SUCCESS FOLLOWED POKER GAME LOSS

Queer Experience of New York Merchant and What Came of It in Time.

"My success," said a prominent New | Work merchant, "dates from a big loss I made in a poker game. That experience taught me blessings sometimes come in disguise, and you can't begin to uess all the things that come your way. it had not been for losing in that er game I believe I would be only erk today.

"Along in 1890 I had \$12,000 and all kinds of ambition. I was living up in Brooklyn then, but the old burg didn't cuit me, and neither did New York. I decided to go to some place and grow up with the country, and then come back and spend my money. The West looked a bit too lively for me, and I thought it was pretty well everdone Just at that time we began to hear things about a boom down South, that the land of Dixle was waking up, and fortunes were being made in every crossroads fown. I decided to take the South for mine, and I started for a place called Basic City, intending

wind up at Roanoka
"I had heard Basic City was moving pretty lively, but when I got off the train about 3 in the morning I couldn't find the town. There was nothing in at I thought I was in a fog. There wasn't even a depot.

'This is a deuce of a note,' I said to self aloud. 'Not even a hotef runmyself aloud. ner here.' It looked as if I would have to hunt for a cornfield to spend the

"Hello, young fellah!" said a pleasant voice somewhere in the darkness.
"Hello yourself," I said. How did

you guess I was coming?
"'Just reckoned it, said the voice. What are you looking foh-hotel? "'Yes,' I said. 'Can you tell me where

to find one?" "I stop at one. Come over heah. just come down to the train to see if

anybody was coming in." "I went over, and by the light of a match which he held I saw a handsome young man about 21 years old. He told me his name was Bolden, and he was

looking over the boom. He helped me carry my grip to the hotel, about 200 yards away. The sleepy clerk a room, and I started off to bed. The sleepy clerk gave me 'No use to go to bed,' said Bolden. 'Come and let's play cards till break-

fast time." 'Not for me.' I said. 'T'm too sleepy. Besides, I didn't care to risk any of the \$3,000 I had brought along out of my

"It did not take me long when I got up to conclude I didn't care to invest in Basic City. Then I boarded a stage for Clifton Forge, a few miles away, Bolden going with me. We found that town lively enough, especially after It reminded me of stories I had heard of Western mining camps, for there were saloons and gambling places every other door. At Bolden's request I went into the largest gambling resort. You could get any sort of game you anted-faro, roulette and Bolden sat down to a table where four of the toughest looking customers I ever saw were playing straight poker. I urged him to stay away from the game, but he smiled, and pushed me aside and asked for \$20 worth of chips. watched him for a little while and then went over to look at the faro table. I had been there about half an hour when I heard a great commotion, above which rose the cry:

'Don't shoot! Don't shoot!' "I looked around, and there stood young Bolden, with an ugly-looking gun, covering the four fellows at his table. And they weren't doing a thing but looking at that gun with hands up. 'Of co'se I don't want to shoot,' said Relden in his soft tones: but I will if I see any mo' crooked work. Now sit

down and play a gentleman's game." "They all sat down again, but I noticed Bolden kept the gun in his lap. I didn't want to see any row, so I re-turned to the hotel. The house was crowded, and the clerk had given me a room with Bolden. I didn't wait for him, but went to sleep as soon as I About 6 o'clock he came in. 'Wake up!' he cried. T've made a delling."

"It looked as if he had. His soft hat was full of gold and silver, and the bank notes were sticking out of every 'Not so bad for a kid against such a

gang, is it? he said. You must be a professional. I gald, somewhat awestruck by the heap

"Not a bit of it,' he said. 'Just had a run of luck. Now I'll play you till breakfast time.'

"Not if I know myself,' I said. I'm going to sleep some more

(With apologies to the Jabberwock.)
Twas naptha and the gissy gubs
Wrealed and wrumbled wrolefully;
For hornful were the tooting flubs,
And the gasoline smult dolefully.

blub Of a sortal, soatless song: s chorus was a zul chug-chug. With the bingle of a gong.

On, on it came, with lurid power, While the chauffined just swore; Maybe it was twelve miles an hour, And maybe 'twas umpty o'er.

Well, ennyhow, it swugged the cop Till he rolled about in pieces; Then it wauntered away with a hoarseful bray, | While its enemy slussed his creases.

In smatters and skags he limped along To the home of his boss and chief. "I seen it, all right," was his snaggy

"And hast thou caught the juggermo-bile?"
Puggered the chief with jubile delight.
"Ah, glubsome day, hooray! hooray!
This is sure a scrumptious night!"

But, the copper bird lubbered his eyes

prise. Or else I'd had the chuffer jailed."

"Away, away! you jidiot wab."
(This from the chief in a rage):

reached up and drew two silver dollars from the porket of my fromers as they hung on the bedpost.

"Til play you \$2 freezeout," I said. He agreed, saying he just wanted the sport and didn't care for the money. I dressed, and my \$2 lasted till breakfast time. In fact, I had increased it to \$60. When we went down to the dining room Bolden, who seemed to have the fever about as badly as any man could have it. insisted on matching me \$20 gold pieces. This we did to the scandal of the hotel and the disgust of the other folk who were eating breakfast. When we got up I had wen in all about \$300. "We then started for Roanoke, for I

could not get rid of Boiden, and he was so pleasant in his persistence that I hadn't the heart to snub him. On our way we stopped for a few moments at Buchanan. There he met some fellows whom he knew. He told them we had just come from Clifton Forge. "How did you get along over there?"

asked one. "Oh, I got all they had," he said, carelessly. It was a booster's game, and I broke the house.

"Then it dawned on me that this sweet-faced, dulcet-voiced kid Was nothing more nor less than a professional gambler, and about as coldblooded as they make 'em. But he went on with me to Roanoke and put up at the same hotel, although I saw to it that he didn't get a room with me.

"I looked over the town. It had a boom, and no mistake, and everybody said it was going to be another Atlanta. I decided to put my \$3,000 into some choice lots there, and agreed to call and settle things with the broker that afternoon. Bølden told me I was making a mistake, but I saw that he wanted a little of my \$3,000.

"He met two friends when we got back to the hotel and proposed a little game. I refused, of course. "Well, I'll play you single-handed, he smid.

Look here, Bolden, I said. 'I have \$300 of your money, but you can have it back if you are so grouchy about it. don't want it." " Not at all, suh,' said he in his purring way. But I'll tell you what I will

I'll play you just one hand, and then we'll call it quits,' "'All right,' I said. 'I can't lose much

"We went to his room, the other two men going along. Bolden pulled out a deck of cards and offered them to me for a cut. I told him to go ahead with the deal although the pack had not even been shuffled.

"What is the limit?" I asked. "'No limit,' he answered. 'It's only one jackpot, and you can't lose much." When I picked up my hand I found

that I had four kings and an ace-sider. I opened the pot for \$5, and Bolden raised me \$5; I raised him \$5. He 'saw it' and asked me how many cards I 'Give me one,' I said cheerfully.

suppose my two pair are as good as "T'll have to draw to my hand,' he said. T'll take two.'

"What do you suppose a man would do when he had four kings and had thrown away an ace, and the other fellow drew two cards? I did what any other player would do, of course. started off with a \$100 bet, and Bolden raised me \$100. I tilted it for another \$100, and he raised me the same amount. To dispense with the harrowfor \$500 in addition to the amount I had won from him. Then Bolden raised me

"All of a sudden it came over me that I was playing with a professional gam-bler, that the cards had not been shuffled or cut. I knew Bolden was nervy and a bed citizen, but in my desperation, if I had had a gun, I would have a proposition to divide the pot right there. But when I looked into his smiling face I knew I was up against game I had no chance of bucking successfully. I dug for another \$100

"I call. Lay down your straight flush.

of the great enterprise of which we hope the American people will be proud. "That's just what I have, suh,' he said, innecently, 'How did you guess it?' And he laid down a ten high heart straight flush and raked in the pot. It had his \$300 and \$1,000 of my own chase Exposition is the present work of my life and the lives of many others, money. That afternoon he left town. who are faithfully striving to perform "I was so aggrieved over my loss that I followed his example. That is where their duties as they see them. It is my intention to devote my whole time and won out. If I hadn't lost that money

attention to this great work, in poker I would have stayed in Roan-oke and dumped the whole \$3,000 and "I wish to impress upon the mempers of this association that I am not candidate for the presidency, and that possibly all the rest of my \$12,000, for neither would I consider the honor, althe boom fell fist as a pancake. I came though it is one to which every Ameriback to Brooklyn on the first train and can citizen may feel proud to aspire. I started into business in New York. "But he kept on insisting, so that I Now I am wealthy."-New York Press. will not urge that the motion of the gentleman be tabled, but that he will kindly withdraw it." Well, No. Not Very Clearly.

Editor Hawkins replied in a humorous rein by withdrawing the motion, after saying that President Francis could depend upon the solid support of the Michigan editors, if he wanted anything from the Presidency down.

FRANCIS IS

NOT SEEKING

St. Louis Fair.

This declaration was called forth by

a motion of Editor O. E. Hawkins of

journalists that the visiting members

in the Administration Building, where

"I desire to impress upon the members

of the association that every minute of

my time, energy and mind is being de-

voted exclusively to the success of the

Louisiana Purchase Exposition, there-

fore such a suggestion as the gentleman has just made, attaough highly compli-

mentary and received by me in the spirit

which prompts it, is utterly beyond con-

we are engaged is a matter of considera-

tion foreign to the spirit and intention

"This Is My Life Work."

"The success of the Louisiana Pur-

"The time for talking of other work

other honors than those in which

come to the visitors.

notion by rising and saying:

phatically denied that he is a

PRESIDENCY

"Yammering."

"Yammering" is a word about which we raised some question in our literary columns recently. But it is one of those words which have been caught up into the literary language from provincial speech, and the verb "to yammer," as a correspondent points out, is not a new word, but has been long in use in Scotland and the North of England. There is an obvious connection between this synonym of "whining" and the German "jammer," which is best known in the combination 'katzenjammer'-the aftermath of a night's debauch. And from the latest edition of Webster we gather that Mr. Kipling, too, has discovered the word, and used it.—London Chron-

Dr. Eoch Chosen.

Dr. Koch has been chosen foreign member of the French Academy of Sciences to fill the vacancy left by the death of Prof. Virchow. Twenty-eight votes were given for Dr. Koch, against

WHAT EMULSION DO YOU USE? JOHN J. INGALLS

MISS QUEENIE LEROI

Some Peculiarities of Kansas' Honored Son.

Ouoted "The Raven" When Informed of His Defeat for the Senatorship.

Four stories told by four hewspaper men illustrate the traits of the late John J. Ingalls, who was for eighteen years in the United States Senate from Kansas, and was the Sunflower State's accepted peer in oratory and statesman-

Mr. Ingalls, in his lifetime, always displayed a partiality for newspaper men, yet he did it in such a way that at no time did he sacrifice his dignity and reserve

An example of his sense of humor is fllustrated in a story told by George Hanson, formerly a newspaper man of "It was at the time of the big Fitz-

simmons-Corbett mill in Carson City, said Mr. Hanson, "and I was at the Union Pacific depot in Ogden watching for any of the big sporting men that were passing through on their way to

"On the day before the fight I was standing on the platform as a train from the East pulled in. I saw a tall, slender man alight from the car step. dressed in a long gray Prince Albert, whose silvery hair, high forchesd and stately, dignified appearance immediately impressed and reminded me of pictures of the Kansas orator, whom the ministry and the press were criticisfight. (It will be remembered that Mr Ingails represented a New York daily at the Carson City mill.)

"Walking up to him I said: "This is Senator Ingalls, is it not? "He turned and replied: 'I am he son is the "Song of the Cities." which is one of the dainty concerts of "The

And who is this?" "It took but an instant for me to Prince of Pilsen." Beautiful girls garbed explain that I was a newspaper man. appropriately represent the different citand by way of opening the conversation I said: 'Senator, it seems to me we ies sung about. Miss Queenie LeRoi represents the City of Washington. She have met somewhere before."
"The Senator gazed away at the suris clad in a stunning red, white and blue

rounding mountains, his sharp gray eyes sweeping their crests, and far beyond, and then turning to me again he blandly replied: "Maybe so, I've often been there." 'Senator,' I continued, 'I am looking

for celebrities and notables on their way to Carson City. Are there any on this "Again the great statesman's eyes swept the surrounding mountain tops and slowly descending to the green

sward below, at last rested upon me "Notables, celebrities," he repeated slowly. Then, with a trace of a smile playing about his lips, he added: 'Ah, celebrities, notables, yes. There's a couple,' and he pointed to two notorious So Declares Chief of the

negro prize fighters who were standing by the side of the coach." His Power of Oratory. A. E. McKee, formerly a Kansas City newspaper man, tells a story illustrat-ing Mr. Ingalls' power of oratory and

his personal magnetism when on the (Journal Special Service.) LOUIS, April 18.—President "I had been sent to 'do' a political of the World's Fair has emmeeting in Kansas City, Kan, at Mr. Ingalis was to speak," said he.

date for the Presidency of the United had heard a great deal about the Kansas orator, but I had never heard him, and had gone to the meeting with the expectation of being overwhelmed with the Tecumseh Times at a meeting of spellbinding. A crude press table had been improvised, and I was sitting there pledge to President Francis the electoral impatiently awaiting the beginning of the meeting when the Sunflower orator vote of Michigan. The incident occurred was introduced. "He began his speech with a vivid

President Francis was extending a weldescription of the impression he re-ceived of the beautiful autumnal day as The suggestion of the Michigan editor was manifestly a great surprise to Presihe came by train up the valley of the dent Francis, but he interrupted any action that might have been taken on the Kaw. Beautiful allegories and figures of speech came from his lips, which immediately attracted my interest, and at last he uttered this sentence in describing the day of fall: Triangles of wild geese harrowed the pastures of the deep blue sky.'

"My pencil fell from my fingers to the table, and when he had finished his speech an hour later my notepaper contained not a line."

As a Newspaper Man.

Mr. Ingalls' power of deduction is depicted in the story told by A. S. Kane, another former Kansas City newspaper "Soon after Mr. Ingalls' return from

Carson City, where he had received \$10,000 for reporting the Fitzsimmons-Corbett prize fight, he was in Kansas City. I met him at the Midland hotel, and, of course, wanted an interview. "Among other things, the Senator wanted me to explain the difference between a newspaper man and a journal-The press had named him a journalist, and he could not see the differ-

'A newspaper man.' said L 'is a man who writes for a newspaper because he has to make a living and needs the A journalist writes sometimes for amusement, sometimes for fame, and sometimes for pleasure." "The Senator thought for a moment;

then, putting his hand on my shoulder, "T'm not a journalist; I'm a news-paper man."

Could Be Tragic. That Mr. Ingalls could become tragic

and dramatic upon occasions is evi-denced in the story told by Dave Leahy of Wichita, well known among Kansas newspaper men. "Having met the Senator many times

during his long public career, we had to know each other well," said Mr. Leahy. was during his last campaign

when the irresistible wave of Populism over Kansas, carrying before it the defeat of Kanses' greatest orater. During the heat of the campaign Mr. Ingalls was one night, a few fore the election, in Wichita. I called at his hotel merely to pay my respects. Upon the clerk's giving me his number I went to his room. It was nearly dusk and when I appeared at his open door I beheld him stretched at full length on evidently tired and discouraged. 'Good evening, Senator,' I said.

"He did not turn, but with his face still buried in the pillow, replied: The ofce is that of David, the form that of the devil." "This was galling enough, but what followed was worse, for he turned on his pillow and, looking at me, added:

was neither mistaken in voice nor "Then he rose to a sitting posture on the edge of the bed.
"'Dave,' he said, I know you are the biggest liar in Kansas, but I know you some way.—Boston Transcript.

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will tell Ingalls the truth. What are my chances in this district?"

"'Senator,' I said, 'overwhelming de

"Immediately he sprang from the bed

and paced up and down the floor, with

a look of fire in his eyes; then, turning upon me and pointing his long finger

at me, exclaimed: "Take thy beak from

out my bosom, take thy form from off

"I muttered, I don't know why, 'Nev-

"'Yes, nevermore,' he repeated. Till

never be Senator of Kansas again."

Why They Are Not Mervous.

building in the world has no terrors for

the patrons of Haan's Rathskeller. More

than 300 feet above them towers the

roof of the Park Row building. They

are beneath thousands of tons of stone

and iron, apparently sustained only by

slender pillars in the cafe. Nearly 6,000

people, the population of the small city

toil in theseffices of the 32 stories. Dur

ing business hours 10,000 persons are in

the building at a time. If it should col-

lapse the list of casualties would make

it a "catastrophe." But so sublime is the faith of New Yorkers in the skill

of the builders of sky-scrapers that they

think of the fateful polysyllable only in

connection with volcanic eruptions and

Kansas cyclones. That is why the pat-

Hmbarrassed.

"What a beautiful luncheon" said the

"Yes," answered Mrs. Cumrox, "moth

been standing over here trying to figure

Benner-I saw the Niltons in their

norseless carriage today. I wonder how

they continue to find so much pleasure

you know. They must put in their time

West-They are a childless family,

out which are the edibles and which are

I'm a little embarrassed. I've

er and the girls say it is all right."

the decorations."-Washington Star.

"But you aren't enjoying it."

rons of Haan's are not nervous.

guest.

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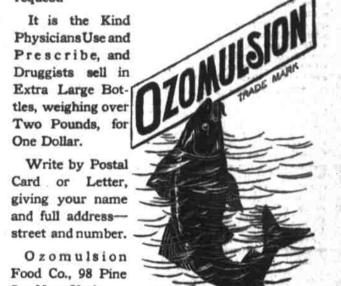
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will tell Ingalls the truth. What are my chances in this district?" "I looked at the Senator almost pityingly, but I knew I must tell him the

Sweetheart of 45 Years Ago Remembered.

Romance Disclosed by Will of Old Captain Miller, Bon Vivant.

(Journal Special Service.) NEW YORK, April 18 .- Like "the

ghost of a dead and gone bouquet" there omes out of a dry bit of parchment filed in the Surrogate's office yesterday-the will of Capt. Thomas J. Miller, one time clubman, boulevardier, bon vivant and famous gourmet, who died at a very advanced age in St. Vincent's Hospital on March 29 last-the story of an old

At the Manhattan Club and many hoels, and among the theatrical and other artistic folk, to whom old Capt, Miller was a quaint and likable figure, few knew of the love story that his will discloses. Indeed, it is probable that none but himself and Joanna Mills, who is 78

years old, knew about it at all. She was a girl of humble parentage and Capt. Miller was a young naval of-ficer when he met her. It was a genuine love affair. Perhaps the disparity of their positions in social life kept them

apart. None knows now.

But at any rate Capt. Miller remained a bachelos to the end of his days, and when his will was filed it bore in dry legal terms, all expressionless of senti-

ment on their face, the proof of his faithfulness to the pretty girl whom he met and loved 45 years ago,

For all his property is left to Joanna Mills, a very old, bent and wrinkled woman now. It is not much—a leasehold property in Reade street, which brings about \$600 a year, and some personal belongings. Capt. Davis' attorneys refused last night to tell where the woman lived, but it was learned that she and two of her maiden sisters had modest rooms in an old-fashioned down town residential section.

Capt. Miller never rose to higher rank than ensign in the nawy, for shortly after the war he resigned. He joined the life of the town and became a character in it, a brilliant, witty companion. For

a long time he enjoyed the reputation of knowing more than any man in all New York concerning things to eat and things to drink and just how they should be treated in the most artistic fashion. Mexico's Military Ambition. The army and navy of the Republic of Mexico are undergoing the greatest

transformation in their history. From the border to Yucatan and from the Pa citic to the gulf coast the republic will soon be a vast parade ground for troops and marines. Quietly, but rapidly, the government is carrying to completion comprehensive plans which will make Mexico one of the strongest military powers for her area on the globe. Within a year or two at most President Diaz will be able to mobolize on short notice nearly 200,000 well-equipped and welldrilled soldiers. He desires to make Mexico a nation of warriors; therefore, in nearly 11,000 public schools nearly 300,000 boys are drilling daily and dreaming of glory to be won on the bat-tlefield. Is there reason to doubt, in view of such facts as these, that, the Mexico of the future will be able to make demands and enforce them if need be.-National Magazine.

They Follow the Flag.

We dissent from Pather Pardow's opinion that divorce is America's gift to the Philippines. Mr. Ado, a Chicago historian, has well said that the cocktail follows the flag, and to that we would add the home run and the slifes to second—New York Daily News

dency, which, as Boyeri demonstrated at the last meeting of the German Society From down the street there came th

"It was snuckin' along like a thief."

"It's loabsome news I have," he waited "I was caught from behind, and by sur-

"I'll have you put on another lob— What you need is a cage."

What you need is a cage."

of Naturalists and Physicians, disappears through degeneration of the con-

All eggs have a parthenogenetic ten-

trosoma. All that Prof. Loeb of Chicago did was to show that this parthenogenetic tendency could be stimulated in sea urchins by a normal sait solution. In certain infusoria the process of fecundation consists essentially in a subtle osmosis between the sexes. The experiments of Loeb did not create life, but simply stimulated bisexual generation at the expense of parthenogenesis. These experiments, therefore, demonstrate nothing as regards the cause of life .-Cleveland Plain Dealer,

His Great Comfort. The Rev. John S. Lyon, at the dinner of the Paper Manufacturers' Associa-

tion, spoke of a friend who received a letter from one of his parishloners which read:
"My Dear Pastor: I have been sick for two months and have not been able

Shining Light. "Hasn't Squallop been fooling us beau-

tifully?". "I found out the other day, by accident, that he has been a member of a church for 25 years without any of his friends ever suspecting it."-Chicago

to hear your excellent sermons, which has been a great comfort to me."—New York Times.

> 18 for Prof. Agassiz, curator at Harvard University: 11 for S. P. Langley of Washington, and 1 for Prof. Van Der Vaals of Amsterdam.

Portland fans have a dark brown taste in their mouths.