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LITERARY BUDGET

A CONCORD LOVE SONG.

Shall we meet again, love,
 In the distant West, love,
 When the New Year, love,
 And the Present Past?
 Shall the mystic Yonder,
 In which I ponder,
 I really wonder,
 With thee be lost?

Ab, the joyous feeling,
 Of our primal meeting,
 And the faint gleam
 Of the flow and glow,
 Ab, the Thimble, flying,
 From the Heron's, sighing,
 For a love true,
 That I would die!

Ab, the friend's feeling,
 The Whimsical meeting,
 And the faint gleam
 Of the flow and glow,
 Ab, the Thimble, flying,
 From the Heron's, sighing,
 For a love true,
 That I would die!

In the inner me, love,
 As I turn to thee, love,
 I seem to see, love,
 No ray there,
 But the Menes dead, love,
 The Thimble, flying,
 And born instead, love,
 An Unseen ray!

—James Jeffrey Jones, Boston Transcript.

THE BACCARAT KING.

Career of a Remarkable Young Man—Heavy Winnings at Paris Gaming Tables—Losses and Final Disappointment—A Promise to Pay all Debts.

William R. Deutsch, well known in many Paris clubs, and who earned two years ago the sobriquet of "Le Roi de Baccarat," sailed in the *America* from this port to-day for New York. He leaves in Paris, however, a remarkable amount of debt incurred at play, and has gone because he sees no way of recovering his losses and paying the debts already made. The career of the King of Baccarat in Paris has been a remarkable one, and if his wonderful successes were alone considered, his example would be rather an encouragement to the gambler than otherwise; but the interview which we publish below will show the dark, homeless side of the picture; and its publication is not the least charitable act done by "Billy" Deutsch.

W. R. Deutsch is an American, and was for several years a well-known actor in the New York, having once been prominently connected with Booth's Theaters and with other public places of entertainment of that city. He came to Europe about two and a half years ago, and since that time he has been a prominent figure at several of the best known Parisian clubs.

The stories told of his play seem almost incredible, but it is certain that he had two years ago one of the most remarkable runs of luck ever known at cards. In August, 1882, Mr. Deutsch won for twenty-eight consecutive days at the Washington and Press Clubs, and during those days his smallest winning was eighteen thousand francs and his highest two hundred and sixty thousand francs. He never lost on any one of those days, and his total winnings were over one million, seven hundred thousand francs. That all of this sum he has gone and much more with it, in two years it is not necessary to say. How it has gone the sumptuous banquets at Delmonico's, New York, in Paris and in London costing thousands and tens of thousands of francs each; still further, heavy and unlucky play, and indeed all the extravagances of suddenly acquired wealth, will tell.

A correspondent of the *Morning News* met Mr. Deutsch before his departure and expressed surprise at his going.

"Yes," said Mr. Deutsch, "I am going back after a terrible experience. I have experienced all the ups and downs that a man possibly can, and I have found the means and the courage to return, to begin life over again. I leave with spirits far from gay, and I am anything except happy. I go to meet a well-known man, my folly, and to hear from Paris that I have been condemned for what is unavoidable. I leave with debts behind—no debts of honor, but some humiliating—while I take time to pay. All I have left now is my health, and what my friends will admit, integrity of purpose."

"How did you manage to get in so bad a position as being worth upwards of two millions of francs?" "Yes, I was worth two millions francs two years ago. But no man, except one who has made such a sum in so short a time, knows how to spend it in so short a time. The winner of the most reckless, careless and extravagant man living. He gives right and left, he literally throws money away, and only appreciates his folly when he walks."

"Why did you not buy an annuity or put a sum where you could not get it again and could only draw the interest?"

"My Christian friend, I have seven boxes full of letters of advice; but when I have wanted a hundred francs I seldom got it."

"Is a better world that we live in. To lend, or to spend, or to give in. But to look or to borrow, or ask for your own. 'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

"But there is no use of crying for spilt milk, and I do not care to say much about my personal affairs. I only trust that my experience may tend to reform some and discourage others from continuing in the pursuit of what is only a pleasure while Fortune smiles, but is always a vice, and to all ruin. Gamblers have success, but the greater the success, the greater the fall and the greater the misery. A gambler may in a moment of luck win, say two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand francs, but no sum will repay him for sleepless nights and for hours of anxiety, for nights made into days. No occupation, legal, political, or mercantile, will pay for the extravagances he must indulge in. While he is in the full tide of pleasure the clouds are near, and the gam-

bler finds his shell on earth. For every hour of pleasure he spends days of misery. The pleasures become only recollections of misery, despair, and often suicide, stare him in the face."

"A man with the passion for play will do anything to procure money in order to recover his losses. He will borrow five thousand francs from his bank, one thousand francs from a friend, five hundred francs from an acquaintance, one hundred francs from a comparative stranger, fifty francs from a club waiter, twenty francs from the cook, ten francs from a cabby who may have driven him three or four times, and then five francs from anybody to get a dinner or breakfast with. All taste for honest industry leaves you, honor even takes wings and finally you are slighted by your friends and vilified by those who have scorned you."

"You have won and lost large amounts during the past two years, have you not, Mr. Deutsch?" "Yes; my differences in two years have been for four million francs. That is, I have won quite two million and lost over two million."

"How much of this went for percentages to the clubs?"

"Well, I should think that at least four hundred thousand or five hundred thousand went into the clubs as percentages. It is only a question of time when the entire capital of a player must be consumed by the proprietors of clubs, and the various fees, etc., necessary. Play at Paris clubs means certain ruin if a man keeps at it long enough. They must in time ruin every man who plays at them, and they will finally consume all the capital or drive away the capital."

"What do you mean by ruining all the players?"

"I mean simply this: Take ten players each with ten thousand francs, or one hundred thousand francs, and let them play each an average of fifty louis, which costs two louis to the canteen for each bank. Now they can deal fifty banks a day, which makes one hundred louis to the canteen, and thus in a certain number of days easily calculate the entire party must have lost the entire sum they went in with. Outside of this, the taxes are terrible. In the first place there are the dues of the club, and the man who deals a bank at baccarat of ten louis must give one louis to the house, or ten per cent. of the original investment. If he loses, the players against him win one louis. If he wins, he loses one louis in his bank, the players have lost two louis, and the banker wins nothing. Then if a man has occasion to ask credit at the canteen he has to pay one louis per day for every fifty louis he has."

"The charges at canteen at the clubs are even worse. Five francs have to be paid for each pass, so that it is easily possible for two players to play and both lose an entire month's salary. I have seen a man play with a gentleman forty-six games at one louis a game. My opponent won twenty-two and I won twenty-four times. At the finish, therefore, I had won two louis from my friend, but he had paid six louis for his pass. I paid six louis for mine, and my friend five and a half louis, so that the net loss was nine and a half louis. I lost four louis and my friend seven and a half."

"There is no chance for any one unless he has a remarkable run of luck and then stops. But who will do this? No one has a right to play except the man with unlimited capital and the man with nothing."

"Besides, the proprietors of clubs, and some of the servants in the gambling rooms have made large sums, have they not?" "Yes; there is a garcon at a club in Paris who, twelve or fourteen years ago, was an ordinary servant at a hundred francs a month. By small loans of a louis or fifty francs, charging tremendous interest to players, he built up a fortune valued at from four to seven million francs. He has a splendid house, a splendid car, and some of the most priceless pictures in France."

After a few further remarks of minor interest on the subject of his experience, Mr. Deutsch took his departure. —*Harvard Cor. Paris Morning News.*

Exploring Hudson's Bay.

The Canadian Government intends to make a thorough exploration of the great inland sea that occupies so large a portion of North America. The country bordering upon Hudson's Bay has heretofore been of value merely for its fur crop; but the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which is being constructed through the wilderness of the Labrador and Hudson's Bay, has called attention to the industrial and commercial possibilities of the latter. There is said to be a wheat region north and northwest of Minnesota and Dakota, a region for conch and footmen, a splendid hotel, and some of the most priceless pictures in France."

Real-Estate Swindle.

Jones—"Swindle! Why it was the most outrageous swindle ever practiced on me. That man is little better than a thief."

Smith—"You amaze me. I understood that he sold you his residence for less than it cost him."

Jones—"Yes, but he should have paid me for taking it instead of cunningly luring me into paying him."

Smith—"Why, what is the matter with it?"

Jones—"On one side there is a girl learning to play the cabinet organ, and the family on the other side has twins."

—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Some of the dime novel writers are in a hurry to get their pay, otherwise they would revise their work, and not allow such startling statements as the following to appear in type: "I grew up to manhood without ever knowing what the love of a parent really was, for my mother died when my eldest brother was born."

—*Texas Siftings.*

—The price of coffee is kept up by the increased use brought about by the cholera scare.

A Time for Everything.

My son, it isn't so much the manner in which, as the time at which, you approach a man. Now, this blessed, or rather dithered morning, I have a cold, and a distracting one. I weep at the noise; my bones ache; the cinders and dust of twelve hundred miles of continuous railway travel fill my eyes and ears and my entire system. I open my mouth to breathe because my nose is utterly useless as a breathing thing, and consequently I snore even while I waken. I am feeling too wretchedly cross and generally miserable for anything."

Well, about half an hour ago I came to my late sister, who places the morning upon my mind. "Six letters, on such a morning as this. Well, thank heaven, letters are easily disposed of. Visitors I might not be able to evade, letters—ha, ha! With savage joy I tore every last one of them into more fragments than the words were in all six of them, and jammed them into the waste basket. 'That's the way to answer letters,' I said grimly, 'why can't people have some sense about writing letters, and not pester a fellow when he wants to sneeze?'"

Now, that was all wrong, I am willing to admit, even now. Not that I am already penitent, oh, bless you, no. I am glad I did it, I wish there were more of them to tear up. I am going to tear up a lot that came yesterday, but there won't be much pleasure in that, because I have read them. But this morning's mail I never opened and I never know anything about it. August 16 is my cross day, and don't you forget it. But to-morrow I will be sorry for it. Everybody is penitent to-morrow. Every time I get awfully cross, I order my hair shirt and the robe of sackcloth hung out in the back yard convenient to the ash heap. I know I will have acres of mourning to do during the ensuing twenty-four hours. I was ever thus. "The good more of them to tear up. I am going to tear up a lot that came yesterday, but there won't be much pleasure in that, because I have read them. But this morning's mail I never opened and I never know anything about it. August 16 is my cross day, and don't you forget it. 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