

CANNOT BE BEATEN.

EXPERIENCE WITH A NOTED AND SUCCESSFUL GAMBLER.

A Talk About "Straight" Games and "Crooked"—Robbing a Countryman. Wonderful Manipulation of Cards—A Euro Box for "Skin" Gambling.

I had an extraordinary experience a few days ago with one of the most noted and successful gamblers in America. We occupied adjoining chairs coming from Philadelphia, and we talked about gambling in New York on the way.

"I have heard a good many stories," I said, "of high playing up town within the past two weeks. Is it really so?"

"I have been in New York twenty-five years," said the gambler quietly, "and I have never known them to roll as high as they are rolling now. There is a combination of four Jews who are playing faro in a fashion that would make the old Mississippi gamblers hold their breath. Every bet is four figures, and they have crippled D—'s bank to the tune of \$20,000 in three nights. It is a curious thing, by the way, that nearly all Hebrews will be reckless on cards, though they are so cautious in business matters. They are in some respects the best gamblers I ever played against. If a Jew sees a chance of getting back a dollar by taking a risk, he will take the risk every time."

"Are most games straight now in New York?"

"I don't know a crooked game in the whole city. The fact is that gamblers have learned at last that it is just as easy to run straight as crooked. The percentage in favor of the house is enough to make any man rich if he sticks to the game. It is exactly like my other business. A merchant who is straight will succeed, and a merchant who is crooked will fail in the long run. There are a lot of flash mushroom establishments along Broadway which show up in great shape for a year or two and then go under. They can't last if they are crooked. The straight houses come out ahead."

I mentioned the name a few moments later of a well known merchant who has a predilection for high play, and the gambler said, with a chuckle:

"That particular actor made \$1,005 in the course of an hour a few nights ago."

"How?"

"A friend of his, a gambler in very hard luck, went to the actor and said to a friend from out of town who was anxious to play against the bank, and he suggested that the actor and the other should go in and fleece him at faro. They went to a skin gambler on Sixth avenue and got him to open a faro bank with stacked cards, and about 11 o'clock at night the actor and the countryman came in together. They had a few hundred dollars, and the actor put up \$1,005 against a similar amount by the countryman. They then took their \$2,010 and the actor agreed to do the playing. Within half an hour the money was all gone, the lights were turned out, and the countryman was sent on his way. Then the gambler went up to the actor to get the half of the money, but he got nothing. The actor took the \$1,005, gave the dealer \$250 for his trouble, and left town the following day \$750 ahead. The busted sport who engineered the whole thing has got his revenge by telling everybody about it."

If I were to give the name of the actor who indulged in this transaction it would excite an immense amount of astonishment, as his newspaper interviews are invariably full of bitter and heartfelt woe at the prevalence of gambling in America.

It occurred to me a little later that it was a good opportunity to introduce a man who had a system in his head, and I would like to see it. I told him about my friend, and he said that no system was ever invented that could play successfully against luck.

"Well," said I, "the man whom I have in view has been sending me letters and telegrams about his particular discovery, and I would like to have you look at it."

"I will examine it with great pleasure," said the gambler, heartily, "if you will both come around to my hotel this afternoon, but I tell you beforehand that you will go away convinced that no system can play against a game in which chance figures as an important factor. I have been in this business a great many years, and I have made and lost many fortunes, so that I speak by the card."

At 5 o'clock that afternoon I telegraphed a man that had a new system (he is a colonel of militia), and we went together to the hotel. We were met by the sallow faced man of chance, and he wandered up to his room ahead of us. He opened a little leather satchel, took out a faro box, put it on the table, and then brought out a number of cards with the seals still unbroken. I ought to state that the colonel's system had been tested with extraordinary success by all the devices continually and he was sure to come out ahead. The gambler ran his slim fingers over the faro box and said:

"Do you think Herrman, Goldberg or Keller knew anything about cards? Because if you do I will prove to you that they are shoe-makers."

He then asked me to select a package of cards and shuffle them. I did so. "Now," he said, "name any card you please and you will find it between my leg and the chair."

"Any one of the fifty-two cards?"

"Any one."

"The eight of spades."

He shuffled the pack twice and then asked me to look on the chair. I did so and took the eight of spades from beneath his leg. He had found it and abstracted it from the pack while shuffling them and placed it there without our being able to detect him. He then named and astonished us by forcing four kings or four aces to come to the top of the pack whenever he wanted them, although we shuffled the cards, and later he did what I consider the most extraordinary trick that can be performed in this world. He would take a fresh pack of cards and deal them rapidly in the regular way, except that he would deal us three hands precisely as we called for them. To do this he was obliged to read the backs of the cards and extract them from different places in the pack with such marvelous quickness that the eye could not follow him. After he had thus proved that no man could play with a professional gambler who had any desire to be crooked, he took his faro lay out and began to knock the table into splinters. Before he had operated five minutes the colonel slammed his fist on the table and said emphatically:

"I have seen enough to make me decide right here that I will never play another game of faro as long as I live."

The gambler could not well be touching certain springs in his box force all low cards or high cards to come up in turn, and, in fact, had as much command over the box as though that little silver device was human. Every card he called for came at his will, and men betting against him were entirely and utterly at his mercy. And yet the whole thing was so thoroughly innocent looking that it defied detection. I could not help wondering afterward whether there was more than one meaning in the emphasis he laid on the statement that all the gambling nowadays in New York is strictly honest and straight.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A HOSTESS' CORDIAL GREETING.

Novel Reception of a Stranger—Unique Hospitality—A Suggestion.

Mrs. Y. is a brilliant Boston woman of abundant executive ability, shrewd wit, and delightful hospitality. The exigencies of her husband's business led to the keeping up of an establishment in the west, where Mrs. Y. passes some months of the year, and where she entertains a great many people. One day there was brought to Mrs. Y. the card of an English gentleman, accompanied by a letter of introduction from friends of the Y's abroad. The hostess went down stairs and greeted the guest cordially.

"We are so accustomed to travelers here," she said, "that we know just what to do with them. We expect everybody to arrive travel stained and exhausted; and we let everybody take a bath the first thing. I spoke to the servant before I came down, and everything is all ready."

"But," stammered the stranger, "I cannot think of putting you to so much trouble. I—" "Oh, I know just how you feel," interrupted Mrs. Y. "A bath is the only thing that restores me to my normal condition when I've been traveling, and you have come right through from Boston."

The guest demurred, but Mrs. Y. was too executive and too truly hospitable to allow his scruples to prevent the carrying out of her kindly intent. The Englishman was shown upstairs to the bathroom, where it is to be presumed he combined with the progress of his toilet reflections upon the originality and practicality of American hospitality.

In due time the guest descended again to the parlor, where Mrs. Y. awaited him.

"I hope you found everything to your mind," she said.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I have had a delightful bath, and now I must bid you good afternoon, as I have to catch a train."

"What?" cried the hostess aghast. "You are not going?"

"Unfortunately, I must. I only stopped over a train to call on you."

"Mercy!" she exclaimed in dismay. "I thought you had come to remain. You certainly can't go away now when I haven't seen you at all!"

"I really must," was the reply, "but I assure you I have had a most refreshing bath, and I always shall remember with sincere pleasure your unique hospitality."

The story was too good to keep, and Mrs. Y. told it at her own expense, greatly to the entertainment of her friends, who declared that this fashion of entertaining callers was one which deserved to be widely introduced, as it would save many a perplexing question of the proper method of disposing of guests who were not easy to amuse.—Boston Cour. Providence Journal.

A Fatal Habit of Speech.

I heard on State street the other day an authentic story of detective acuteness. Everybody is familiar with the trick that many good lawyers of capturing witnesses they heard, when they do not dissent, with some favorite expression. Thus one man says "precisely," another "correctly," and there is a considerable fraction for whom the words "just so" or "to be sure" seem to fill the required need. Not long ago a Boston man asked a large sum of money from his employers and fled to the west. A description of him was sent to detectives and police superintendents generally, and about a month after his escape a Minnesota officer telegraphed that he thought he had his eye upon the person wanted. His appearance, however, was very different from that described in the circular. The situation was a pressing one, if the supposed criminal was such in fact he might at any moment fly to Canada; on the other hand, to arrest an innocent person would cause a good deal of trouble.

The object was to identify the man if possible within a few hours. In this emergency the Boston detective in charge of the case, and cross-examined the thief's employers as to his peculiarities. They could hit upon nothing distinctive till finally the detective inquired in a moment of inspiration if he had any particular way of expressing himself. "Yes," was the reply; "I never know how to follow to talk the minutes without saying, 'I believe you.' In half an hour the information was telegraphed to the west; within four hours the Minnesota detective had a long chat with his man, and before night the thief was arrested.—Boston Post.

Emerson as a Lecturer.

His lecturing was forced upon him more and more. His family was increasing. He kept open house. He had to buy more land to protect his view.

For the filling of his purse the only means he could invent was lecturing. As his name grew more widely known to the managers of the country lyceums in New England and then at the west, he could, with much traveling, collect fees enough to fill the ever yawning gap between income and outgo, though never much more than fill it. His fees in those days were small; not so large, perhaps, as a more skillful manager might have made them. He writes to Mr. Alexander Ireland in 1847 that the most he ever received was \$570 for ten lectures; in Boston, \$300; in the country lyceums, \$10 and traveling expenses. Then, from the liberal style of his housekeeping, he passed with his neighbors for a well-to-do man, and paid, his friends thought, more than a fair proportion of the town taxes. So it came about that all these years in the forties were years of unremitted watchfulness and some anxiety to keep out of debt.—Cabot's Memoir of Emerson.

Prosperity of the Hebrews.

"Nothing has impressed me so much," said one of the prominent dry goods merchants the other day, "as the way in which the Hebrews have multiplied and prospered in this country. Not far back than 1845 there were only 25,000 Hebrews here. Today there are nearly 750,000. So you will see that while the population of the country has increased threefold in forty years—it was 20,000,000 in 1845—the Hebrew population has increased in a very much larger proportion. Of course there are more Hebrews in Russia, Austria and Germany than there are in America, but we come next. If the figures which I have given may be taken as a basis for estimating the future growth of the race, it will not be long before this country is in the lead." I asked my friend to what he attributed the success of the Hebrew, and he said: "His thrift is proverbial, but I have yet to meet a man who will deny that he is public spirited and generous in the support of benevolent and worthy institutions generally. Certainly he is law abiding."—Rambler in Brooklyn Eagle.

Ancient Climate of America.

Goldsmith's Geography, published in 1824, describing the United States, says: "People become old in America sooner than in Europe. Upon females the influence of the climate is still more sensible. When young the women are generally beautiful, particularly in Philadelphia, but after 20 they begin to lose their fresh color and teeth, and at the age of 25 many of them would pass for Europeans at 40." What funny things those old geographies were, to be sure.—New York Tribune.

Kansas mines yield annually about 6,000,000 tons of coal.

A LITTLE BOY JOCKEY.

Too Late at the Starting Pole—Pluck, Energy and Skill Win at Last.

One of the most interesting features of the day was the conduct of a pretty little boy who appeared as a jockey. He was gaudily dressed and his suit was evidently new. His name, as scrawled on the jockey's slate, looked like Osber. He had a mount in the second race, and was thought to be going to secure a start. Nevertheless he looked "up to snuff," and many bet on his horse, believing that the little fellow knew all about riding. More than a dozen false starts were made. Finally, with his horse at the pole, the starter dropped the red flag, and away went all but the jockey. He was evidently confused. The starter repped the pole with his flagstaff and yelled "Go!" frantically in the jockey's ears, but the horse moved not. It was too late and the little fellow rode slowly to the paddock entrance, where he dismounted and burst into a storm of sobs.

Not a spectator could see the horse, but those who had seen him wore a little, but the child's grief was too genuine to excite anything but pity. He had another mount in the fourth race, and many were the expressions of sympathy as he entered by the grand stand in a warning-up heat before the call to the post. The time for the start came, and the little fellow was about to take his place as he held his horse with a stiff neck and furtively watched the rival jockeys. There were four starters. After several trials they got away all in a bunch. So closely were they bunched that when they came to the first turn, which was almost immediately, the four horses were well jangled together, their sides and flanks standing with the sudden and hot friction. The outside jockey was nearly thrown in the confusion. Osber had his horse next but one to the pole, and was badly squeezed by his rivals. With energy and skill that were really admirable, he pressed the spurs into his horse, and, leaving away the rest of the pack, struck the main stream.

Strike by strike the animal pushed her nose to the fore, and when they were all past the turn, Osber was ahead at the much desired pole. But he was hot pressed, and as he went flying past the grand stand the last best of his teeth were still shut closely together, and his face had an anxious look. The next time around he had opened the distance between him and the second horse, and was sure of victory. His lips opened wide as he spurred his horse to further endeavor, and underneath his long vizor the spectator could see the happiest expression that ever lit up a face. The crowd of satisfied with winning, he made his horse distance all the others, an excusable error under the circumstances. The crowd cheered heartily, and the losers in this event could not restrain a smile of sympathy at the boy's proud strut as he carried the bride at the side of the full grown stable boy who bore the heavier burden of the saddle from the paddock.—"Uncle Bill" in Chicago Herald.

Creole Males in Society.

Three or four years spent in the convent, and made a woman of her, she is free. Perhaps she would prefer her debut she studies under masters of music, languages, literature, and drawing for a year or more. Then she is permitted a formal entrance into society; she has crossed the flowery borders of girlhood, and has developed into a lovely young woman. There is fastidious in her bearing in her dress, as her fringed lids drooping over them soften, but do not diminish their brilliancy. Her complexion has either an ivory pallor, or is of creamy whiteness, also lustrous, and of satiny texture, with hair black as the raven's wing. Her face has no such color save in her lips. She is, as usual, small, but rarely angular. Her limbs, however slender, are rounded, with peculiarly supple joints. Her gait is an undulating glide, due, say the anatomists, to the modifications climate has produced in the osseous formation of the creoles. No woman of her race can ever be seen walking, as so many American women walk, as if they were in a perpetual ascending stairs. As a rule, she will have magnificent hair. One wonders, in marking the luxuriance of these tresses, how the little heads contrive to carry such a weight. Very rarely indeed is a blonde seen among them, but they themselves fairly adorn the Saxon types. With all her beauty and her grace, she is gayety into which she has plunged. Of dancing she never tires, and when Lent arrives it finds the ardor of her enthusiasm for balls, parties and musicals not one whit abated.—Harper's Bazar.

The Top of Washington Monument.

The construction of a suitable spire called forth much discussion and a number of plans. It was first suggested to roof over the structure with a framework of iron and glass; but it was thought that the chemical action of the weather on the metal would discolor the face of the walls. The design for a marble pyramidion fifty-five feet in height, submitted by Mr. Bernard H. Green, was finally adopted. Twelve stone ribs a foot thick, three on each side of the well, began to grow out from the face of the walls 470 feet from the base. As these are carried upward, the ribs nearest the angle of the shaft meet in the hips of the pyramidion, while those in the center of each face meet next still higher up by vertical stems forming two arches intersecting each other at right angles. The thrust of each corner rib is transmitted to its opposite by the use of horizontal stones between their upper extremities. The buttresses support the roof covering of marble slabs, about seven inches thick. The capstone is tipped with an aluminum pyramid, which is connected by a copper rod with four lightning rods passing to the upper extremities of the iron columns of the elevator shaft, and the bottoms of these columns are grounded in the well in the center of the foundation.—Oscar Foote in American Magazine.

Long Summer Days in England.

The extreme brevity of the English summer nights always interests the stranger. It is not fully dark until nearly 11 o'clock, and reading is possible on a clear night up to nearly 10. The gray dawn begins to glimmer at about 2 in the morning, and by 3 it is quite light again. This doesn't seem to give the creatures that go to bed and get up with the sun time enough for rest. The roosters and such fowls have a worn and sleepless look, and evidently suffer from insomnia. These brief nights, of course, are accompanied by a corresponding extraordinary length of days. We are accustomed to expect this sort of thing by hearsay in Norway, Sweden and Russia, but it seems at first novel and unfair to find an English speaking country blessed with such an extra quantity of daylight.—London Letter.

Frank D. Sherman's August Chirries.

Frank D. Sherman has a poem on "August" in St. Nicholas, in which appear the lines: August, month when sleepy cows and the shade of spreading boughs, Where the robin quirs his head, Contemplating cherries red.

An August cherry must be a canned cherry or the robin must be fooling Mr. Sherman.—San Francisco Alta.

But wild cherries ripen in August, as any country schoolboy knows. The poet stands acquitted.

DECADENCE OF THE DIAMOND.

Why It Grows More Marked—A Badge of Vulgarity—No Longer Unique.

The decadence of the diamond daily grows more marked. It has long been a badge of vulgarity when worn by men, and its individuality has been lost by its very popularity as an article of adornment. In our day it is in no sense unique, nor are its associations such as to give it distinction. It thrusts its glitter on the eye in the street, in the railroad car, in every public and unsuitable place, and usually with a background of fatuous and business which it only serves to bring into unpleasant prominence.

When a human being makes one thing an ambition and turns every effort to the realization of that ambition is pretty certain of accomplishment. With many women the possession of a pair of solitaires diamonds is the one thing in life which they regard as the realization of their ambition. The realization of the ambition may come late, but young or old, the woman who has compassed her object is so proud in that fact that she does not propose to hide the light of her diamonds under a bushel with the result that she brings discredit on herself and on what she considers her most valuable possession.

The love of the gem itself, although avowing of childlike and of the barbarous tastes which still survive in civilized humanity, is one thing; the love of displaying the diamond to public notice. There are women, and men, too, who have a mania for diamonds, and that of the mania for gold. They love the glitter and sparkle and delight to fast their sight and touch on the precious baubles. But these are not the people who flout their treasures in the gaze of the public. It is the better half of the lucky speculator, the gastronomically promoted shop girl, the gambler's "daisy" and the clean shaven paragon, who never feel entirely clothed unless somewhere on their person scintillates the ever present diamond. The wearer may be somewhat down at the heel and out at elbow, and a thorough acquaintance with soap and water may never have been included in her experience, but the diamond shines for all. In our time the burden of vulgarity is too great for the queen of gems, and in cultured estimation she sinks beneath the weight.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Soup in a Public Restaurant.

One day some years ago I tried to tip a waiter. I failed. He declined to accept the tip with an air so courteous and so dignified that I feared I had unintentionally succeeded in wounding the feelings of a foreign nobleman in disguise. He may not have borne a title, but I was not at all surprised when he told me a few weeks later that he was about to leave the restaurant forever, as he had received some money from abroad. One day last week I again met my old friend. Of course I remembered him. No one could forget the face of a waiter who would not stoop to take a tip. He had the dress and bearing of a well bred man of the world. He had been in Europe, he said, and was now in this country on a visit. Beyond that he vouchsafed no information concerning himself, but in the course of our talk he did say something which not only interested but startled me.

"My dear sir," he said, "take the advice of a man who knows, and never eat soup in a public restaurant. There is not a hotel or restaurant in all Brooklyn where I could be induced to eat soup. If you eat soup, you are compelled to carry to you in the old days when you ordered soup from me you would never wish to look upon my face again." This was said quietly and mournfully. I have enough confidence in the man who said it to believe it was said honestly. The place in which he served was a restaurant of considerable pretension, where strict and good service were the rule, and I now look back to the dainty soups they served there with anything but a pleasant feeling. Hereafter soup to me shall rank with the "weal pie," which the younger Mr. Weller immortalized when he said, "It is very good when you know the lady as makes it."—Rambler in Brooklyn Eagle.

Didn't Object at All.

But there's an old man in Mexico who very generally deprecates the decadence of the gem matters generally considered reprehensible. He is 100 years old, he says. This is probably a bit high, but enough to be excused for lying about his age. He speaks of the good old times of his youth, and relates with lively satisfaction his part in several exciting murders, for which it does not seem to occur to him he ought to have been hung. But the adventure he is fondest of relating is how he obtained his wife. He may, perhaps, be believed when he states that the mother of the sonnet he loved objected to him as a son-in-law. It was natural if his methods of amusing himself were truly stated. She absolutely forbade the marriage.

"But," said the old man gently, "we removed her objections."

"How?"

"Very simply. She was taking a siesta one day and I stole up behind her and dropped a big rock on her head, and she never objected at all."

"I should say not. She was too late to object," I suppose.

"Ah, it was fun. We had the wedding and the funeral on the same day."

And the wicked old man chuckled. The story was confirmed by other people, too.—San Francisco Chronicle—Undertones.

The Most Favored Mortal.

Of all classes of musicians the singer is the most favored, and the mortal who is gifted with a fine voice is a luckier individual than the one who possesses the higher faculties of intelligence. The composer who has labored for months, perhaps years, to complete an opera is not paid as much for his whole work as the prima donna who sings the principal role during a single representation. Rossini, for example, received only \$1,200 for the opera of the "Barber of Seville," while the prima donna received often fabulous sums for singing it once.—Music and Drama.

Our College Presidents.

An eminent writer, showing what an excellent thing it is a college education, and the fact that there have been seven presidents of the United States, and eleven of the seven were college men, sixty-five per cent. Well, that's so. But let's weigh these presidents on the finer scales as well as we're going into statistics. Who were the presidents who never went to college at all, and precious little to any school? Washington, Jackson, Lincoln—oh, well; the college may have the other fourteen; it's hardly worth while counting any further.—New York Star.

An Old City, Pa., man claims the prize for sunflowers, having one in his garden that measures fifty-four inches in circumference.

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