

VOL. VIII.

FLORENCE, OREGON, FRIDAY, Sept. 10, 1897.

NO 20.

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Hood's Pills

Three card monte is not a recent invention of the card player by any means. Back in the early fifties it evidently flourished in the English capital, as the following letter to the Brooklyn Eagle suggests. The communication comes from William Day, who had an experience with card sharpers in London in 1855. After slumbering for many a long year the details come with a flavor the old days in their quaint narration:

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While we were drinking he said: "I have a friend here, but I have lost him in this great city. He is stopping opposite some large theater, but I cannot think of its name. Tell me the names of the theaters. I may remember its name." I mentioned several names, and when I mentioned "Victoria" he cried, "Why, that is it." I said: "We passed it, but it is no trouble. I'll take you there."

I took the man around to the theater. He said, "There is the very place where he is stopping." Taking me across the road, he said, "Wait one moment." Then he ran up the stairs, bringing his friend back with him, and they insisted that I must go up. So we all three went upstairs into a room. I remember the room well; half a dozen chairs and two tables. The friend ordered ale, and while we were sitting talking an old man, a peddler, came in the room and, taking some things out of his basket, said, "Gentlemen, I cheap like to sell you a pair of razors cheap—only two bob and a tanner."

The friend cried: "I never saw such a place as London is for peddlers. Gentlemen cannot hold a private conversation but they are intruded on by some one to sell something."

The old peddler answered: "I am a poor man trying to make an honest living. Now, gentlemen, I'll tell you what I will do. We will play for the razors. I'll put up the pair of razors against two and six. Here are the cards." He said: "Here are three cards, one court and two plain cards. Now, can any gentleman show me where the court card is?" The two friends argued about it and then decided, after playing a few times and passing sovereigns or yellow boys between them. The peddler set the cards out once more. Then the peddler dropped a dirty handkerchief on the floor, and in trying to find it put his head below the table. One of the friends instantly found the court card, and laid it back in its place, after working at me. Just then the peddler lifted his head above the table and said, "Can any gentleman tell where the court card is?"

The two friends argued it and at last appealed to me. One said it was one card, and the other said it was another. I said, "Gentlemen, I am not betting, but I think I know the court card," for certainly there the court card lay, with the corner turned up. The friend said, "I will bet you a sovereign you cannot pick it up." I said, "I tell you I do not bet." The other friend said, "I don't believe the fellow has a nag." The other one said to me, "You have not got a sovereign, and I don't think you have a bob."

I found it was getting warm, and, as I sat near the door, I arose and said, "Gentlemen, I must be going." Then I went down the stairs, trailing loudly. Then I crept up, opened the door about an inch and saw all three with their heads together and in deep conversation. I cried, "Gentlemen, that is not the first time I have seen three card monte."

A Man of Nerve.
 "Man of nerve!" he exclaimed.
 "Well, I should say he was!"
 "Has he ever done anything to show it?"
 "Done anything! Say, that man has a standing offer to umpire amateur baseball games to a finish."—Chicago Post.

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MONTE MEN IN LONDON

A QUAIN NARRATIVE OF AN ENCOUNTER WITH CARD SHARPS.

Away Back In 1855 the Three Card Trick Was Played—The Now Well Known Method of Snaaring a Victim—The Familiar Trick of Turning Up a Corner.

One day in the year 1855 I was standing at the corner of Great Holland street and Blackfriars' road, London. I had not even a single acquaintance in the city and very little money, and as I was thinking where I could go next so it would cost nothing a plainly dressed man spoke to me. He said: "Can you tell me the way to St. James' park? I am a stranger in London. In fact, I was left some money down in Hitchin, Hertfordshire, and as I intend to go to Australia I thought I would like to see something of London on my way there." I said: "I have nothing to do. I'll show you the way to St. James' park." He appeared quite grateful. I said, "We must go along the new cut," certainly one of the poorest streets in London, though it appears to be always full of people. So we went along, but I noticed when there was a crowd he went ahead and pushed through the crowd. I thought to myself, "You are not like the country men that stand aside waiting for the crowd to go by."

When we got to the corner of the Waterloo Bridge road, he asked me to take a glass of beer. So we entered the gin palace, and there we met a well dressed young lady. The stranger asked her to take a drink. She said she would prefer gin. We took ale. I noticed she had a well filled satchel, and when she opened it to take her handkerchief I noticed it was bulged out with rolls of old newspapers. We then went out and walked to the Westminster Bridge road. I said to him: "Here we are now. Go over this bridge, pass the houses of parliament and Westminster abbey, turn to the right up Parliament street and there you are at the Horse Guards entrance to the park." He said: "I am much obliged to you for your trouble. Take a glass before you leave."

While we were drinking he said: "I have a friend here, but I have lost him in this great city. He is stopping opposite some large theater, but I cannot think of its name. Tell me the names of the theaters. I may remember its name." I mentioned several names, and when I mentioned "Victoria" he cried, "Why, that is it." I said: "We passed it, but it is no trouble. I'll take you there."

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A Historic Telegram.

One of the greatest services ever rendered by the telegraph was the transmission from Delhi of the famous telegram of May 11, 1857, which warned the Punjab of the outbreak of the Indian mutiny. The telegrapher, Brendish, who sent the message, retired from the service in receipt of a special pension equal to his salary. Brendish and Pilkington were the two young signalers under Mr. Todd, the superintendent of the Delhi telegraph office. On Sunday, May 10, at 4 p. m., it was found that the line from Meerut was interrupted, and Mr. Todd started to find out the break. At the bridge of boats across the Jumna he was met by the mutineers the following morning and murdered. The lads, who were left alone in the office outside the Kashmir gate, saw the mutineers pass and continued steadily telegraphing to Lahore all the news brought in by posts as to the doings of the mutineers in the city. Brendish went out at noon to see what was going on, but was desired by a wounded British officer to go in and close the doors. There for two hours the two, with the widow and child of Mr. Todd, remained, and at 2 p. m. Brendish went to the Umballa instrument and telegraphed the historic message: "The sepoy have come in from Meerut and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and we hear several Europeans. We must shut up. And now I am off."

The little party then made its way to the flagstaff tower, where the Europeans had congregated, and from there saw the blowing up of the magazine. That night they fled to Umballa. Before they left the tower Pilkington went back to the office to send a message for an officer. Every step of the way was taken in danger of instant death, but the daring mission was accomplished, for the message is recorded as having been received. As the last click died away the mutineers burst in, and the signaler was slain. The effect of Brendish's warning message to the Punjab was that the regiments tainted with mutiny were disarmed before they knew what had taken place at Meerut and Delhi.

The Nightingale.

The nightingale does not sing everywhere, yet it is as great a mistake to consider the bird shy as to imagine its song is chiefly reserved for the night. He will sing continually from one of the oaks bordering the wayside while the village folks pass and repass. The village couples may rest upon the foot stile or linger to listen beneath the very tree on which the bird is stationed, still the full burden of melody goes on unchecked, without pause or intermission. And what a glorious outburst it is! What a perfect cascade of trills and shakes and semiquavers! Suddenly it is pierced by a single note that shivers in the ear with the sharpness of a sife. Immediately after comes the wondrous warble, long drawn out and soft as could be leached from the richest flute. Another prolonged trill, and then a faroff sound that almost seems to come from another songster half a mile away serves to throw into relief the passionate tremolo issuing from the same tiny throat, and all the time the wings are quivering with excitement and the whole copious seems to vibrate.

The song is, indeed, a whole orchestra of bird music. Expressive of every shade of ecstasy, we are at times startled by a succession of deep, plaintive tones that thrill like sobs. No wonder the nightingale's singing season is brief—six weeks only of the entire year. Nay, it is doubtful whether any individual bird sings for so long a period. The redwing, another fine singer, is a similar instance of the limited period of song. Its voice in this country is confined to two notes and these by no means musical, yet the redwing is the nightingale of Norway, to which land he returns for breeding purposes each succeeding April. So with our nightingale. From the day the eggs are hatched he becomes gradually silent, until of the marvelous voice that stirred a mile of woodland naught is heard save a dismal croak, hardly to be distinguished from the hoarse cry of the bullfrog.—St. James Gazette.

A Carlyle Letter.

One of Carlyle's letters is dated March 18, 1860, and refers to his "Practical Grammar." Some one had criticized his book, referring to a certain collection of letters "gathered at Berlin."

"I had not heard of the monstrous Platitudes at all, but guessed then what it would be—an old acquaintance of mine. Truly a three-brutal stupidity, which has had red-hot poker indignantly run through about ten times, but always revives and steps forth afresh with new tap of the parish drum, there being no parish in the universe richer in prudent darkness and flunkey malevolence than ours is! I set Neutberg upon it in The Athenaeum; but know not what he has made of it. No Editor, in my time, has crowned himself with such a Pair of Ears as he of the Williams and Norgate Periodical. It is a clear fact, though not clear in England, that here is the most brutish of neoculacres lately heard of in the country; that to have one moment's belief or doubt on such a subject is to make affidavit that your knowledge of Frederick and his affairs is zero and less."

Red Line Grows Thinner.

The historical "thin red line" so often mentioned by English writers in connection with their scariest coated army is becoming decidedly thinner, for, according to orders issued by the war department in London, the chest measurement for infantry recruits has been reduced to 32 inches. The standard in this particular has been gradually diminishing for some time past, and at the present rate of progression the "red line" will soon become so thin as to be invisible to the enemy, which, of course, will not be without certain advantages.—London Letter.

AN ESSAY ON CORNS.

IT CONTAINS THE EXPERIENCE OF AN INQUIRING SUFFERER.

The Reply of a Chiroprapist Started an Investigation—Those Who Walk Suffer Most From Corns—How Sidewalks Exercise an Important Influence.

"What makes corns?"
 "If people would not walk, they would not have corns," replied the chiroprapist emphatically.

The reply was satisfactory as far as it went, but it didn't go far enough, and therefore the sufferer, not being able to rid himself of the pain by riding always, walked and pondered.

He began to notice, when he walked in one direction on one side of a street, that one foot was affected and when he walked in the opposite direction that the other foot was affected. The distress was in the foot that was toward the curb. He could not walk ahead awhile and then walk backward to relieve the pain, because he thought that he might be looked upon as a crank and that such behavior in a public street would be absurd anyway. Then he examined his shoes and observed that the most of the wear was on the outer edges of the soles and heels and that the upper leather had begun to bulge slightly over the worn parts of the soles. When he put his shoes on again, he observed that the leather where it bulged pressed on the painful area of each little toe.

With the results of the observations in mind, the sufferer proceeded, step by step, somewhat painfully at times, to ascertain the cause of the effect on his shoes. He would not acknowledge that he might be hewlegged and unable to wear evenly the soles of his shoes, and nobody who met him could observe any unusual deflection from the ordinary lines of legs. He trod carefully, and, without making himself conspicuous, tried to walk on a level, so that the pressure would be equal on the whole surface of each sole. His toeing was moderate—neither too much outward nor too much inward—and at times he succeeded in walking as his mind directed, but usually the distress that he winced from indicated that something was wrong somewhere. The foot on the curb side of the walk was generally distressed more than the other. The fit of his shoes was fair, and for awhile the suffering investigator could not determine the reasons for the tendency to bulge on the sides. He defied any one to prove that the bottled waters that he drank could have an effect on his system that would tend to make him edge toward the gutter. Such an idea ought not to be thought of.

Going somewhat deeper into the subject, beneath the shoes and the painful areas, the investigator gave some attention to the surfaces on which he walked, and stowed away in his memory the characteristics of localities in which he believed he had experiences that were painful, more painful, and most painful, or almost painless. He noticed, for instance, when he walked across an asphalt pavement from one sidewalk to another in certain localities, that his tread was even and that he had little pain. The experiences suggested that he could generally have relief by walking on asphalt pavement, but he remembered the annoy of an eccentric pedestrian who insisted on having the privilege of walking in the middle of the street and decided that he would not risk himself in that direction, notwithstanding the relief that might be obtained. He noticed also that the distress was less in some localities than in others and that all sidewalks were not alike. He tried to confine his walks to the localities in which he felt the least distress, but he had to go such a roundabout way to arrive at any particular place, especially his place of business, that the plan had to be abandoned. Besides, he never trod a perfect route—a route that throughout its length had a surface that could be paced without pain. At one point or another the patient investigator felt twinges that were almost unbearable.

Lining up the subject on the best route he could find, he devoted his attention to the spot or block where he had the most severe twinges. That sent him to the sidewalk, describing the action figuratively. He did not drop on his knees, although he had the impulse to do that and to howl also, but he stopped at the curb and thought awhile. He inferred that his sufferings were greater in that particular block because some peculiarity or influence presented itself there. At first the tentacles of thought grasped nothing definitely, but as the pain departed from the affected foot, the powers of vision took hold and the result was a revelation.

As in many great discoveries and revelations, the cause of the effect was very simple—the sidewalk had been graded from the house line to the curb for good drainage, and as the incline was a few degrees more there than in many places it was natural that any one walking there should tend slightly toward the curb. The friction of the soles of the shoes on the sidewalk being greater than the friction of the feet on the inner soles of the shoes, the weight of the body caused the feet to slide sideways in the shoes. The effects on the feet were different, and the painful effect in one foot and then the other depended on the direction in which the sufferer walked. When the right foot was toward the curb, its small toe was pressed against the leather and tortured, while the left foot by maintaining a level, the worn edge of the left shoe being about equal to the degree of the incline, had very light pressure on either side. Guided by the revelation, the sufferer trod carefully thereafter and kept clear of slanting sidewalks as frequently as possible, but in time he was compelled to acknowledge that the periods of relief from pain were far apart, because the rule is that sidewalks should slant toward the gutter, and the rule is followed generally, and he realized that the chiroprapist's reply was accurate.—New York Times.