

Life's Curious Phases.

A well known broker of Wall Street was chatting a few days ago with some friends, and somewhat surprised them by asserting that luck has had more to do with the making of sudden and immense fortunes in the street than is commonly supposed. He referred for one example to his own experience, and said that twice he had found himself a hundred thousand dollars better off at night than he was in the morning, and had at once realized, although when he went down to the street that day he had no idea of making such a comfortable sum. Three times by sheer accident, for which he was not to blame, he had lost a pretty little fortune, and he believed that his own experience could be matched by very many of the speculators of the street. Of course, he expected those great operators who, from their control of immense amounts of cash, from their ownership of controlling interests in large properties, and their ability to manipulate the market, were placed beyond the power of lucky or unlucky accident to affect greatly their wealth.

"Perhaps the most remarkable case that ever came under my observation," the broker went on to say, "was that of one of the most conservative men now on the street. He is now simply a broker, and since Black Friday has never speculated one dollar's worth. You remember that three or four men brought on the panic now known as Black Friday by cornering gold, and running the price up till many operators were ruined, the street was in a wild panic and universal smash seemed imminent. These men relied on what they believed to be good assurance that the Government would put no gold on the market that day, and they had locked up pretty much all the rest of the gold in the country that was available. Right in the midst of the panic, when the street was like a madhouse, and many men who in the morning supposed themselves rich, were almost stark staring mad over the ruin which had befallen them in a few hours, and when almost the highest figures had been touched and nobody was selling short, this broker to whom I refer suddenly lost his head. He had covered early in the morning at a comparatively small loss, and had been looking in during the day without any personal anxiety, except that caused by the fear of a panic that would knock the bottom out of everything. Suddenly, he never knew why, nor has he any but the most vague recollection of the transaction, he rushed into the bawling, howling pit, and sold right and left at their highest figures. He probably might have avoided his contracts or his friends invalidated them for him, for he was undoubtedly insane when he did this. At all events, he was still selling when suddenly there came that little message from Secretary Boutwell that knocked the bottom out of the corner in the twinkling of an eye, 'sell five millions of gold.'"

"In half an hour my friend would have been a lunatic pauper, and as it was, his brother, I think, or some near relative, found him utterly irresponsible, and with a good deal of difficulty led him away to his office. There, when he was told of the order of Boutwell's, and that the bottom had dropped out of the panic, he

did not seem to comprehend the truth at all, but mumbled something which nobody understood. His contracts, however, were found, and taken care of by his clerks, and a rapid estimate showed that he stood to the good not far from a quarter of a million. When they told him, he did not seem to comprehend. He had not been drinking, for he was a teetotaler. Suddenly they missed him. They could not find him in the street, nor in the gold-room, nor at any of the other broker's offices he was accustomed to visit. Nobody had seen him. He had not gone to his home; and his family at midnight, becoming thoroughly alarmed, notified the police that he was missing and temporarily deranged. He was found wandering up Broadway long past midnight, muttering his calls and recognizing no one. Nor did he know any one for nearly two weeks. He was on the verge of paralysis of the brain, and barely pulled through. When, after two weeks illness, he woke one morning rational, his first thought was that he was on 'Change. He remembered nothing of his operations, but recalled very vividly so much of the panic as he had witnessed before he began to operate himself. It was a long time before his physician permitted him to be told that he had by his crazy freak made a fortune. He has kept it, too, for from that day to this, as I said, he has never bought a stock except for investment.

"There was another case that I'm always reminded of when I see a young man in the street, who is a very bright chap, and will be heard from some day. His father was the president of a savings bank somewhere down East, and somewhere in 1870 took a lot of Southern Minnesota seconds at 90. He intended to buy them for the bank, but thinking he had a good thing kept them himself. The panic of '73 knocked Southern Minnesota down to nothing, and the president threw the bonds into a box in his library at his house. He was afterwards obliged to compromise with his creditors, and threw in a lot of stuff, among it being, as he supposed, the Southern Minnesotas. The whole lot at that time would not have brought over \$200. Later this man came to New York and went on the street. He made money at first, but either in the summer of '80 or early in '81 he was badly bitten in oil, and was, as he supposed, a ruined man again. The very evening that he had made up his mind to ask the next day for an accommodation from his creditors, his boy, who was then about 14, came to him to ask if he might have a piece of paper with pictures on it to paste in his scrap-book.

"The father was about to say yes without looking, when he recognized the crisp rustling of parchment paper such as are usually used for bonds. He snatched the bond from the boy's hand, and it was a Southern Minnesota, worth about par.

"Where on earth did you get this?" he asked.

"Why, up in the attic in a chest, where some of your old books and papers are, and there are a good many more of them."

"I don't think the father was long in making tracks to the attic, and there he found his long-forgotten Southern Minnesotas. They were worthless when he put them away, but

they were worth their face now—something like \$30,000, I think; at all events, enough to put our friend on his feet, and he hasn't touched a thing since that hasn't turned to gold. He has just taken the boy into his office, and a mighty bright lad he is, and his father thinks he is a genuine Mascot.

"I could tell you of a number of other remarkable pieces of pure luck that have made some of our operators middling rich, and I doubt whether the 'Thousand and One Nights' would be regarded as a more marvelous narrative of the ups and downs of the street would be if some man like Cammack or Wash Connor would only write it."—*Harness*.

Under the heading of "Beet sugar at two cents a pound," the *Merchant of Toronto* publishes an extract from an exchange announcing that somewhere in Germany a system is at work by which 11.96 pounds of sugar can be extracted from 100 pounds of beets. We wonder if political dead beats would do for raw material in this system of refining? If so we would advise some of these German refiners to look to Winnipeg at present for a good supply. There has been a change in the Local Government, and the new ministry will find it necessary to do without a host of the loafers, who hovered around their predecessors. We will warrant every one of these loafers a dead beat of the first water, and if German refiners can take them and make them into sugar, and thereafter into candy, lollipops or syruped drinks, the industrious people of this province can well spare the whole outfit, as they have failed to find any sphere of genuine usefulness for them here. If in the refining process thorough pulverizing is necessary, it will matter but little thereafter to people here, whether or not they contain the necessary saccharine qualifications to complete the sugar.

Something About Bustles.

A very pretty young woman, who's tailor made coat fitted her shapely form as snugly as the bark fits a tree, sat in the train one morning in a very uncomfortable attitude. She occupied the extreme edge of the seat by such a frail tenure that there was great danger of her slipping down upon the floor. She tried to look unconcerned, but succeeded only in impressing her neighbors with the fact that she had something on her mind, or rather, on the small of her pretty back. No wonder the young woman was uneasy. She was trying to be comfortable and wear a three-story bustle at the same time. When the train stopped at the next station she arose with a sigh of relief, pressed down the bustle which had become slightly disarranged on the journey, glanced over her right and left shoulders at the swing of her skirt, and tripped down the stairs into the street.

The bustle which was the cause of the woman's discomfort was shaped something like a banana cut in two lengthwise and the pulp taken out. Across the flat side of this indispensable article of women's apparel was a string zigzagging like the string of a corset. The frame of the bustle was made of crinoline material covered with cloth. The dress stood out in the rear about two feet from the wearer's body, and the extension looked like the kitchen in the rear of an Irishman's shanty. The whole affair was a striking example of how far women will go in deforming themselves at the dictates of fashion.—*Drapers' Record*.