

CHEATED AT POKER.

A PAGE FROM THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF A UNIVERSITY.

Enthusiasm Meted Out to a Dishonest Student by Society and the Faculty—A Young Man Who Kept Step With His Not Brilliant Antecedents.

"Talking about poker," said a middle aged man to a coterie at Chamberlain's, "reminds me of something that occurred about 20 years ago at the University of Virginia. That was about the liveliest epoch in the history of the university since the war, or for that matter of that before it, when the life led by the students is taken into consideration. There was a big crowd of devil may care young men there, most of them with plenty of money, and they made Charlottesville and surrounding Albemarle fairly hum. These kindred spirits formed a society which took the name of 'Eli Bananas.'"

Here the speaker smiled at evidently amusing reminiscences. "There is no telling what the 'Eli Bananas' didn't do. For the quintessence of mischief and devilment they took the laurels. There was nothing downright bad about them, but their antics were awful. Fantastic were the tricks they played and grotesque their jokes. Between freaks the Eli's were prone to poker, and it was customary down there for the players to assemble at this or that student's room. That brings me to my story. One coterie of poker players comprised some of some of the best known and wealthiest men in the south, and into it was introduced a young Virginian who was gifted with many attractive traits apparently, but whose antecedents were not particularly brilliant. I'll call him Dick Lark, but that wasn't his name.

"Most of the other fellows in the coterie had roommates who were boning up for the final examinations. It was well along in the spring, and Lark had quarters to himself on East Lawn. Consequently the poker began to be played exclusively in his room. When the evening seemed propitious, the word would be passed around at supper that 'three Kentuck' would be in order, and at 8 o'clock or thereabout the players would assemble at Lark's. Lark's luck was stupendous. He won steadily, and as the game was pretty stiff his winnings were substantial. It was noticed after awhile that he always passed out when somebody had a particularly big hand on somebody else's deal, but that he always held a top hand when there were big ones out against each other on his own deal. Then somebody noticed that the seals were always broken on the half dozen new decks of cards provided each night before the game began and that Lark in dealing always closely scrutinized the cards as he gave them out.

"At last one night the son of a famous Confederate general who now lives in Baltimore became convinced that Lark was cheating. Picking up the deck that Lark had just dealt and out of which he had got a hand with four queens against an ace full held by a young Kentuckian the young man said quietly:

"Some one is cheating at this game, and, Lark, I think it's you."

"Now, at the University of Virginia such a declaration, if improved, meant somebody's death to a certainty, and in an instant the party was on its feet.

"Just wait a minute, gentlemen," said the accuser quietly. "I've been watching this man. Let some one examine the backs of these cards with this magnifying glass."

"The Kentuckian took the glass and deeply scanned the geometrical designs on the backs of the cards.

"By Caesar!" he ejaculated. "Every court card is distinctly marked! Examination by the other players quickly proved the truth of this.

"There was a consultation over what should be done with Lark, who stood with head hung down, overwhelmed with the proof against him. It was decided that he was not worth calling out, as he was not a gentleman, and the verdict was that he should make restitution of all the money he had won since his participation in the game and suffer ostracism in the university. He was compelled to sit down and write out a check for all the money he had won, the memorandum books of the other players showing the amounts they had lost at various times, and he was kept under surveillance until the Charlottesville bank, in which he kept a heavy account, opened next morning. One of the party rode down to Charlottesville and cashed the check, and then the sentence of ostracism went into effect.

"That fellow had the unheard of effrontery to remain at the university until the finals were completed. He was there six weeks. No student or professor or servant or townsman, no man or woman, white or black, spoke to him or took any notice of him. He attended the final balls, and no one recognized him. He was not quizzed in a lecture room or addressed by a professor. Still he remained until the university closed for the season, but he might as well have been in the middle of the Sahara desert as far as intercourse with people was concerned."—Washington Star.

Imported.

"Ah," said the Jacksonville man, as he sat in his luxurious library, "there's nothing like a good Havana cigar!"

And over in Havana the wealthy Cuban who was smoking turned to a friend and remarked ecstatically: "This is what I call a good cigar. It's a Florida product. I import it myself."—Philadelphia North American.

On nearly every block in Japanese cities is a public oven, where, for a small fee, housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

"It's hard," said Uncle Eben, "for a man to excuse a boy for being as foolish at 18 years of age as he was at 25."—Exchange.

The Popular Fox Terrier.

All terriers are good. They are as shrewd, game, loyal small chaps as ever stood upon canine feet or gazed at their owner with soulful, loving eyes, and of them all I prefer the fox terrier, either wire haired or smooth coated. These aristocratic, diminutive gentlemen unquestionably are today the most popular dogs in the wide, wide world, and there are many excellent reasons why this should be so. From the palace to the cottage these dogs have proved their sterling qualities to the satisfaction of all concerned, and they are especially well suited to the conditions which govern in crowded centers.

When the big St. Bernard, mastiff, Dane or other heavy breed is panting in the contracted back yard, howling on chain, pining for exercise and freedom, the terrier is merely having fun, busying himself about the house, warning off doubtful intruders and generally attending to everything which appears to require supervision. Clever, alert and stout hearted, he never relaxes his guard, and he fears nothing. His cleverness as a rule is a safeguard against his making mistakes regarding the desirability of visiting strangers. He seems instinctively to recognize persons who are not wanted about the premises, and woe to them if their mission be evil and their desire a stealthy invasion. He protests promptly and vigorously, and he will not cease until some one of his household has appeared and taken charge of the matter.—Ed W. Sandys in Outing.

The Lion of Keos.

There are lions and lions, but the lion of Ionia is the lion of Hellas, says Professor J. Irving Mannatt in The Atlantic. The lions on guard above the gate of Mycenae may be older, but they have lost their heads and therewith their main majesty. The lion sentinel over Leonidas' grave at Thermopylae disappeared ages ago, though we still possess the inscription written for it by Simonides:

Of beasts the bravest I of mortals be, Upon this mound of stone now watched by me.

The lion of Chazoneia commemorates a great and definite event, but he has been broken to pieces. Better luck has attended the lion of Keos. Couched here on his flank in the living rock, with reverted head, 28 feet from tip to tail, every feature perfect, full of life and majesty, one can hardly think of him as a mere image made with hands. He looks rather as if in some prehistoric age—the colossus of his kind—he might have lain down here alive and turned to stone, possibly after clearing the island of its first occupants, for there is a myth handed down to us by an old writer that Keos was originally inhabited by the nymphs until they were scared away by a lion and fled to Karystos, leaving to the "jumping off place" the name of Lion point. At all events the monument and the myth make a perfect fit. Our lion is the very beast to strike terror into nymphs or any other unwelcome neighbors.

Honoree Greeley's Eccentric Ideas.

Even his eccentric ideas were made plausible by his treatment. I heard him say once that what was then thought to be the Great American desert ought to be planted with Canada thistles so as to give nature some sort of a green start, when other vegetation might be made to follow. But the trouble is Canada thistles, like any other thing inspired by "pure emsiveness," will only grow and thrive where they ought not to. Find a place where their presence would do some good, and, as in the Humpty Dumpty case, "all the king's horses and all the king's men" could not fasten them there. This perverseness suggests in a certain way the small boys' conception of good and bad—his enchainment of nature and life.

"What's fun," he said, "is always wicked; what we don't want to do is pious."

Mr. Greeley would cut down his alders in the spring. When I mildly suggested to him that our agricultural authorities preferred the autumn for that work, when nature could not so well aid their struggle for existence, he thought this reason was a mere excuse for not cutting them at all.—Joel Benton in Harper's Magazine.

Lafayette in Maine.

"It was during the administration of Governor Albin K. Parris," says the Kennebec (Me.) Journal, "that General Lafayette made his memorable tour of the United States and paid his visit to Maine. It was on a Sunday that the general concluded that visit and proposed leaving the state from Portland. Governor Parris remonstrated with him for taking his departure on that day and said, 'If you will postpone your trip until Monday, I will myself escort you to the state line with all the military honors.' But Lafayette, accustomed to the continental Sabbath, insisted on not altering his plans and left Maine on Sunday, while the Sabbath honoring governor of a God fearing state attended his church service as was his habit."

His Pointer.

An eminent judge, being asked how he could turn with such facility from one case to another, replied:

"I learned that from what I saw at a colored baptism when I was a boy. The weather was very cold, so that to immerse it was necessary to cut away the ice. When one of the female candidates was dipped back in the water, the cold made her squirm so that she slipped from the minister's hands and went down the stream under the ice. Looking up with perfect calmness at the throng on the bank, the minister said: 'Brethren, this sister hath departed. Hand me down another.'—Brooklyn Citizen.

Uses of Luggage.

"Isn't it possible to travel abroad with less luggage?" "What would you do? You can't get them to paste the labels in a scrapbook."—Detroit Journal.

A WORD WITH HUSBANDS.

Give Your Wife a Little Praise Once In Awhile and See How It Works.

"If husbands only knew, or, if knowing, only cared, how very much their words and manners affect the temperature of the home world, they would never by word or deed leave it enshrouded in gloom," argues Mrs. A. M. Marriott in an article entitled "Praise Your Wife" in Woman's Home Companion. "To most wives the husband is the sun around which every thought revolves. There is scarcely an instant in which his presence is not felt as she goes about her work or even when at rest. If she is preparing the meals, the way John likes this or that or some remark he has made about some article of food is recalled to mind. If she looks about her, she sees his hats and coats hanging on the hooks, and the hats invariably wear the same expression John's face wore when he left in the morning—a jolly, good humored look if he went away pleasant; if angry, a gruff, defiant, attend to your own business air takes the place of the so lately gentle pliable shapes in felt and fairly bristle with wrath over some trifle, but still enough to obscure the sun in the little world for many a weary day, perchance, ere it is seemingly forgotten.

"There is no true woman but will repay her husband over and over again for kind, thoughtful treatment. He is ready to call her childish, and she may seem so to him; but one thing is sure—a woman never forgets. "All little deeds of love or thoughtfulness sown by his hand yield a certain and abundant harvest. She may love her home better than any other spot on earth, yet she sometimes gets so weary of the daily routine of never ending duties that fall to her lot that she cannot help an occasional feeling of envy for those who have more time for recreation, for going abroad, for all the little things dear to the heart of every woman, but which the stern hand of duty most effectually debars her from enjoying. Still, for all that, she would not for the whole world exchange places, even if she could, with any other woman, leaving home and John—dear old John—as the price of her freedom from care.

"If your wife has been a faithful and true wife to you, tell her so. Do not think it lowers your manliness any to let her know that she still has a place in your affections. She has toiled early and late for you and your children, through sickness and health, and self denial has grown to be her motto. It takes but little from her loved ones to make her happy, so do not begrudge her a word of praise now and then as her just reward, and of far more value to her starving heart than gold. There are some things which money can never buy, and wounds which it cannot heal, but love levels all obstacles, overcomes all difficulties and immeasurably sweetens life."

The Basis of Credit.

A man's past record, with but few exceptions, should determine the question of his eligibility for credit in the future. If he has been slow pay in the past, he will probably be slow pay in his next purchases. If he has been prompt and satisfactory, he will likely be the same again. As an instance I might mention a case which recently came under my notice. A trader who had gradually got to be slow and unsatisfactory was compelled to assign. His failure was not due to any misfortune, such as fire or flood, but seemed the natural consequence of his incompetence and lack of management. A wholesale house which had been supplying him long heavily, but compromised, and as he continued they still sold him, but on 30 days' time. For awhile he promptly attended to his payments, but after a time he got slower and slower, and as he was a liberal buyer and his purchases were allowed to accumulate he soon owed a bill far larger than his means would warrant. As this dragged along for some years a compromise was granted upon this indebtedness also. Still he clung to his old creditor and again ordered goods, promising to send the money within 30 days. But his past record was too much even for so lenient a creditor. He was told plainly that he would get no more goods on credit and that if he ordered anything cash must accompany the order in every case. Now, a man of this stamp is a positive detriment to a man who pays his bills. After thus being refused credit by the old house he will try and get it elsewhere and no doubt will succeed. But if his record is known it should be a final answer to the question of granting him credit.—Hardware.

A Great Polyglot.

Solomon Caesar Malan habitually conversed with his children in Latin, but on his deathbed, when Solomon, his son, began to recite a psalm in the familiar Vulgate of his youth, the dying man, scholar to the last, muttered, "Non ita, non ita! Hebraice!" so the son repeated it in Hebrew.

He could, for that matter, just as well have said it in Coptic or Chinese, for to him all tongues came naturally. At 18 he could write in 13 languages, oriental and European, and among his published works we find translations from the Arabic, Persian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Hebrew, Coptic, Armenian, Georgian, Mongol, Chinese, Korean, Japanese, Greek, Russian, Welsh and Gothic. He is said to have learned to speak Armenian fluently in a fortnight, and he was prepared in Georgian to a Georgian congregation in the cathedral of Kutais.—Saturday Review.

An Undesirable Dog.

"What do you think of the dog?" asked the owner.

The dog fancier merely glanced at him and then shook his head.

"He might do pretty well in the country somewhere or pretty far out in the suburbs," he said, "but he isn't homely enough to ever bring much of a price among the dog owners of the fashionable world."—Chicago Post.

THE LETTER.

The letter my lady wrote to me I would you could see the lines! There's a flavor of orange blossoms And a tangle of jessamine vines. Oh, the letter my lady wrote to me! I set in my room and see The sails on the ships and her red, sweet lips. In the letter she wrote to me. Oh, the letter my lady wrote to me! Here is the word she missed, And here is the word that was never heard On the line her lips have kissed. And the letter my lady wrote to me Close to my heart shall be Till the judgment day, when I drift away, Life of my life, from thee! —Atlanta Constitution.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

Remedies That Should Be Used Before the Doctor Arrives.

A burn may result from excessive heat applied in any way—hot air or hot water, steam, flame or electricity—or even from extreme cold. The injury resulting from contact with hot water or steam is usually called a scald, but is practically the same in its results as a burn.

Surgeons speak of different degrees of a burn, according to the amount of tissue destroyed by it. Thus a burn of the first degree is one that simply reddens and irritates the skin; a burn of the second degree is one that causes actual inflammation of the skin with the formation of blisters, while a burn of the third degree destroys the skin and more or less of the flesh beneath it, or even chars and kills all the tissues, including the bone itself.

The effects of a burn depend partly upon its degree, but not entirely, for a burn even of the first degree may cause death if it involves a very large portion of the surface of the body. This it does by interfering with the necessary excretion of waste matter which is constantly taking place through the skin.

A curious effect of a severe burn in any part of the body is ulceration of the bowels following very intense congestion of the entire digestive canal. The bronchial tubes and the lungs are sometimes injured by the inhalation of steam or very hot air, but even apart from such an accident a person who has been burned about the chest or back is very liable to have an attack of bronchitis or pneumonia in consequence.

The first thing to be done in the case of a burn of any degree is to stop the pain. This should be done not only from the natural impulse to relieve suffering, but because the shock resulting from the injury may be so greatly increased by the agony as to cause the death of the patient, even when the burns in themselves would not do so.

Covering the part with any bland substance, such as olive oil, vaseline, sweet butter or flour paste, to keep off the air will often afford great relief, and in burns of the first degree nothing more may be needed. Carron oil, the name given to a mixture of equal quantities of linseed oil and limewater, was formerly and is still in many workshops the favorite application for a burn. Better still is bicarbonate of soda (cooking soda) or calcined magnesia, made into an ointment with vaseline or lard or dusted thickly over the skin.

Another application which is often exceedingly grateful is a solution of nitrate of potash (nitre). Hunters often make a paste of gunpowder for this purpose. One or other of these applications will usually suffice in mild cases, and in severe burns will help to reduce the pain for the time until the doctor comes.—Youth's Companion.

An Honest Man.

"Now look here, Thompson," remarked Brown. "It has been six months since you borrowed that \$5 from me."

"Seven," corrected Thompson gravely.

"Well, then, seven months," snorted Brown, "and you promised to give it back to me in a week—promised faithfully, you did, to return me it in seven days instead of months."

"I know it," answered Thompson sadly, drawing a memorandum book from his pocket. "That bill was series F, No. 673,929, issue of 1887. I made the note, and then I spent the money. Since then I've been trying to recover it."

"But," howled Brown, "any other would do as well."

"No," responded Thompson, shaking his head. "I'm a man of my word. When you gave me the bill, I said I will return this to you, and I meant it. Brown, old man, just as soon as I come across No. 673,929, series F, issue of 1887, I'll see that you get it, for I am not the one to go back on my promise."—"Editor's Drawer" in Harper's Magazine.

No Reason to Hurry.

A pleasant looking, stylishly dressed old lady was boarding a Sixth avenue car, and the "smart Alex" conductor shouted in her ear:

"Hurry up there! Step lively! Be quick!"

He looked as if he were on the point of pushing her bodily inside the car, when, to his great surprise, she stopped short, and, looking him full in the face, said: "Young man, it is not worth while to be in such a hurry. You'll get to hell soon enough."—New York Sun.

The Precedent.

She—It seems to me that the earliest records prove that woman has always been ahead of man.

He—How so?

She—Why, one of the first things that Adam said to Eve was, "After you."—Brooklyn Life.

An eastern statistician estimates that 100,000 people own half of this country's wealth, and that 4 per cent of the people possess 75 per cent of the entire property of the country.

It is an interesting fact that the cent was first proposed by Robert Morris and named by Thomas Jefferson.

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