will be \$50, and for chainless from \$60 to \$75. Few changes from 1898 models are noted, being chiefly in finish and sundries. There are some brilliant electric lamps, also a gas lamp that generates its own gas. A chainless tandem attracted much attention. The wheel of Captain Sigsbee, which went down with the Maine in Havana Harbor, also attracted a thoughtful

The New York Legislature is preparing to make war upon consumption. A bill is being now favorably considered to establish a state hospital for the treatment of incipient cases. In connection with this bill an elaborate report has been drawn up by Dr. Geo. W. Brush, senator from Brooklyn. From this report the following facts are gleaned: Consumption is infectious, but not hereditary. The children of consumptive parents usually develop the disease between their eighteenth and twenty-eighth years. The tuberculo-bacillus, taken up by the throat during childhood from infected particles dried in with the dust of the carpet or floor, develops only after maturity. The annual death rate from consumption in this State is 13,000. Nearly every victim was in the prime of life. A large proportion of these deaths is due to lack of proper treatment through poverty and ignorance. If taken in its earlier stages from 50 to 75 per cent. of those affected with consumption can be cured. One half of all the people of New York City develop consumption. One-half of those get well without their knowing that they had it. The other half, that is, one-fourth of all the people—die of it. The three essential preventatives of consumption are: proper breathing, good nutrition, and cleanliness of person and surroundings. FRED LESLIE.

THE SENATOR AND THE BARBER.

Mr. Frye of Maine has an Experience in Paris About a "Hair Cut."

When an honorable senator tells an amusing story at his own expense, it can be no disrespect to repeat it. Senator Frye of Maine, one of the commissioners to negotiate peace between the United States and Spain, wears his hair cut in a fashion somewhat peculiar, and is particular to have it cut that way. He wrote home to a friend in Maine that during the peace negotiations in Paris his wife informed him that he must surely have his hair cut. Now he has a barber in Lewiston, Maine, who knows how to cut his hair to his liking.

"I lie back in his chair," says the senator, "while he talks fishing and fox-hunting and neighborhood news, and he shears it to my taste. I have my favorite barber in Washington, but in Paris I am not on speaking terms with any of the tonsorial profession."

However, the senator's hair had to be cut. He went forth in quest of a barber, and found a shop. He entered; the barber came forward, and the senator turned on him, feeling more embarrassed than he had ever felt in addressing the Senate. He had gone through with a considerable rehearsal at home of the parts of "Conversations in One Hour" which seemed to have any application to a barber shop, and this choice selection the senator now proceeded to address voluminously, and with his best accent, to the man of the shears. In this way he described exactly how he wanted it cut. The barber looked puzzled, and the senator began to talk French again, and to tell the barber, very carefully this time, how he wished to have his hair cut.

"I illustrated it by signs," he says, in a way that must have convinced him that I wanted my head cut off right above my coat collar. Once more the man hesitated; but now,

spreading his hands out with a deprecatory gesture, he said, in very good English:

"Ah, I beg your pardon; you are a Dutchman I see, and speak no French. We do not speak Dutch, but do you happen to speak English?"

After that the senator and the barber got on perfectly well, but he is still wondering what made the man think he was talking Dutch.

THE MISTAKES OF WOMEN.

Mrs. Augusta Raymond Kidder Discusses Her Sex.

"The Mistakes of Women" was the title of a lecture delivered by Mrs. Augusta Raymond Kidder recently at the home of Mrs. William Curtis Demorest, 68 West 66th St., New York. Mrs. Kidder called her talk a "lecture." Probably this was because it seemed out of proportion to the size of her subject. One man remarked condescendingly at the end of the lecture that she had made a good beginning, which he would like to finish up some time. He was not encouraged by the women present.

According to Mrs. Kidder the first mistake a woman ever made was responsible for the introduction of the cradle. Some of the later ones, however, have not turned out so well. One of these latter-day ones is the way they go to work to demonstrate their equality with man.

"Women seem to think that the way to gain their own ground is to pull the ground out from under man and topple him over. Still it must be admitted that women are not fairly treated. There's looking backward, for instance. Bellamy did it. He was a man and got fame and fortune for it. Let's wife did it. She was a woman and we all know what she got for it. It seems as if it was adding insult to injury to turn her into the cheapest commodity in the market. If it had been sugar we could have appreciated the obvious compliment to the sex. Still, it is some comfort that, even in her disgrace she was something indispensable.

"Another mistake of woman is loving too much. Of course, love is beautiful, divine, and all that, when it is deserved. But our sex is not prone to investigate. It is another of our mistakes that we trust too much. There is plenty of counterfeit money afloat in the kingdom of love, and anyway, even if the coin were genuine, it is a terrible mistake to give ten dollars in change for a one-dollar bill. According to Commerson, one of women's mistakes is that they distrust men too much in general and not enough in particular.

"A fatal mistake of woman is her tendency to self-effacement. Did I hear any gentleman smile?" asked the speaker after the derisive laughter which followed her remark had died away. "He need not; for it is true that for ages women have been content to inspire. They have been more than willing to bask in the reflected glory of those they loved. I'd like to paraphrase one of Longfellow's verses:

"Wives of great men oft remind us That they make those men sublime; That, if husbands couldn't find us, They'd be failures half the time."

"Another mistake of women is that they do not allow themselves to rest. What women do not know about eating and resting has built 10,000 hospitals. Another of women's mistakes is not knowing how to eat. Consider the ways of men in this respect and be wise. Another mistake is worrying. Some women remind me of children who plant seeds in the garden and dig them up the next day to see how they are prospering. We all remember the old woman who said: 'Yes, dearie, I've had an awful lot of trouble in my life and most of it never happened.'

"Is one of our mistakes talking too much? I fear it is. And another is not having enough fun. Nearly every woman is a miser of jollity. Men are willing to catch pleasure as it flies. But women must have everything just so before they can abandon themselves to enjoyment, and then they are usually too tired to take it. This goes beyond being a mistake. It's a disease, but fortunately not incurable. Women say it is easy to talk this way, but that one can't be laughing when one is hurried and worried. All I can say is that you might be as hurried, but you wouldn't be as worried if you did laugh. I happened once to speak of my husband to a little girl, and she said:

"Why, I didn't think you were married." "Why?" I asked. "Oh, 'cause—" "Cause why?" "Cause you laugh so much." "Wasn't that a momentary on matri-

mony! And now a word about marriage, which is never a mistake, though weddings often are, for every wedding is not a marriage. In this connection let me speak about jealous women. It is a large subject, but a few words about it are as good as many, for people with that disease seldom listen to advice. The conclusion I come to is that jealousy under any circumstance is useless. The only thing to be done, when one thinks one has grounds for the feeling, is the last thing they are likely to do; that is, to be so charming and altogether lovely that the rival will be routed as an entirely inferior person. Some women, however, think they are jealous when they are really only selfish. With a case where there is real cause for this mental anguish I should, of course, be unable to cope. Martyrdom or a clergyman and the family lawyer would be the remedy, I suppose. But I recommend a little wholesome introspection to find out whether, after all, it may be only another mistake.

"The last mistake is that we are too prone to take offense at little things. We indulge in too many petty misunderstandings among ourselves. Men don't do this. Let us emulate them in it. We appreciate men's merits, and we can't do better than to imitate those we discern. As a rule, women admire men as much as men admire themselves. Human admiration can go no further."

INDIAN IN T

Won't Send His Children to School Unless He gets Beef on the Hoof.

"There is nothing enchanting about an Indian when you come in contact with him, and to know one is to despise him," said an Oklahoma traveler to a reporter. "I have heard of the white man having moods, but the red man has moods, tenses and the whole shooting match. It takes less to give an Indian the sulks than it takes to make a spoiled child stick its thumb into its mouth.

"When I left Oklahoma a few weeks ago the Cheyennes were in the dumps because the Government handed out beef to them in a civilized way. A few years ago the Indians got their beef on the hoof. A certain number of Indians would assemble on a range once a month and the Government inspectors would brand so many head of cattle and turn them out on the range. The Indians, the braves and bucks, armed with Henry rifles, stood in a line up the range and peppered the herd. When a steer fell and while still alive the nearest squaw ran up and cut out the steer's tongue. An Indian thinks if he can get a beef tongue while it is yet warm with life blood he has reached the gates of the hereafter.

"Now, you would think from the Indian poetry you may have read and the Indian plays you may have seen that an Indian would rather sit in his tepee and have his rations served by the Government than go to the trouble I have described or have his squaw do the worst part of the job. That is what the row is about. The chaplains at the forts in Indian Territory were the first to protest against serving Indians rations on hoof. The chaplains said the practice kept the nature of the Indian stirred up. Like the tiger, the more blood he saw the more he wanted. Finally the chaplains succeeded. The Government did the butchering and served the meat. The Cheyennes refused to take it.

"Up to this time the Cheyennes did nothing, or next to nothing, to support themselves. But when the government refused to serve beef in the old way, and

the Cheyennes refused to eat it in the new way, the Cheyennes divided into groups and went about the country towns giving ghost dances. The contributions to these entertainments were put into canned goods and the traders could hardly keep enough to supply the demand. If you know anything about an Indian you must know that his stomach is not constructed for anything like dainties. They are to an Indian what sauce is to the pudding.

"The Government can't make an Indian eat meat any more than a boarder can be forced to take soup, but the Government thinks it better to persuade the Indian than do the other thing. As I am in the pay of the Government for looking after some Indian interests, I reckon I had better not say too much about what I think. The Government, finding the Indians refractory about beef, built schoolhouses all over the Territory, and about the reservations, and offered better educational advantages for the Indian children. Since the Government has refused to let the Cheyennes chase and torture cattle the Indians have refused to send their children to school. The agent has been instructed to enforce the terms of the treaty and compel attendance. Maybe the Government can educate Indians by this method, but I don't go much on that sort of civilization. An Indian is an Indian. If he is good for a little while he is so for the same reason that Josh Billings said prompted a mule to harbor an intention for forty years to kick a man. And as between an educated Indian and a sure-enough Indian, give me the latter."

How She Caught a Pickpocket.

A wealthy lady was in an omnibus with a considerable sum of money in her purse. At one of the stops there came into the bus a man who sat down beside her. She thought of her well-filled purse, and resolved to watch him closely.

Suddenly her suspicious neighbor put his hand down at his side. She felt it slide down until it touched her purse, and instantly she put out her own hand and seized the stranger by the wrist. He did not struggle, however, and she was in some perplexity as to what she should do next; but she thought that if he should attempt to get away she could at least show that she had him by his wrist with his hand in her pocket.

She said afterwards that she could not tell why she did not give an alarm at once, but she sat quiet, waiting for her neighbor to make the first move.

They rode on in this way for some distance, when to her amazement the stranger prepared to rise.

"If you will let go of my arm, madam," he said, with the utmost coolness, "I will get out here."

His hand rose as he spoke, and to her utmost confusion, the lady discovered that his hand, instead of being in her pocket, was thrust into the pocket of his own ulster. The garment hung down so that his hand had pressed against her purse without being in contact with it, and she had been holding him by the wrist with no excuse whatever.

She was overcoms with confusion, but managed to say that she had thought his hand to be in her pocket. The stranger smiled and went out, while a gentleman near by leaned forward to say—

"Don't you know who that is, madam? That is the Reverend Doctor Blank."

The name was that of one of the best known clergymen in London.

Mrs. Wiseman: "Isn't your husband a little bald?"

Mrs. Hendricks (indignantly): "There isn't a bald hair on his head."

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is the name to remember when buying Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been curing people right along for nearly 50 years. That is why it is acknowledged to be the sovereign Sarsaparilla. It is the original and the standard. The record of the remedy is without a rival,—a record that is written in the blood of thousands, purified by its power.

"I nursed a lady who was suffering from blood poisoning and must have contracted the disease from her; for I had four large sores, or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. At last I purchased six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind."—Mrs. A. F. TAYLOR, Englevalle, N. Dak.

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