

SUCCESS FOLLOWED POKER GAME LOSS

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

"My success," said a prominent New York 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 guess all the things that come your way."

It had not been long in that poker game I believe I would be only a clerk today.

"Along in 1890 I had \$12,000 and all kinds of ambition. I was living in Brooklyn then, but the old burg didn't suit 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 overdone. Just at that time we began to hear things about a boom down South, that the land of Dixie was waking up, and fortunes were being made in every crossroads town. I decided to take the South for mine, and I started for a place called Basic City, intending to wind up at Roanoke.

"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 sight but Egyptian darkness so thick that I thought it was in a fog. There wasn't even a depot.

"This is a deuce of a note," I said to myself aloud. "Not even a hotel runner here." It looked as if I would have to hunt for a cornfield to spend the night in.

"Hello, young fellow," 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 for—hotel?"

"Yes," I said. "Can you tell me where to find one?"

"I stop at one. Come over here. I 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 25 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 gave me a room, and I started off to bed.

"No use to go to bed," said Bolden. "Come and let's play cards till breakfast time."

"Not for me," I said. "I'm too sleepy. Besides, I didn't care to risk any of the \$2,000 I had brought along out of my little fortune."

"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 dark. 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 wanted—faro, roulette and all kinds of poker. 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. I 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 there was doing a thing but looking at that gun with hands up.

"Of course I don't want to shoot," said Bolden 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 returned 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 could. About 8 o'clock he came in.

"Wake up!" he cried. "I've made a killing."

"It looked as if he had. His soft hat was full of gold and silver, and the bank notes were sticking out of every pocket.

"Not so bad for a kid against such a gang, is it?" he said.

"You must be a professional," I said, somewhat awestruck by the heap of coin.

"Not a bit of it," he said. "Just had a run of luck. Now I'll play you till breakfast time about 11 o'clock."

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

"But he kept on insisting, so that I

MISS QUEENIE LEROI FOUR SIBS OF JOHN J. INGALLS

Some Peculiarities of Kansas' Honored Son.

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

Four stories told by four newspaper 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 statesmanship.

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 respect.

An example of his sense of humor is illustrated in a story told by George Hanson, formerly a newspaper man of Ogden, Utah.

"It was at the time of the big Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight 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 Carson City.

"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 with silvery hair, high forehead and stately dignified appearance. Immediately impressed and reminded me of pictures of the Kansas orator, whom the ministry and the press were criticizing so harshly for reporting a prize fight (it will be remembered that Mr. Ingalls 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, Alvin, who is that?'

"It took but an instant for me to explain that I was a newspaper man, and by way of opening the conversation I said: 'Senator, it seems to me we have met somewhere before.'

"Senator gazed away at the surrounding 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 train?"

"Again the great statesman's eyes swept the surrounding mountain tops and slowly descending to the green sward below, at last rested upon me again.

"Notables, celebrities," he repeated slowly. Then, with a trace of a smile about his lips, he added: 'Ah, celebrities, notables—there's a couple,' and he pointed to two notorious negro prize fighters who were standing by the side of the coach.

FRANCIS IS NOT SEEKING PRESIDENCY So Declares Chief of the St. Louis Fair.

(Journal Special Service.)

ST. LOUIS, April 18.—President Francis of the World's Fair has emphatically denied that he is a candidate for the Presidency of the United States.

This declaration was called forth by a motion of Editor O. E. Hawkins of the *Tumescum Times* at a meeting of journalists that the visiting members pledge to President Francis the electoral vote of Michigan. The incident occurred in the Administration Building, where President Francis was extending a welcome to the visitors.

The suggestion of the Michigan editor was manifestly a great surprise to President Francis, but he interrupted any action that might have been taken on the motion by rising and saying:

"I desire to impress upon the members of the association that every minute of my time, energy and mind is being devoted exclusively to the success of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, therefore such a suggestion as the gentleman has just made, although highly complimentary and received by me in the spirit which prompts it, is utterly beyond consideration."

The time for talking of other work and other honors than those in which we are engaged is a matter of consideration foreign to the spirit and intention of the great enterprise which we hope the American people will be proud.

"This is My Life Work."

The success of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition is the present work of my life and the lives of many others, who are faithfully striving to perform their duties as they see them. It is my intention to devote my whole time and attention to this great work.

"I wish to impress upon the members of this association that I am not a candidate for the presidency, and that neither would I consider the honor, although it is one to which every American citizen may feel proud to aspire. I will not urge that the motion of the gentleman be tabled, but that he will kindly withdraw it."

Editor Hawkins replied in a humorous vein 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.

"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 "jammern," which is best known in the combination "Katzenjammern"—the after-math 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 Chronicle*.

Dr. Koch 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 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.

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LEFT FORTUNE TO OLD LOVE 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 comes 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 romance.

At the Manhattan Club and many hotels, 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 officer 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 bachelor to the end of his days, and when his will was filed it bore in dry legal terms, all expressions of sentiment 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 \$500 a year, and some personal belongings. Capt. Miller's 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 downtown residential section.

Capt. Miller never rose to higher rank than ensign in the navy, 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 Pacific 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 mobilize on short notice nearly 200,000 well-equipped and well-drilled 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 dressing in full military uniform. It is a year or two at most President Diaz will be able to mobilize on short notice nearly 200,000 well-equipped and well-drilled 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 dressing in full military uniform. It is a year or two at most President Diaz will be able to mobilize on short notice nearly 200,000 well-equipped and well-drilled 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 dressing in full military uniform.

THE JUGGERMOBILE Well, No, Not Very Clearly.

All eggs have a parthenogenetic tendency, which, as Boveri demonstrated at the last meeting of the German Society of Naturalists and Physicians, disappears through degeneration of the centrosomes. All that Prof. Loeb of Chicago did was to show that this parthenogenetic tendency could be stimulated in sea urchins by a normal salt 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' Association, spoke of a friend who received a letter from one of his parishioners which read:

"My Dear Pastor: I have been sick for two months and have not been able to hear your excellent sermons, which has been a great comfort to me."—*New York Times*.

Shining Light.

"Hain't Squallop been fooling us beautifully?"

"How?"

"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 Tribune*.

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