

THE GAME OF "HOP."

AN OLD TRICKSTER.

IT EXCELS POKER AND IS EQUAL TO THE FASCINATING FARO.

A New Short Card Game That Has Taken Paris and London by Storm, and Promises to Become Popular in America—How It Is Played and the Rules for It.

People of Paris who gamble are devoting all of their spare time to a new game that has supplanted all of the other games played for money.

The new game is called "hop," and it is described as being the most fascinating game that has ever been played—not counting, excepting the alluring game of poker.

Paris is so infatuated with "hop" that millions of francs are lost and won at it every night.

The game of "hop" has been introduced into the clubs of London, and it is being played there with a zeal worthy of a better cause.

So far as known the game has not as yet been attempted in the United States, but it is as popular of time when it will become as popular there as in Paris and London.

For the reason that it is impossible for card players to withstand its temptations. All that is required to render it a go there is to explain the rules governing the play.

"Hop" is an extremely simple game. Any person of ordinary mental caliber can play it if once told how to proceed.

Here is a description of the game: Four persons are necessary to make up a game. Take four decks of cards, from which throw out all of the cards below the sevens.

That leaves the aces, kings, queens, jacks, tens, nines, eights and sevens—16 cards with.

FOUR DECKS IN ONE. All four of the decks are shuffled together as though they were one deck.

This done, and the cards having been cut, one person makes the deal, giving one card at a time to the other players until he has dealt them three cards apiece, but taking no cards himself.

After the deal those who have been supplied with cards look at their hands and bet or stay out, as their judgment dictates.

The matter of betting having been settled, the dealer turns a card from the top of the deck and proceeds to pay and take, according to the exigencies of the game.

Losers and winners are determined thus: If the dealer turns an ace he makes a sweep, or, in other words, wins all of the bets that are made, regardless of the cards held by the other players.

If he turns a king, and there are any kings in the hands out, they "stand off" the dealer. All cards below the king lose on that hand or deal. All aces out win.

It is merely this: The persons to whom the cards are dealt take chances, after looking at their cards, and before the turn up, of their cards being either higher in denomination than the card that will be turned up or as high.

The ace is the dealer's percentage. A king or a seven will stand off a king or a seven, and there is nothing lost nor won on such a stand off, but nothing will stand off an ace when turned by a dealer. Even if there are three aces in a hand against the dealer, he wins if he turn an ace.

When the cards have all been dealt by one dealer he passes them to the player on his left, and they are shuffled and dealt by that person until they are again exhausted, and so on as long as the game lasts. They are not shuffled between the hands as in poker or euchre, but after each hand is played the cards employed in that hand are thrown aside, not to be used until another grand shuffle has been made.

A limit is placed on bets to be made, which is determined, of course, by the purse of the players.

A SAMPLE GAME. Imagine a game. Say the players are Blackie Edwards, Tom Meade, Dick Holland and Bill Bolander.

They sit in the order named, with Blackie on Meade's right. It's Blackie's deal. He shuffles the cards and hands them to Bolander to cut. Then he deals one card at a time, keeping Meade first, until he deals three cards from the top of the deck to each of the players.

Meade looks at his hand and finds a king, a ten and a seven. The limit is \$25. Meade bets \$1. He signifies his willingness to bet by declaring that it's a "go," that being the technical phrase.

Holland finds in his hand a jack, a nine and an eight spot. He bets the limit.

Bolander discovers a queen and a pair of tens. He bets \$6.25.

Blackie then turns up a jack. Meade's king, being higher than the jack turned by the dealer, wins \$1, but the ten and seven both being below the jack, cause him to lose \$1 each, which forces him to pay the deal \$1.

Holland's jack is a stand off for Blackie's jack turned up, and there is no action so far as that card is concerned. Dick loses on the ten and the seven, they both being below the jack in value, so he owes Blackie twice \$25 until he can see Bill Hyde.

Bolander wins one bet and loses two, having a queen and two tens.

The next hand, all of the outsiders, that is, those other than the dealer, have average cards and bet well up to the limit, but notwithstanding the fact that Meade has three aces, Blackie wins everything in sight when he turns up his card, for it is an ace. Remember, aces in the hand of the outsider do not stand off an ace turned by the dealer. When the dealer turns an ace there is but one thing to be done on that deal, and that is to take everything—if you are the dealer.

If an outsider hold three cards corresponding to any card—except an ace—turned by the dealer, there is nothing lost or won on that deal, for the three cards that prove to be higher than the one turned by the dealer, the person holding the cards in question wins three times the amount of the money he bet. If he hold three cards that are lower than the one turned he loses three times his bet.

Those who play cards for money like to get quick action, and for that reason the game of "hop" is bound to become popular in the States when once started there. The action in "hop" is as rapid as in faro. In fact, it is little short of being furious.—Paris Letter to Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Generosity. "How was it such a mean fellow as De Jinks handed you his cigar case?" asked Merrit.

"He just pulled it out to show me he hadn't a cigar left."—New York Evening Sun.

A Philanthropist Catches a Tartar in the Street Car Service.

"Shame! shame!" cried a benevolent gentleman, as a car driver snapped a whip lustily around the heels of a horse that was being led from the big stable of the cross-town lines by Christopher, near West street, to a waiting car. The animal was so lame in both front legs that the old frame quivered as if it were going to un hinge every time he cautiously put his foot on the pavement. It did seem hard to force an old animal like this to work, and a crowd of people, who had speedily gathered, were heartily glad when the benevolent man seized the driver's arm, and showing a sledge of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, threatened to arrest him if he persisted in mauling the beast.

"Show Billy some kindness," said the driver in response to the stranger's suggestion. "Shure that's what ails him. He's hid too much of it. Why he'll swallow kindness quicker than a mouthful of cats and show his gratitude by sleeping twenty-four hours out of a day. He's the biggest rogue in New York, and I'll prove it to you. Whoa there, Billy! Hi! Hi! Whoopah!"

Up went the horse's ears as if he had heard the voice of an old friend. The driver patted him on the back and whispered: "You won't have to work today, Billy." The change was magical. The old man, who was a 2-year-old gelding, started toward his stall without a trace of lameness. He was turned about face toward the car quickly, the lameness returned in a jiffy, and he looked as if he was going to shake off his load and die.

"This is an every day occurrence," said Mr. Parker, the superintendent of the stable. "Billy is an old trick horse and used to travel with a circus. He has an innate hatred for work, and becomes lame every time that he is taken from his stall to take a turn with a car. He fooled us all at first, and I had thought I had been badly stuck in buying him, but I soon found out he was shamming. The lameness disappears as soon as he is hitched up, and he goes on his journey at good speed."

"Have you any other horses with peculiar antics?"

"Yes, plenty of them. We get many well bred animals, runners, trotters and jumpers, that have had their day. Every beat of degree has a weakness of some kind that gives us trouble, but we don't have time to pay attention to their whims and they soon find it out and become old stagers. The car stable is the last station to the boneryard, and we get a back at all the broken down plugs going in that direction. They are fed well and carefully looked after for the sake of economy, and a driver who is careless in abusing a horse will be instantly discharged. Horses have to be trained for this work, and it takes several months to get them into shape to stand the wear and tear of rough pavement and exposure to all sorts of weather. A green horse that is not handled with a care will wind up in the hospital after a week's steady work."—New York Tribune.

Qualified.

During a conversation on a railway train a well dressed old fellow became interested in a young man.

"You are just starting out in life, I suppose," said the old fellow.

"Yes."

"Have you any idea as to what you intend to do?"

"None whatever."

"What would you like to do?"

"I don't know. I don't think that I have any especial fitness for anything."

"Got no leaning toward any calling, eh?"

"None."

"Why, then, have you left home?"

"Well, the truth is, I was bored. My brothers and sisters are musicians, and their playing annoyed me."

"You don't like music, then?"

"I despise it."

"Can you sing?"

"Not a note."

"Young man," said the old fellow, speaking with emotion, "you need feel no further anxiety concerning your future. I will give you a grand opportunity. I am the manager of an opera company, and I want you."—Arkansas Traveler.

Superstitions of the Stage.

"A cross eyed girl is death to good luck on the stage," said the old showman who was in a pensive and talkative mood Saturday.

"They are dead sure to bring bad luck—a regular hoodoo, and no mistake. Lots of us won't travel with one in the company. I won't, if I know it, and I reckon I do. The opera company here this week, though, don't think so. I noticed a twist in one of the eyes of the chorus. Another had one in a yellow chariot in the orchestra. I'd rather play in front of a loaded cannon. Cricket! how I suffered! One night when I was playing down in Jersey I looked over the footlights and saw an old fellow with a black wig on his head blowing bad luck at me out of the nozzle of a yellow chariot. I was hoodooed for over six months, and then only by picking up a horseshoe in Pittsburg, Pa. I know lots of the boys who won't face one."—Lewiston Journal.

His Occupation.

Many a loving young bridegroom may deserve the epithet which illumines the card in a general thing, no one discovers the fact in so short a time after marriage.

The niece of a deaf old gentleman, "sway down in Maine," married one of the best musical critics of the west. On their bridal tour the husband was for the first time presented to this relative, who asked another niece in a loud whisper:

"What does he do?"

"He's a musical critic," was the loud reply.

"Waal," said the uncle, gazing at the young man, "no accountin' fer tastes; but why did the marry him, if he's a musical critic?"—Humist Review.

Electric Prostration.

Several cases of this new malady are reported from Creusot, France. It affects workers under electric light. The light exceeds 100,000 candle power, and it appears that it is this excess of light, and not the heat, which produces the nervous symptoms. A painful sensation in the throat, face and temples is first noticed, then the skin becomes coppery red, and irritation is felt about the eyes, much lachrymation ensues, and these symptoms then disappear, while the skin peels off in five days. The effects are comparable to those produced by walking over fresh snow in the sunlight, and may be regarded as a sort of "sun burning."—Lancel.

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Why taken at all to my exile long. To faces unloved and cold. Where never my lips can fit to a song. Wherever my heart grows old. When it's just as easy—and can't be wrong—To live in that Land of Gold?

A RUN FOR LIFE.

The term of school ended about the first of December. My uncle was at the time carrying on lumbering operations forty miles from home, on the outlet of Lake Winbigoshish, one of the lakes which form the headwaters of the Mississippi river. He invited me to join him at the end of the school term.

I had never been in a lumbering camp, and determined to spend a month or two in the pine woods with him. There was fine hunting—deer, foxes, muskrats, lynxes and other animals in the region.

In the settlement where I had been teaching there was a young Norwegian, Lars Bjork, two or three years older than I, who had trapped and hunted about Winbigoshish for several years.

He was a skillful woodsman, and a thoroughly good hearted young man, strong, sturdy and intelligent. He had been a chopper at the camp through the autumn, but as he thought that he could earn more money at trapping and hunting, my uncle willingly let him off, and neglected in my plan to accompany him for a trip of a few weeks around the foot of Winbigoshish, twenty miles above the camp. He also offered us a spare mule—Bingo by name—to haul our outfit. It was the middle of December when we started out from camp.

It was a long day's tramp. It was getting late when we arrived at the place selected upon for a camp. Nothing could be done that night beyond throwing up a temporary shelter of saplings and evergreen boughs, beneath which we crawled with our robes and blankets, and with our feet to a big fire of dry pine logs slept till morning. That is to say, Lars slept, but the unusual and lonely situation drove sleep from my eyes for many hours.

Bingo, poor beast, was latched in a larch thicket a little way off, where he browsed diligently.

We lost no time in selecting a site for our winter camp. At the end of two days, with Bingo's help in drawing the logs into place, we had constructed a comfortable hut, its slanks tightly calked with moss to keep out the sifting snow, which, in that cold region, usually falls in fine dry crystals.

Against the back side of the hut we also threw up a rough "lean to" for Bingo's accommodation.

After getting our camp in order we turned our attention to business. Lars set all the steel traps which we had brought. About the lake shore and along the river he constructed "dead falls" for mink, marten and otter. A few other traps were captured by the Norwegian the previous winter, but they were exceedingly shy and not abundant.

For three or four weeks but little snow fell. There was just enough to make the ground excellent for tracking game, and we were successful in securing quite a pack of fur—two of the coveted otter skins among others.

We had trapped several wolves, too, which proved that there were numbers of them about us. Yet as Lars had exhibited no fears concerning them, I felt none. Several times, on our long snow shoe tramps across the country, we had caught sight of them running with great swiftness, but we could never come near enough for a shot.

At length the snow began to come down in earnest nearly every day. The cold was intense. We had been down to my uncle's camp once for supplies and for the mail, which was brought in occasionally by one of the men.

On Christmas day we awoke to find that a genuine blizzard had struck us. We were entirely out of meat, for game had been scarce on the line of our traps for several days, and we had decided to devote this day to supplying ourarder. Now there was nothing for it but to stay in shelter till the storm was over.

For three days and nights the gale raged, and howled through the tree tops above our hut, whirling the snow in such thick clouds as nearly to smother one out of doors. We dared not venture two rods from the hut, for fear of never finding our way back through the blinding drift.

The cold was almost unbearable. With all our efforts, we could scarcely keep from freezing. Fortunately, we had prepared a supply of wood only a few yards from the door, and by turns we went through the drifts, dug out an armful, and pulled by the other's voice, crawled back to the hut, with hair and clothes and eyes pelted full of snow. Even with all the fire we could keep, I was obliged to wrap myself in one of the buffalo robes, and crouch in a corner nearest the stove.

Lars, a true son of the north, and accustomed to fierce blizzards, kept busy mending our clothes, traps and "skates," or snow shovels, such as are used in his snow bound north country, and whistled merrily, while the wild wind sent little eddies of snow whirling through the chinks into his yellow hair.

The fourth morning dawned bright and clear. The weather had moderated, but the snow lay four feet deep over the whole country. Our little hut was nearly buried, and so hard were the drifts, packed that I, who was about forty pounds lighter in weight than Lars, could run over them anywhere. The Norwegian would now and then slump through them.

But the cold weather had given us tremendous appetites, and our diet had been very tame. We knew that animals could not have moved about much in the deep snow during the long storm, and that they must have become famished. Accordingly, we thought that now game of all sorts would be astir.

After an early breakfast, we started out on our skates, which were made of

very narrow, glass. They were strapped, and with them one accustomed to their use can skim over the snow with great swiftness. Although I was thoroughly at home on ice skates, it was some time, with Lars' teaching, before I could keep pace with him.

After getting a little way back from the lake the country was open, with the exception of strips of timber bordering the streams. Upon the banks of two of these we decided to set some of the traps, which had been taking nothing about the lake for several days.

In the afternoon I started a doe, in a broad strip of timber, near a creek. As it bounded off over the snow I fired, but missed. Scarcely had the report been heard, when my companion's rifle cracked, and at the same moment I heard him cry out sharply, as if in distress.

Much alarmed I hastened in the direction of the sounds and found that a most distressing accident had happened. The doe had run toward Lars, who, while skimming along to get a nearer and more effective shot, had broken through the snow which had drifted over some small shrubs. His rifle was discharged as he fell forward, and the bullet had entered his left ankle, making a terrible wound.

Lars Bjork was a man of much courage and as stoical as an Indian, but the pain was so great that he swooned dead away. I, on my part, was so overcome that for a moment I lost my head entirely and could do nothing. But Lars soon recovered consciousness and instructed me how to bandage the limb and stop the flow of blood.

How to get him to camp was the next question. In this matter, too, Lars' brain was more fertile than mine. Some sort of hand sled, he declared, must be improvised, and I must go to camp, which was about three miles distant, after the ax, auger and ropes.

I disliked to leave him alone, in his distress, but there was no other way; so, after providing him with a bed of boughs, I started off, and as I had now become expert in the use of those wonderful skates, in less than an hour I had made the trip and was back again.

Obedying Lars' direction, I now cut two birch saplings, having natural crooks, for runners, and smoothed them off with the ax. Then I bored holes for and put in cross bars. Upon these I laid boughs and one of the robes which I had brought from camp. The sled was now ready, and my wounded companion managed to crawl upon it.

The load was not very heavy after getting under way over the smooth, hard snow. We went on at a good pace and had accomplished half a mile from the place where the accident occurred, when chancing to look back, I saw four or five animals about the spot, scrambling and apparently fighting with each other. I mentioned it to Lars. With an effort he turned to look back.

"They're wolves," he said. "Get to camp as fast as you can."

The brutes had sneaked from some covert in the timber as soon as we had started, and were licking the blood off the snow. They might even have been in pursuit of the doe, the cause of our misfortune.

As we had frequently seen them, while out trapping, I did not at first feel much alarmed. But soon a series of prolonged howls from behind warned us that, maddened by extreme hunger and the taste of blood, they were in pursuit, and that others were joining in the chase, coming out from the timber as we hurried along. I glanced at Lars. His face was very white, but he grasped his rifle firmly.

I now fully realized our peril, and put forth my utmost effort.

The country was half-open here. I had heard that it is the habit of wolves, when in large numbers, to try to surround their prey. I was certain that was what they meant to do if they could come up with us. Moreover I soon found that they were gaining in spite of my exertions.

We had covered hardly more than a mile and a half of the distance, when in going over some concealed shrub, where the snow was shallow, the sled broke through and threw me down.

I thought it was all over with us then, but I was not entangled, nor was anything broken, and scrambling to my feet, I jerked the sled out of the snow and was off again in a twinkling. But the howls of the pack had come fearfully nearer.

"Fly to camp, mine friend! Fly to camp! Don't mind me!" the brave Norwegian now exclaimed, as we dashed along. "They'll have us both. But drop me and you can get to the camp."

"Fire back into them!" I panted, for I felt ready to drop.

Lars managed to turn around and discharged his rifle, and at this unexpected salute the oncoming pack halted for a moment. This gave us a little time and I made the most of it, yet we had not gone fifty yards farther before the troop were again in full cry, and although he continued to fire as fast as he could reload, the ravenous brutes now paid no attention to the reports.

But at last, as it chanced, with his final cartridge he hit one of the foremost of the pack. The creature fell, and immediately the others set upon him after the manner of wolves. This again gave us a little start. Yet they quickly tore their wounded fellow to pieces and were after us again, more greedily than ever, before we had got out of their sight among the scattered timber. Then I thought of a fox which we had trapped, and I had tossed under the robe beside Lars, at starting.

"That fox!" I gasped. "Pitch that out!"

Overboard went the precious gray fox. Then on—on—on, for life again. But we were within twenty rods of camp now, and with a fresh spur I dashed for the door, and reaching it, ran inside, sled and all, at one final leap.

The door was slammed to and barred; and mad at our escape, the hungry creatures dashed themselves against it, like a