

DEAR EYES.

Oh, love! Oh wife! thine eyes are they
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial dreams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

PARTY'S POPPER.

I hate roughing it, simply because I
had known what really roughing it
meant for five years, and after five
years' experience roughing it—to use
an Americanism—had come to kinder
pall.

I was not sorry to wash my hands
of America, of its dreadful climate,
and of its dreadful people. I do not
want to be ungrateful, but the whole
of my time in America had been passed
in Firetail canyon, and the people
I met in Firetail canyon were decidedly
dreadful; and when I turned my
back on Firetail Canyon and metaphori-
cally speaking, shook the dust of
my feet against America, I was deli-
ghted; for I was tired of the brutal,
uncivilized, sordid life, and the ex-
ceedingly brutal, uncivilized, sordid
people whom it had been my misfor-
tune to have to associate with in Fire-
tail city.

The fact is, I had been engineer to
the Uncle Dudley silver mine, and
having, so to say—speaking in quite
a humble way you know—made my
pile, I was coming home to England
on six months' leave with the inten-
tion of bettering myself, if possible,
and of not returning to America, Fire-
tail canyon nor the Uncle Dudley
mine if I could help it. I carried my
little fortune of \$2,000 on my person
in thousand dollar notes. It was a
stupid thing to do. I did it to avoid
loss on exchange.

I had four delightful days on the
Bithynia. I need not describe the
Bithynia—you all know the Bithynia.
These four days were peculiarly deli-
cious, because they were passed in
the society of Parthenia Persimmon.
Parthenia was 18. She had lips ruddier
than the cherry and riper than the
berry; they were arched like cupid's
bow, and on her cheeks the lily and
the rose and innumerable dear, deli-
cious dimples struggled for supremacy.
Her luxuriant hair was a delicious
golden brown—but I need not say
any more; it will save your time and
mine if I state that Parthenia Persimmon
was a Duck of Diamonds. You know
what I mean? Exactly so.

If you ask me how Parthenia and I
enjoyed our time during those four
days, I fear I must reply, "In delicious
dalliance," which is a poetic phrase,
and expressive. We had never seen
each other in our lives before, and my
Party's popper was lying in his statu-
ette very scissel, indeed. Parthenia
is such a mouthful, you know, and she
has hidden me to call her Party, on
the third day of dalliance. "Popper
always calls me Party," she had ob-
served. I may explain here that popper
is American for father.

As yet I had not seen party's popper,
but on the fourth day of dalliance
a gentleman of 50, looking very green,
indeed, about the gills, was introduced
to me by Parthenia as that relative.

Party's popper was evidently a gen-
tleman. He was very quiet, hedged
unobtrusively, he did not talk politics,
and he spoke particularly well, throw-
ing in an occasional archaic word or
two, which gave a certain special
flavor a nd picturesque quality to that
clear, cold, genuine English of his.

I was rather sorry to see Party's
popper. No more moonlight walks on
the saloon deck, I thought; the days
of dalliance are over. Perhaps he
would ask my intentions. I did not
mind that particularly, for my inten-
tions were strictly honorable, but—
and it was a very big bit, indeed—I
had no idea in the world of the posi-
tion in life of Party or Party's
popper. That is the difficulty about
traveling Americans, it is impossible
to judge of their position by their
clothes, or their luggage, or their talk.

Of one thing alone can you be cer-
tain. If an American man or woman
sports jewelry save at a ball or a big
dinner, then you may be sure that he
or she is "shoddy." There was nothing
"shoddy" about Persimmon or his
daughter. The father sported a three
and a half dollar Waterbury and a
steel guard. That gave me courage.
"I don't want money," I thought to
myself. "I am desperately in love
with Parthenia, and I have \$2,000,
I'll propose to her."

I did propose to her.
"You know nothing of me, Mr. St.
John," she said in astonishment. She
said a great deal more. So did I. The
interview ended by her telling me to
see as much of her popper as possible,
and to try and "get down his back."
I understood enough of the American
language to know what she meant.

Mr. Persimmon and I grew very
friendly. We saw a good deal of each
other, and in the evening we went into
the smoking room and we played at
poker. When I say "we" I mean that
I did; for Mr. Persimmon declared
that he did not "know enough about

cards." I confess that I played a lit-
tle higher than I could afford, with
the idea of dazzling Mr. Persimmon
and so creating a favorable impres-
sion, which is what Parthenia meant
by getting down his back.

If I had not been so taken up with
Party I might have discovered in
time that Colonel Jabez Jackpotts,
Senator Pat Straddle and Dr. Clap-
perton Engle were professional sharp-
ers. On one fatal night they won five-
sixths of my little fortune, exactly
\$25,000. It happened this wise.

The game of poker stripped of its de-
tails is very much like the old-fash-
ioned game of brag. As played in the
smoking room of the Bithynia, the
first player "puts up"—i. e., stakes a
small sum; those who decline to play
throw down their cards, and the next
man to the left exercises his option of
"raising" the stakes, or "going bet-
ter." This goes on at infinitum till
those who are betting against the first
man decline to stake more money,
when the other players show their
hands in succession, and the highest
hand wins everything, unless the origi-
nal player exhibits a higher one, or
"puts up" a stake so high that the
others refuse to cover it, in which case
they all pay up to him and look as
pleasant as they can. If this takes
place, though he takes the money, he
does not show his cards. His hand
may, in fact, contain nothing; in which
case he is said to have "bluffed the
table."

Now, the highest possible hand is
what is termed a straight flush, or
"flush sequence" to the ace—that is to
say, ace, king, queen, knave, and ten
of one suit. This hand is impossible
to beat when it is held by the person
who makes the first stake, for even
should another player have the ex-
traordinary good luck to hold an
equal hand, ties pay.

The rules of the game of poker are
extremely strict. All money bet has
to be placed upon the table—rubbis-
h or fudge, as the French have it.

Now, I had a straight flush in spades
dealt me; I was so astonished at my
great good fortune that my hand
shook as I "planked down" my ten
dollars, and declared that I stood
"pat"—that is to say that I did not
want to better my hand by taking
cards. They were evidently a lot of
big hands out, for each of the six men
playing, though it was plain that I
held a big hand or was simply "bluff-
ing," increased the stakes. I put on
another one hundred dollars when it
came to my turn, for I knew that I
must win. Then one of the players
was frightened out, and the stake went
on increasing until I had three thous-
and dollars in front of me, for each
man "went better"—that is to say
increased his stake. Two of the play-
ers caved in.

"You can't bluff me, mister," re-
marked Colonel Jabez Jackpotts; "I'll
double the stakes," and he "put up"
the requisite amount in notes.

Foo! that I was, I doubted him
again, partly because I knew that I
must win, partly because I wished to
dazzle Parthenia's popper.

But Colonel Jackpotts "raised" me
again, and so we went on till \$25,000
in American notes lay in front of
each of us. It was five-sixths of all I
had in the world, and though I knew
that I must win, I gave a sigh of relief
as Colonel Jackpotts calmly remarked:

"I guess I'll see your swagger hand
mister."

I laid flush sequence to that ace up-
on the table with a triumphant smile.
"Damnation," cried Colonel Jack-
potts. Then he suddenly stretched
out his great paw and spread the
cards out. And lo! there were six
cards—ace, king, queen, knave, ten
of spades and the eight of hearts.

"I am sorry for you, mister," re-
marked Colonel Jabez Jackpotts, with
a benign smile; "that's a foul
hand. Hand over them chips."

"I had lost."

How it happened I could not tell.
"It must have occurred in the deal-
ing," I thought.

I appealed to the bystanders. I of-
fered to refer the matter to a well-
known American diplomatist who
was looking on.

"You have lost," he said calmly.
"You should have examined your
cards more carefully. The laws of
poker, like those of the Medes and
Persians alter not."

Colonel Jabez Jackpotts carefully
counted my great pile of notes, and
they went into his capacious pocket-
book. Then the party broke up.

That night I opened my soul to Mr.
Persimmon. "I am a mild man,
sir," I said. "I have lost all I had in
the world, except \$500. I had intend-
ed Mr. Persimmons, to ask you for
your daughter's hand. That's all
over now, through my absurd folly.
I shall never forgive myself, and I've
got to begin the world again."

"Was Party fond of you, boy?" he
asked laconically. He did not give
me time to answer. "Party was fond
of you; she told me so herself. It's a
lucky thing for you that Party is
fond of you. For Party's sake I'll
see you through this thing. Jackpotts
is a sharper, and Senator Straddle
and the doctor are his accomplices."

The following evening Mr. Persim-
mon placed a note case in my hand.

"For Party's sake," said he, "I'm
going to lend you some dollars. Play
from that case, Mr. St John; there's
only one way of 'besting' a scoundrel
like Jackpotts, and for Party's sake
he's got to be bested. When I give
you the signal by taking out my hand-
kerchief, you go on betting till all's
blue, for Jackpotts has got to be
bested. Try and not lose your head."

said Mr. Persimmon. "Your straight
flush hand was right enough last night.
Jackpotts is a smart man; it was he
who put the eight of hearts there—I
saw him do it; but if I, being your
friend, had attempted to unmask
him, no one would have believed me."

Then it all dawned upon me for the
first time.

We began to play. We played for
about a quarter of an hour; it was my
turn to bet. I had nothing in my
hand—nothing whatever. I was about
to throw it on the table in disgust,
when to my horror, I saw Mr. Persim-

mon take out his handkerchief. I gave
him a look of agony; he only smiled.

One by one, as increased the stakes,
the players dropped out. I had over
\$40,000 staked in front of me, and
the money was not mine. It was
Parthenia's father's.

"I'll raise you five thousand, mis-
ter," said Colonel Jackpotts, in a hol-
low voice, as he took the very last of
his bank notes from his great "pocket-
book."

"Ten thousand dollars better," I
cried, with affected calmness.

"I guess I'll write you a check for
ten thousand, mister, and then I'll
see you," blurted out the Colonel, his
eyes almost starting from his head.

"You'd better post the money,"
said Mr. Persimmon, blandly.

"You don't object, mister, I take
it?" said the Colonel, to me, piteously.

"I object to everything," I replied.
"The laws of poker, like those of the
Medes and Persians, alter not," I
quoted, appealing to the well known
American diplomatist.

"That is so," remarked that gentle-
man, sentimentally.

Colonel Jackpotts saw that it was
no use making a scene. He gave one
vindictive look at Mr. Persimmon,
and then the Colonel saw that that
gentleman's hand was in what in
America is termed the "sly pocket of
his pants." (In America, when a gen-
tleman's hand is in this position it is
generally grasping a revolver.)

"Then, darn me blue," said the
colonel, "if you ain't busted me be-
tween you; cuss you!" Then, in his
rage, he swallowed his quid, and his
language became unprintable.

I carefully packed up all the money
on the table in the note case of Party's
popper.

You might like to see that there
are only five cards in my hand," I re-
marked triumphantly. I exhibited
my five worthless cards face upward.
I had "bluffed" Colonel Jabez Jack-
potts.

There is no more to tell. I married
Parthenia. Party's popper is a very
wealthy man. I am not anxious to
meet Colonel Jackpotts.—St. James
Gazette.

A THUNDERBOLT MAKES GLASS.

How the Tube Known as Fulgurite
Is Manufactured

"Did you ever see the diameter of a
lightning-flash measured?" asked a
geologist recently. "Well, here is the
case which once inclosed a flash of
lightning, fitting it exactly, so that
you can just see how big it was. This
is called a 'fulgurite' or 'lightning hole,'
and the material it is made of is glass.
I will tell you how it was manufactur-
ed, though it took only a fraction
of a second to turn it out."

"When a bolt of lightning strikes a
bed of sand it plunges downward into
the sand for a distance less or greater,
transforming simultaneously into
glass the silica in the material
through which it passes. Thus, by its
great heat, it forms at once a glass
tube of precisely its own size. Now
and then such a tube, known as a
'fulgurite,' is found and dug up.
Fulgurites have been followed into the
sand by excavation for nearly thirty
feet. They vary in interior diameter
from the size of a quill to three inches
or more, according to the 'bore of the
flash.'

"But fulgurites are not alone pro-
duced in sand; they are found also in
solid rock, though very naturally of
slight depth and frequently existing
merely as a thin, coating on the sur-
face. Such fulgurites occur in aston-
ishing abundance on the summit of
Little Ararat, in Armenia. The rock
is soft and so porous that blocks a
foot long can be obtained, perforated
in all directions by little tubes filled
with bottle-green glass formed from
the fused rock. There is a small
specimen in the National Museum
which has the appearance of having
been bored by the terebo, the holes
made by the worm subsequently filled
with glass."

Some wonderful fulgurites were
found by Humboldt on the high
Nevada de Toluca in Mexico. Masses
of the rock were covered with a thin
layer of green glass. Its peculiar
shimmer in the sun led Humboldt to
ascend the precipitous peak at the
risk of his life.—N. Y. Journal.

What Was Wanted.

The ability to state a case so clear-
ly as to render misunderstanding im-
possible is a valuable gift, but, unfor-
tunately, all persons do not possess it.
A political convention was being held
for the purpose of nominating a can-
didate for an important office.

The district was a close one, and the
necessity of selecting a popular man
was thoroughly recognized. A speak-
er had just nominated a personal
friend for the position, and in an
elaborate eulogy had presented in
glowing terms his manifold merits,
especially emphasizing his great
services upon the field of battle, as
well as in the pursuits of peace.

After he had finished, a voice was
heard in the rear of the room. "Well,
what we want is a man that will run
the best."

In an instant the orator was again
upon his feet.

"If you think this convention can
find anybody who can run better than
the gentleman I have nominated, I
point you once more to his well-known
war record."

Automatic Gas Shut-off.

The principle of the expansion and
contraction of a metallic loop made
of German silver and steel when ex-
posed to varying temperatures has
been utilized for automatically shut-
ting off gas when it has been blown
out, instead of being turned off in the
usual way. One end of the loop, which
is adjusted close to the gas flame, is
free, while the other is secured to the
fixture. A valve controlling the gas
is attached to the free end, and when
the gas is burning the valve is open
and the gas freely escapes. If, how-
ever, the gas is blown out, the loop
will quickly cool and contract, and
the valve will shut off the gas. The
device is exceedingly simple and it re-
sponds quickly to the change in tem-
perature.

SHAKESPEARE IN AMERICA.

He Is More Popular Here Than in
Any Other Country.

An exceedingly interesting and ex-
haustive article upon the Shakespeare
Year appeared in a recent issue of the
Birmingham Daily Post, in England,
which, although unsigned, is undoubt-
edly the work of the indefatigable and
accomplished "Shakespearean," Sam-
uel Timmins. The article comprises a
survey of all the contributions to lit-
erature and criticism and all forms of
Shakespearean activity during the
year in all parts of the world, and the
copious references to America are of
special value, because nowhere else,
so far as we know, is such a careful
and thorough statement accessible.

It appears that the number of Ameri-
can pilgrims to the birthplace, home
and grave of Shakespeare at Stratford
far surpasses that from other coun-
tries. There were probably not fewer
than twenty thousand American vis-
itors during this last year, and every
year there are more. The article pays
just tribute to the American editors,
specifying Richard Grant White,
whose "Shakespeare's Scholar," in
1854, introduced the active modern
interest of this country in the poet's
works. Dr. Howard Furness' "Variou-
um" is well called "the greatest of all
editions of Shakespeare's plays," and
Dr. W. J. Wollie's article relating the
"cryptogram" theory of Mr. Donnelly
the article holds to be conclusive.
Preston Johnson's theory of Hamlet
as James I. does not escape the eye
of the author, who pronounces the
claim "not proved."

The labors of the New York and
Philadelphia Shakespeare societies are
mentioned with great commendation.
The Shakespeareana, a serial publica-
tion issued by them, is described as
one "which America was first to
establish, and which Shakespeare's
own land has not tried to rival or
surpass." Alvey A. Adee, of Wash-
ington is called the article "perhaps
the most learned among Americans
on all questions of the English
drama." Chicago proposes to erect a
Shakespeare hall including a theatre,
library, and museum, and the picture
of American activity in the study of
Shakespeare, and not as Bacon,
must fill the mind of Mr. Donnelly
with dismay.

HOW TO TRAVEL COMFORTABLY.

Hints About Handling Clothing and
Toilet Articles in a Sleeper.

In taking a long journey it
is well to make oneself as com-
fortable as possible, especially at
night. When taking your place in
the sleeping-car berth, do not, for
fear of various emergencies, which
seldom arise, attempt to sleep in all
your clothes. Undress sufficiently to
be at perfect ease in any position you
may assume during sleep. This
freedom of lungs and limbs will assure
you rest at least, even if you fail to
sleep. In wintertime always carry a
light woolen wrapper to avoid colds.
You should have a neat little case
or bag of linen into which you slip
your purse, jewelry, hairpins, etc., and
put this under your pillow in the
corner nearest the window. In the
rack or net which hangs above you
place all small articles of apparel.
You will then know, on awaking just
where to put your hand on anything
you wish to find.

If you wake and go early to the
dressing-room you may make a com-
plete and refreshing toilet before the
other folks are up. Have in your
satchel all appliances, such as soap
and tooth-brush in celluloid cases, a
spray in its bag of oiled silk, brushes,
combs, whisk, etc., etc. Be sure to
provide your own towels.

The dress can be well brushed and
hung up till needed on a convenient
hook. Carry also a bottle of lavender
or Florida water and pour some of
this into the bowl. It rests and re-
freshes one wonderfully.

After this careful toilet and a good
breakfast, served hot, you can stand
with but slight additional fatigue a
second day's journey.

So much seems to be provided for
our comfort and enjoyment during the
day while traveling that it seems
necessary to have thought for the
night only, as the nights rest or un-
rest will most always make or mar
the day before us.—Housekeeper's
Weekly.

How Insects Breathe.

If we take any moderately large in-
sect, say a wasp or a hornet, we can
see even with the naked eye, that a
series of small, spot-like marks run
along the side of the body. These ap-
parent spots, which are eighteen or
twenty in number, are in fact the ap-
ertures through which air is admitted
into the system, and are generally for-
med in such a manner that no extrane-
ous matter can by any possibility
find entrance. Sometimes, says the
Lutheran observer, they are furnish-
ed with a pair of horny caps, which
can be opened and closed at the will
of the insect; in other cases they are
densely fringed with stiff interlacing
bristles forming a filter, which allows
air, and air alone, to pass; but the
apparatus, of whatever character it
may be, is so wonderfully perfect in
its action that it has been found im-
possible to injure the body of a dead
insect with even so subtle a medium
as spirits of wine, although the sub-
ject was first immersed in the fluid
and then placed beneath the receiver
of an air pump. The apertures in
question communicate with two
large breathing tubes, which extend
the entire length of the body. From
these main tubes are given off innum-
erable branches, which run in all di-
rections and continually divide and
sub-divide, until a wonderfully intri-
cate network is formed, pervading
every part of the structure and pen-
etrating even to the antennae.

What is
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destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium,
morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful
agents down their throats, thereby sending
them to premature graves."
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7 Coughs, Cold, Bronchitis, .25
8 Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache, .25
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