

POKER IN THE '60'S.

Stirring Scenes on Board a Mississippi River Steamboat.

A stiff game of poker was going on the night on a Mississippi river steamboat in the good days of the '60's. Two men sat all night, but luck was against one and toward the other from the first. The lucky man was watched closely by more than one in the room who knew him for a professional gambler, says the St. Louis Republic.

The other man was a youngster. He tried to keep from showing his excitement, but couldn't hide it altogether. He lost over \$3,000 before he came to the end of his money, but after a time he called for a show, putting a \$500 bill on the table and saying: "That's all I have."

The young fellow who had played his last stake got up and turned to go. Pale as he was he turned paler when he faced the man who stood behind his chair. This was a stern-looking gentleman of 50.

"Why, father," exclaimed the younger man, "I didn't know you were on board."

"Don't go away," said the father, sternly, taking the vacant chair with a polite question to the other players as to whether he was welcome in the game.

The game went on, but not in the old way. The gambler was more cautious and yet he began to lose. The play grew higher when all the others had dropped out except the gambler and the stern old father. Suddenly the climax came.

"Don't move, Jim Balsley, or I'll blow your brains out."

The gambler was pale to the teeth. The elder man reached over with his left hand and snatched the five cards the gambler had dealt to himself. There were three aces among them. With another quick motion he spread out the pack and three more aces were shown.

"Take that money, Harry!" The son did so and everybody waited breathlessly. Just as the gambler made a lurch at the older man's heart the latter caught his right hand with his own left and seized him by the throat with his right. There was a short struggle, but without shifting his hold the planter lifted the gambler as if he were a child, carried him out of the saloon and threw him over the low guard rail into the river.

Nothing was ever done to the planter. It was a fair fight and they didn't bother a gentleman for anything like that in those days.

Where Meerschaum Comes From.

There is a very general impression in the minds of smokers that the meerschaum part of the pipe, which they treasure so carefully and take so much pride and satisfaction in "coloring," is compressed sea foam. Such, however, is not the case. The German word meerschaum means in English foam of the sea, but its formation has nothing to do with the sea. It is a kind of clay, comes out of mines like coal, and is found only in Turkey. The artist who carves meerschaum is required to pass through as severe a school of apprenticeship, lasting from three to ten years, as though the work were in marble.

A Drummer Yarn.

A drummer entered a store in San Antonio and asked of the proprietor: "Have you any of Dusenberry's Magic Sic Transit suspenders?" "No, I don't keep them."

This Country.

"This country," writes Mr. Casey to his cousin in Ireland, "is the greatest on earth. It is a country where a man who earns his own living is as good as any other man and if he don't have to earn it he is a dom sight better."—Indianapolis Journal.

Sweet Girl.

"Accept my hand, Augusta?" And the maiden looked at the hand, which was something smaller than an average-sized salt fish, hesitated a moment, and then said sweetly: "Isn't there something off when you take so large an order?"—Texas Sifter.

Getting On.

Mrs. Motherby—"How are you getting on with your singing lessons, Kate?" Miss Screecher—"Well, I think I must be improving. I notice, anyway, that when I practice now the neighbors don't come and ring the door bell to protest."—Somerville Journal.

Woman's Voice.

A well-known aeronaut has noticed that the voice of a woman is audible in a balloon at the height of about two miles, while that of a man has never reached higher than a mile.

LIFE IN JOHANNESBURG.

More News of Interest About the Metropolis of the Transvaal.

The Transvaal and its wonderful cosmopolitan center, Johannesburg, are just now of greater interest than ever. Emigration there from all enterprising civilized nations is still on the increase, says the Home Journal.

The railway journey from Cape Town to Johannesburg of about three days is through a seemingly endless, sandy country, with range succeeding range of distant mountains, all alike, and strikes a greater sense of vastness and desolation than an expanse of naked ocean itself. First and second class have sleeping accommodation, the third being kept for blacks and the lowest class Dutch. Well, we reach Johannesburg, which has not even yet, with all its wealth, covered-in-railway station; while, by way of contrast in the progress of the place, just across the road is a huge club, with tennis, cricket, football and cycling grounds, gymnasium, military band, halls for dancing, operas, oratorios, etc., which will bear comparison with any you please. Its members are millionaires and clerks, lodgers and their lodging-house keepers, all equal there; for we have left behind caste, cliques and cathedral cities and are cosmopolitan, or, in a word, colonial. An institution like this gives us the state of society there in a nutshell, for, as wages are very high, any one in anything like lucrative employment can belong to it; and the grades in society are determined by money and money only.

Johannesburg, the London of South Africa, which was nine years ago barren veldt, eight years ago a miners' camp, is now the center of some 100,000 inhabitants and increasing about as fast as bricks and mortar can be obtained. It is situated directly on top of the gold and, on looking down from the high ground above, it looks to an English eye like a huge, long-drawn-out mass of tin sheds, with its painted iron nine chimneys running in a straight line all along the quartz gold reef as far as you can see in either direction. The largest or main reef runs for thirty miles uninterruptedly, gold-bearing and honeycombed with mines throughout. This, even were it alone, could speak for the stability and continued prosperity of the Transvaal gold trade. On a mail steamer arriving only a few days ago from the Cape was said to be between £300,000 and £400,000 worth of gold and the newspapers show that usually about £100,000 worth is consigned by each mail boat.

To young fellows going out with a few hundreds to try their luck, the old Australian's advice, I think, holds good for Africa namely, to put your money into safety for a year and not go into business or speculating until you know your country. Johannesburg business morality is certainly not London business morality and leading business men at the former place will tell you themselves that honesty is not expected there. For those who go there to earn their livelihood or to make money I would say do not go out without a fixed trade or handicraft, or money to start upon or a good introduction to some friend already there. But remember that the Transvaal is a veritable paradise for the workingman who knows his business. All the heavy part of the labor is put out; the Kaffirs do it, directed by him in a few Kaffir words and generally many English expletives. Wages are paid monthly. Miners make there £25 to £30 a month, if first rate, and the blacks drill their holes for blasting where and as they order them. Carpenters, blacksmiths, masons can get about the same and whenever a billet is lost or cannot be obtained a short tramp along the mines generally brings success.

Literary Billville.

Colonel Jones has just finished his "History of the War." Nobody knows that he was never in it.

The Billville Literary club captured a moonlight distillery last week, and no business has been transacted since.

The members of the Billville Literary association are now attending night school, and they will soon be able to give the titles of the books on hand.

We pay the highest market prices for poetry, by the ton, and always weigh it on standard scales.

Our wife says that our new book on the "Home Life of a Married Man" will not be published as announced. Subscribers can get their money back if they call before it is spent.—Atlanta Constitution.

Different.

"Sir," said the citizen, "the car I rode home on last night was so crowded that people, myself among them, had to hang on by their eyelids, so to speak."

The street railway magnate went on writing.

"So crowded, in fact, that the conductor was unable to collect all the fares."

The magnate's pen dropped to the floor. "What was the number of that car?" he asked eagerly.—Chicago Post.

Hit a Tender Spot.

"You grievously offended Mabel Gray's father last night."

"How?"

"By making that pun about the alum-entary canal."

Graduation.

He—"I'm going to graduate in history, geometry, algebra, rhetoric and Latin; what are you going to graduate in?" She—"Corn-colored silk."

HANGED HIMSELF.

Sad Story of Simian Love and Its Tragic Ending.

New York Journal: Until last week Franko had been kept in a cage at Glen Island with a number of monkeys, including a female, to whom he was devoted. According to the standard of her people, she possesses great personal charms. Certainly she held undisputed sway over Franko's heart. His best tricks were done for her. When a crowd of people gathered round his cage and watched his diverting antics, they thought his sole object was to amuse them. They were mistaken, for Franko was trying to entertain the fair one. The two shared every meal together. It was a pretty and touching sight to see Franko and his mate munching the same apple. He would put his left arm affectionately round her neck, and hold the apple to her mouth. She would bite at it, and if she ate nearly all, not a word of complaint came from Franko's lips. Whatever was left he would accept thankfully. They shared all their meals, joys and sorrows. But a day came when this romance was ruthlessly destroyed by the hand of man. Ignorant of the bonds which tied these two fond simian hearts together, the keeper put Franko into a cage away from his beloved. At once he showed himself a different monkey. No longer did he swing by the tail and make faces at the visitors. He would even let a girl with a yellow feather in her hat pass by without attempting to pull it out. He sat in a corner and wept, and would not be consoled. For a day this state of affairs lasted. It was long enough for the keeper to guess the cause of the trouble.

"He is pining for his mate," said the man, and it was decided that Franko should be put back into his old cage on the following day.

But this humane design was reached too late. In the morning they went to Franko's cage and there they found him dead and cold. He had hanged himself with a small rope from one of the bars of the cage. Unable to endure life apart from his former companion, he had suddenly and violently left it.

No one at Glen Island doubts that Franko committed suicide because of his enforced separation from his mate.

She Made It Clear.

They were two little Dutch boys—brothers—in an Episcopal Mission school and their names were Julius and Arthur. The teacher was trying to make them remember the names of the patriarchs, Moses and Aaron.

"Now, Julius," she said, "who was the brother of Moses?" "Aaron," he answered. But when she reversed the question and asked: "Who was the brother of Aaron?" he could not, to save his white head and little flat nose, have told. The teacher, in desperation, and remembering that example is better than precept, said: "Well, take the case of yourself and Arthur. Who is your brother?"

"Arthur."

A Cautious Financier.

During a winter visit to Florida Andrew Carnegie attended service in a little negro church. When the contribution plate came around Mr. Carnegie dropped a \$5 bill upon it. After the contents of the plate had been counted the clergyman arose and announced: "Brethren and sisters, the collection this evening seems to figure up \$6.44 and if the \$5 bill contributed by the gentleman from the north is genuine the repairs on the sanctuary will begin immediately."—Argonaut.

Knew His Business.

"I don't know why you should have selected this particular site for a summer hotel," said a newly arrived guest to the landlord, who was an old acquaintance. "It strikes me as a very warm place."

"That may be," replied the landlord, "but you will find the proper temperature has been obtained. The waiters are all girls from the Boston colleges."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Can This Be True?

Gus DeSmith lives next door to Mr. Manygirts. Gus is very much annoyed by the excessive piano playing of one of them, so he said to old Manygirts: "Say, neighbor, can't you make your daughter quit playing so much on the piano?"

"Look here, young man, if you want that music stopped, just marry her. She will quit right off then. That's what she is doing it for."

What He Was Doing.

Deacon Goodman—"My boy, do you know that this is the sabbath? I hope you are not going a-fishing with that hook and line?" Boy—"No, sir; I'm only going to see if there are any wicked sabbath-breaking fish in that stream over yonder. If there should happen to be, I suppose it wouldn't be wrong to punish them by pulling them out, would it?"—Boston Transcript.

The Divine Life.

Christ showed that the divine life can be lived anywhere—in city, country, hovel, palace; in the midst of besetments and temptations, poverties or riches—wherever the method of Christ is followed.—Rev. Dr. Webb.

The trades unions of Virginia have formed a state federation.

THE FATAL SHE.

Awful Tragedy in the Lake Warwick.

There was a hard look in John Warwick's eyes, but it was also a look of triumph, says the Cleveland Leader. He bent over his desk and worked steadily for an hour without saying a word to any of his associates.

Finally one of the boys asked him what had happened.

"Oh, it's only a little domestic flare-up," he said, "but I guess it will turn out all right."

Upon being pressed to relate the nature of the trouble, Warwick said: "My wife got a pair of bloomers last week, intending to go out to-day for a fifty-mile ride. Now, I have always declared that I would not permit my wife to be seen in public with a rig of that kind upon her person, and I proceeded early this morning to show that I was a man of my word. I got hold of those bloomers and locked them in my trunk. Here," he concluded, defiantly slapping his hip pocket, "is the key!" Every man in the office congratulated him upon the stand he had taken. His employer, a crusty old fellow who seldom spoke to the young men in the service, came around and told him in an undertone that his salary would be raised at once, as it was evident that he was a person of sterling worth.

When the day's work was ended John Warwick went home with a light heart. The announcement of his prosperity, he reckoned, would patch up friendly relations with his wife, and visions of future happiness floated before him. But, alas! the door was locked and the place seemed to be deserted! He sat down upon the porch and waited for an hour, but the woman he loved did not return. Then he thought he would put on his old blue overalls and dig around in his little garden. He felt that he needed exercise. The key to the kitchen door was under the mat, and he was soon rummaging the clothes closet in search of the overalls. They could not be found. At last he entered his wife's sewing room, and there, upon the floor, lay the southern extremities of the suit that had in days gone by served him so well and faithfully. They had been cut off at the knees! John Warwick buried his face in his hands and wept in wild despair.

George Gould's Yachting Trip.

The first stop George J. Gould and his family, who sailed Monday on the steam yacht Atalanta for a long cruise to the maritime provinces of Canada, will make will be at Portland, Me., where the yacht will take supplies. From there her course will be up into the Bay of Fundy. The Atalanta will visit all the small towns on the Bay of Fundy and especially will explore the region made famous by Longfellow's "Evangeline," in which Mrs. Gould now takes an absorbing interest. The Atalanta, which draws nearly 12 feet, will go into the basin of Minas and see the remarkable rise and fall of the tides there.

Leaving the basin of Minas the yacht will coast along the southern coast of Nova Scotia and will arrive in Halifax eventually. After Halifax Mr. Gould's itinerary is not definite, but if the weather proves propitious he will start up through the gut of Canso to the Bras d'Or lakes, returning to Pictou. On the excursion Mr. Gould will take not only his wife and family, but Mrs. Kingdon, his mother-in-law, and one of Mrs. Kingdon's sisters. After Pictou Mrs. Gould will take an ice pilot and go to the shores of Labrador. The ladies of the party will leave the yacht at Halifax or St. John, into whichever port the Atalanta may first put. It will depend entirely upon the reports of the ice pilots at the maritime ports whether Mr. Gould pursues his course further northward and goes to Greenland.

If a long stay be not made in the Bay of Fundy it is thought that the vessel may have an opportunity to reach Cape Sabine, as Mr. Gould much desires to do. At any rate, the Atalanta's cruise may extend to Arctic explorations or be merely a pleasant summer trip to the maritime provinces of Canada.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Real Daughter of the Revolution.

Enrolled among the members of the Wadsworth chapter of the D. A. R. is one "real" daughter of the American revolution, Mrs. Mary McLean Wyllys, living in East Glastonbury at the age of 92 years. Her father, James McLean, was a member of the Putnam guards, fought at Bunker Hill and was twice a prisoner. He died in 1848, aged 91 years. Mrs. Wyllys is living in a house built before the revolutionary war and bought by her father some years after his marriage.—Hartford Courant.

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Nothing to Kiek About.

The heroine tore her hair, "Oh, that I should come to this," she moaned.

"Well, you didn't have to pay to come," hissed the villain, with a meaning glance in the direction of the audience.—Detroit Tribune.

Not So Bad Even Then.

Russian railways are the most dangerous in the world. Thirty persons in every million passengers are either killed or hurt.

\$200.00 IN GOLD GIVEN. WORK FOR FALL AND CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS. We will give \$200.00 to anyone who will sell within the next three months 200 copies of "Talks to Children About Jesus." One of the most popular books ever published. Over 1,000,000 copies already sold. Agents sell from 10 to 15 copies a day. Beautifully illustrated. Freight paid and credit given. Complete canvassing outfit and full information 50 cents. \$100.00 BICYCLE GIVEN to anyone who will sell 75 copies in two months. We will give an ESTEY ORGAN, retail price \$20.00, to anyone who will sell 110 copies in three months, splendid opportunity for a Church or Society to secure an organ. A GOLD WATCH, retail price \$50.00 given to anyone who will sell 50 copies in 30 days. This premium is in addition to the regular commission. Agents who do not secure any of the prizes, are given liberal commission for other books sold. Last fall, we paid to agents over \$5,000 in commissions. A large number made over \$100.00 per month. Write us immediately and secure an agency. It will pay you. No time to lose, someone will get ahead of you. We also offer most liberal inducements on other books and Bibles for Fall and Holiday Trade. A new book, "Forty Years in China," sells rapidly. Agents often average 10 orders a day. Same terms and premiums as on "Talks to Children." We give extraordinary terms for selling Marion Harland's new book, "Home of the Bible," \$200.00 given for selling 100 copies in 3 months, or \$100.00 bicycle for selling 60 copies in one month. Send 75c for outfit. Write at once. R. H. WOODWARD COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

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