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Of our watering place hotel, All the rustic Jane Amandas Wish that they could be so swell, And her presence is so sunny, As she flits about the place, o You'd suppose the bees for honey Would go hunting on her face. And you'd think, if she'd invite you Just to call on her in town, How immensely twould delight you-Mrs. Brown.

As your eyes in admiration Trace her flitting here and there, You are lost in admiration Not unmingled with despair O'er the happiness unbounded That the lucky Brown has got, And you wish the chap confounded When you think what you have not. Oh, she's very, very pretty-Yet, my friend, there's not a case Of scandal, gossip witty Or the like, around the place, Not a case of wicked chatter, When you come to sift it down, But you'll find that she's the matter—

Mrs. Brown.

"LITTLE MRS. HAYNES."

BY MARGARET VERNE.

It was an eventful era in my young fife when my father announced his intention of renting the light, airy, southern chamber of our old brown house to a young portrait-painter no rings. who was about becoming a resident in so stirring and exciting in its tendency broken over the monotony of my existence. Never beforehad my childish imagination been furnished with so heart throbbed and palpitated with such a strange mixture of wonder and delight. A portrait painter under our name?" own brown roof, within the walls of my own home-what a rare chance for my inquisitive eyes to draw in a new fund of knowledge! What an object of envy I should be to my little mates, and how daintily would I mete out to to speak. them what I learned from day to day of the wondrous man of the wondrous employment.

I had heard of portrait-painters before, it is true, but only as I had heard and read of fairies in my little as he talked of kings and courtiers in and parties that the children in the the great world afar off, Upon our neighborhood delighted in. If I could I had no idea how their faces came I was bent upon remaining. stamped upon the dark canvas, or But while I was in the very midst of eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed the stamped upon the dark canvas, or But while I was in the very midst of eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed the stamped upon the dark canvas, or But while I was in the very midst of eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed the stamped upon the dark canvas, or But while I was in the very midst of eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed the stamped upon the dark canvas, or But while I was in the very midst of eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed the stamped upon the dark canvas, or But while I was in the very midst of eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed the stamped upon the dark canvas, or But while I was in the very midst of eyes; a mouth whose redness seemed the stamped upon the stamped when or by whom their shadows had my heroic devotion a terrible rumor to have robbed my cheeks of their been fixed within the heavy gilt frames. Like the trees that waved by the door, and the lilacs that blossomed every year by the old gate, they had to me always been so.

But now my eyes were to rest upon the tace of one whose existence had been like a myth, a fable! What a wonderful personage he would be! What a dark visage he would boast, and what a monstrous, giant-like would be this portrait painter.

made his appearance, scattering them | believe it, though the whole world | handle. was nothinggiantlike in the lithe grace- truth. ful figure that sprang from the village As it to reward me for my faith, and coach, or dark in the pleasant, boyish | set my prejudiced little mind to rights, face, shaded by soft masses of brown | the next coach sat Frank down at our hair, and lit up by a merry pair of door. He thought be must come and blue eyes, running over with mirth see his little wife once more, he said, as and mischief. His name, too, quite I went timidly forward to meet him, like the generality of names, had though he thought it very bad taste nothing wonderful of striking by in me to grow at such a rapid rate, which to characterize it. He He was afraid I'd grow out of my was simply Frank Haynes, nothing engagement; he should have to put more or less, and when, with a pleas a loaf of hot bread on my head ant, easy grace he sought to win my to keep me within bounds. childish favor I should have been had been engaged two years; I was 12 quite at home had not the stunning years old, and a head taller than I It was a strange freak for a child of to stay three or four years; what ten summers, but somehow it crept | would I be when he returned? He did into my baby brain that I must not not dare to think. He believed I like him, although the while, in spite of myself, a preference for his opinions, | Wouldn't 1? ways and looks, grew up strong within me. If he spoke to me when any thinking the while of the story of his one was observing him I was silent and shrank away from him timidly, but when we were alone I chatted and chirruped like a young robin. I think | Phebe. he must have noticed this, and from ly. of teasing me.

To him, he said, I was little Phebe Lester no longer, "now that he knew how much I cared for him. For the future he should call me Mrs. Haynes -little Mrs. Haynes-and should be very angry if everybody in the house did not follow his example. I must ports of you, Frank," broke in my not ever have any little beaux among mother, mischievously. "She hasn't the schoolboys now that my name was any idea of letting you rob her of her changed; but I must be prim and prop- curls while she doubts your sincere aler like may married woman who was legiance to her. She is a lady of spirit, faithful to her husband? con see,"

wisting about my fingers, to meet my her for it. Never mind reports, my mother's eye fixed laughingly upon my little lady." face. In a moment my lips were closed | 1 answered only by a curl of my lips, resolutely, while he, seeing at once the while he reached out his hand to draw value of my silence, reached out of the | me to a sent upon his knee window and plucked a rose from a

rose," he said. for her to toes her head and throw his again, never adds carrierely by. All women were flowers which their hudands gave them. Would I wear the result

and so I said that I would wear it, if rapid, wondering expression of tenderhe wanted me to.

"And would I consent to be called little Mrs. Haynes?

o"Yes, I would consent." Then it was all right. He would never look about for a wife, nor should I ever look about for a husband. We were Mr. and Mrs. Haynes. Did that "Oh, yes, that suited me! I like

"Well, then, he should have to buy me a little gold ring to wear upon my third finger, to let folks know that

some one owned me." "No, I didn't want a ring!" "Tut, tut, tut! That would never

do. People who were engaged to be married always gave such pledges. He should speak to father about it. so that it would be all right. If he was willing would I wear the ring?" 'No. I dish't like rings.'

"Wouldn't I like a ring that be would buy?

"No-I wouldn't like a ring at any

During his stay, which was protracted to months instead of weeks, he strove in every way to change my dering as he termed it. I was inexorable. A ring I would not wear. Not even when he made ready for his departure, and told me that in a few weeks he should be thousands of miles away from me, nor when he piled up before me pictures that he had drawn at his leisure, during the long summer hours that hung heavily upon his hands, would I revoke my decision. I would take the finely executed drawings, and prettily framed portrait of himself, but I would have

At last he went away from us. I shall never forget the morning, or how our village during a few weeks of the cold, dull, and cheerless it seemed to summer. Never before had an event me. How dreary and desolate everything looked because he was going away. It was no every day grief that down on my young heart, no childish promise that assured him, as he kissed my quivering lips, that I wide a field of action or my little would never forget him, and that I would always be his little Mrs.

"Would I write to him and sign that

"Yes, I would."

"I was a good girl, then, and he would never forget me. Good by "Good-by!" My voice trembled and fluttered upon the word. In my short

life they were the hardest I had found During the next two years no lady

love could have been more faithful to her absent knight than I was to Frank Haynes. The brightest moments of my life circled about the reception of his letters, the greatest joy of life was in answering them. Among my schoolmates I had no childish love, no juvenstory-books, or listened to my father liles to wait upon me to sleigh rides not go and come alone I would remain | Haynes of five years ago? parlor walls from my earlirst rement at home, whatever might be the inbrance had hung portraits of my ducements offered to tempt me from my unswerving course. I was little gave back to me an accurate picture of my unswerving course. I was little of my of myself. A slender prescribe form Mrs. Haynes, and little Mrs. Haynes of myself. A slender, passable form;

reached my ears, a rumor that Frank Haynes, my self-appointed lord and master, was engaged to a young and beautiful lady in the city. It was a dreadful blow to my precocious hopes and plans, though for a long while I battled against crediting the report Hadn't Frank told me that he would never look about for a wife? That I was the only little lady who should bear his name? Didn't he write me worn it at all. Just then my brother regularly every fortnight, commencing his letters "Dear little Mrs. Haynes, and telling me to be faithful to him? form! How entirely unlike every per- And-and-would be do this if he was son that I had ever seen or known engaged? No, not a bit of it! Some ore had maliciously lied about him, While these speculations were at had manufactured the story from their their height in my busy brain, the hero own wicked imagination. I would not mercilessly to the four winds. There stood up before me and testified to its

knowledge of his art overpowered me, was at 10. He was going to Europe would be as tall as he by that time.

"I hoped so." I answered, tartly. engagement.

"Whew! You are taking on the airs of a fine young lady already, my little ' he answered, laughing hearti-"You wouldn't give me one of it taken into his head the boyish idea | your brown curls to-day, if my heart should break for it, would you?"

"No. I have none to spare.

"Not one?" WWhy?"

"Cause-" "Cause what?"

"Because she has heard strange re-

"On my faith, she is!" he exclaimed. I glanced up from the hem of my gayly, fixing his blue eyes upon my white muslin apron, which I had been | face. "And I trow I'm in love with

"No. I won't sit there!" I crisd, push-

running sing that crept nearly to the log away his hand, while the tears, which had been crowding their way Lettle Mrs. Haynes must wear the into my eyes, gave a sudden dash down "It would never do my burning cheeks. Til neversit there

My dear little Phebel" There was a real patitos in his rich. manly voice, a quick, penetrating surminimed about the room again, prised look in his clear, blue eyes, as meether was nowings to be seen, be uttered these words, followed by a

ness, as he repeated them. "My dear little Phebe! May God

O bless you! I stole quietly away from him out of the house, with that fervent bene diction lying fresh and deep upon my childish heart, and threw myself down in the shade of the old orchard trees and sobbed out the heaviness that pressed upon my spirits. For hours I my there in the mellow September sunshine, brooding over the little roman of that had so silently and strange ; grown into the woof of my almost baby life. I wept before my time for the delicious griefs that forever cling to a sweet and conscious womanhood.

When I returned to the house Frank had taken his leave, but in my little work-basket he left a small pearl box, which contained a plain gold ring! Did I wear it? Are you a woman, reader, and ask it?

"Phobe, Phebel mother says come down-stairs! There is a gentleman in

the parlor who wishes to see you.' The words broke barshly into my pleasant dreams which I had been weaving all the long, golden July termination about the engagement afternoon, in the unbroken stillness of my little chamber. At my feet, upon the carpet, with its leaves rumpled and crushed, lay my neglected Virgil in close proximity to a huge Latin dictionary, while upon my lap, in a wrinkled condition, my sewing was lying, with a needle hanging by a long line of thread, nearly to the floor, as if escaped luckily from a round of monotonous hemming, which as yet boasted but two stitches at its commencement.

"Who can it be that wishes to see me?" I exclaimed, rising hastily and calling after my little 6-year-old brother. "Who is it, Charlie?"

"Don't know; it's somebody. Mother says come down."

Who can it be! An hour since I had seen a gentleman with a heavily bearded face come up the walk, but I was too busy with my dreams to notice him very particularly. Still, as I recalled his face and figure, and his quick, springing step, there seemed omething strangely fam ar in them. Who could it be? My heart beat rapdly. Surely I had seen that face and form before, and a namethat was singularly dear to me trembled upon my lips- Frank Haynes!

But I could not go down to meet him, though I was summoned a thousand times. I did not wish to see him; why should I? There was no occasion for it. I was not the toolish little girl of 12 summers whom he had left five years ago in short frocks and curls, but a full-grown woman instead. No, I was not the same. I would not go down. Besides, a sudden headache was nearly blinding me. Mother could not ask it of me when I was hardly able to sit up. But what would be think? Would be care? Would be still remember tenderly the little Mrs.

Little! I repeated the word as I a dark, clear complexion; large, gray but not high; large, heavy braids of chestrut-brown hair, was the likeness framed before my eyes. I turned away with a sigh, and glanced down to my hand. Upon the third finger of the left was a plain gold circlet. The ho blood rushed up into my cheeks as I looked at it. I would wear it no long er. He should never know that I had came again to the door of my room, crying out a new message.

Mother says little Mrs. Haynes is wanted down-stairs. "I have a terrible headache, Charlie Please tell mother so," and I sank down upon a chair close by the win-

dow, and leaned my head upon a chair

"Dear, dear! if they would but forget me!" I murmured to myself, as the hum of their conversation came clearly to my ears. An hour passed away and I heard the sound of voices in the hall, then steps in the walk below. I did not glance eagerly from the window, or peer carefully from the halflosed shutters, but clasped my hands tightly over my eyes till the sound of footsteps died away in the distance, then I crept stealthily downstairs and stepped softly into the silent parlor, where so lately he had been. I was half across the room before I noticed that I was not alone, and then, before I could make a hasty retreat, a glad, merry voice, rich with its golden musle, exclaimed: "My own dear little Mrs. Haynes, as I live! How happy I am to see you!" and a hand clasped mine tightly, while a pair of bearded lips were bent down to mine. I drew my head back haughtily. I was a little child no longer. I would not accept, even from him, the caresses that he had bestowed upon me five years be-

"Ah, Mr. Haynes," I said, bowing in a dignified way, "I am pleased to

My manner chilled at once his warm, genial nature. Stepping backward from me and releasing my hand he said, with a curred his finely cut lips: "Your pardon, Miss Lester; I had quite forgotten that you had grown to be such a fine lady!

I bowed him back a reply, flashing a quick, impetuous glance upon him as I did so. But there was no please antry attempted on his part, and when my mother entered the room a few moments after and referred, laughingly to our engagement, he answered her in a few evasive words, as though the subject was not an agreable one to

Affairs had taken an unhappy turn, but it was too late to remedy them, and day after day passed away, leaving Mr. Haynes as cold and distant as he had been from the moment I first repulsed him. I would have given worlds to have recalled my unlucky words; yet, since they were spoken, I would not unbend a moment from my calm, cool dignity, though I was as misurable and wretched as I could be, and knew that Mr. Haynesshared my

wretchedness. All the time that I could spend in

my chamber without being absolutely rude was passed there till my strange unusual appearance was noticed by my father and mother, and my mood

commented freely upon before our "You appear so strange. Phebe," said my mother one morning. "I really do not know how to understand you. I'm afraid that Mr. Haynes will think you are not pleased to see him. Every chance that occurs you resolutely avoid him, as though he were the veriest monster, instead of a

dear friend. What is the matter?" "Nothing. The strangeness of my appearance is but a reflection. I cannot help it, Mr. Haynes hates and despises me now." I said, burying my tearful eyes in my hands. "Phebe

My mother's voice was stern and repreachful, but I did not heed it. 'He does hate me, mother! hates me

Your pardon, little Phobe-Miss ester-but he does not!" broke in c clear, rich voice of Mr. Haynes. "Of all persons in the world--" He baused, and in a moment more I card my mother step lightly from

"I am not cold, haughty, and proud," I said, excitedly, looking up into his ace, "and I do like you just as well-

What, little Phebe?" he asked, eagerly, a quick expression of joy ighting up his blue eye

As well as ever I did!" I faltered. "And how well is that? So well that during all these weary years you have not cherished a dream of the future that did not encircle me? So well that every strong, passionate hope of our womanly nature has reached out constantly to me? As well as I have liked, av. loved you-till every pulse of your heart beats for me? As cil as this, Phebe?

I covered my face that he might not read the whole expression of my love in my tell-tale eyes, and be shocked that it had grown to be so near a wild, passionate idolatry.

Will you become Mrs. Haynes in truth, in earnest. Phebe," he asked, drawing me to my old seat upon his

"And will at last wear the ring?" I held up my finger before his eyes.

"My own darling little wife; at last my little Mrs. Haynes, in good faith!" he exclaimed, covering my lips with

That night there were sly looks and glances cast toward me at every turn. and at the supper-table my father quite forgot himself, and called me "little Mrs. Haynes" again.

Reader, I have been a happy wife for some three blessed, sunshiny years, and as you may have already conjectured, "my name is Haynes!"

Skeptical About the Telegraph,

A Government surveyor engaged in exploring some portions of the public domain had for his guide an Indian named Black Beaver. Beaver had visited St. Louis and the small towns on the Missouri frontier, and he prided himself no less upon his acquantance with the customs of the whites then upon his eustoms of the whites than upon his knowledge of the country then being on the high north ridge of the island, their absence. They are not the bone happy than when an opportunity was to the creek by water, and by a race is the great majority of average comoffered for him to show his superior immeasurably greater in resources monplace menthat yields the profits." knowledge in presence of his own people. The following, from the journal of the official, shows varying degrees of credulity among the natives:

It so happened, upon one occasion, that I had a Comancheguide who bivonacked at the same fire with Beaver. On visiting them one evening, I found them engaged in a very earnest. and apparently not very amiable, conversation. On inquiring the cause of this, Beaver answered .-

"I've been telling this Comanche what I seen 'mong the white folks." "Well, Beaver, what did you tell

"I tell him bout the steamboats, and the railroads, and the heap o' houses I seen in St. Louis.

"Well, what does he think of that?" "He says I'ze heap fool. "What else did you tell him about?" "I tell him the world is round, but he keep all 'e time say, 'Hush, you fool! Do you s'pose I'ze child? Haven't I got eyes? Can't I see the prairie? You call him round? He say, too, 'Maybe so I tell you somethink you do not know before. One time my grandfather he make long journey that way (pointing to the When he get on big mountain, WEST he seen heap water on t'other side, just as flat he can be, and he seen the sun go straight down on t'other side. I then tell him all these rivers he seen, all 'e time the water he run; s'pose the world flat, the water he stand still.

Maybe so he not believe me?" I told Beaver it certainly looked very much like that. I then asked him to explain to the Comanche the magnetic telegraph. He looked at me earnestly, and said .-"What you call that magnetic tele-

I said, "You have neard of New York and New Orleans?

"Oh yes," he replied. "Very well; we have a wire connect ing these two cities, which are about a thousand miles apart, and it would take a man thirty days to ride it upon a good horse. Now a man stands at one end of this wire in New York, and by touching it a few times he inquires of his friend in New Orleans what he had for breakfast. His friend at New Orleans touches the other end of the wire, and in ten minutes the answer omes back—ham and eggs. Tell him that, Beaver."

His countenance assumed a most comical expression, but he made no remark until I again requested him to repeat what I had said to the Comanche, when he observed,-

No. captain, I not tell him that, for I don't h'lieve that myself. Upon my assuring him that such was the fact, and that I had seen it,

he said, -'Injun not very smart; sometime he's big fool, but he holler pretty loud; you hear him may be half a mile. You say Merican man be talk thousand nest, captalli, maybe so you lie."

THE CAROLINES.

Some Information About Some Islands That are Talked of Just Now.

"Where are these Caroline Islands,

anyhow, and what do they amount

to"" is a question which is daily made

on all the exchanges and in ail the

brokers' offices. It is made even in

the reading rooms of many a club,

where the ignorance of the inquirer

could be easily concealed by his reter-

ring to any encyclopædia. It so hap-

pens, however, that the Carolines, or,

New York Sun.

as they are sometimes called, the New Philippine Islands, have been heretofore of so little import that the encyclopædias even do not impart much information in regard to them, although they constitute one of the great archipelagoes of Oceanica. "On the chart," says an English writer, "they look like a mere sprinkling of dots upon the broad expanse of the Pacific and in reality they stretch across the ocean between New Guinea to the Ladrones, in an almost uninterrupted chain of green and lovely reefs and rocky islets, for some ,000 miles." They were discovered in the middle of the sixteenth century by a Spanish navigator, Lopez de Villalobes, and it is upon this fact that the Spaniards claim ownership of this archipelago, otherwise they have never taken actual possession of the islands, and have no settlement upon them even to the present day. The islands are supposed to form part of the governorship of the old Philippines, but they are practically not governored at all, but the natives, composed of very good-natured brown Polynesians, live pretty much as they tke, without hurting anybody who drops upon their flat, green islets of coral formation. They number about 30,000, and dress in a combination of tattooing and flowers worn in the pierced cartil ges of their noses. Some American missionaries have established themselves on one of the group, and He had lost but \$60, but had sacrithere are also a few English traders to be met with, but the Germans seem to have of late obtained control of the bulk of the trade of these islands, as they have done in Mexico and almost throughout all the Spanishspeaking countries of the Pacific Ocean. The harbors of these islands are numerous and excellent, and, although most of the islands are flat, Ponape and Yap (the one seized by the Germans) are mountainous, and seem to contain large amounts of mineral wealth. Ponape seems also to contain a stupendous basaltic wall on the banks of a creek clothed with palms and marvelous vegetation. The well is some 300 feet long and 35

feet high. A description says: "A gateway made of enormous basaltie columns opens through this and shoots himself through the head in a leads to a court, enclosed by lofty walls with an encircling terrace, all loss has probably been a little severe?" constructed with the huge six-sided prisms of basalt. There are closed chambers of the same natural masonand ideas than the easy-going savages now inhabiting Ponape.

It is to be hoped that if the Germans retain possession of this island they will send out some learned professors who will find out what the beings were who erected this marvellous construction. But at pres-ent the main interest of the question is not of an archeological nature. Bismarck has been indulging for some time in geographical politics abroad with almost as much success as he formerly did at home. To the world at large it is certainly preferable to have out-of-the-way islands occupied by Germany than by savages. But as a London contemporary points out, Bismarck is now beginning to work the Pacific ocean in anticipation of the revolution which will be created in the commerce of the world when the Panama canal is completed. He has already picked up a slice of New Guinea and more than one convenient station trades may find it some day very in convenient not to be able to get a bucket of water, a basket of coal or a piece of timber without paying dues to German, Spanish or French occupants of islands which are either being an nexed now or the possession of which discovery.

The whole question is a kind of a music of the future, and the Span iards, after they have cooled down from the present excitement, will probably be induced easily to sell a few of these little green dots spread over the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean. Both themselves and the is the Spaniards will get some cash while the is ands will have their natur al resources developed.

President McCosh of Princeton Col lege, has two daughters who are great walkers. They are in the habit o walking to Trenton and back, a dis tance of twenty miles, where they do their shopping. One day a dude accosted Miss Bridget McCosh on the road and said in the usual manner "Beg pardon, but may I walk with She replied: "Certainly," and VOU? let herself out a little. After the first half mile the masher began to gasp and then, as she passed on with s smile, he sat down panting on a mile stone and mopped the perspiration from his brow.

Miss Cleveland has thus far received \$7,250 as her share of the profits up on her book. It is estimated that her receipts will eventually reach \$25,000 unles. I spect you try to fool me as there is still a brisk demand for the

Gambling as a Science.

"Gambling is a scientific profession ounded upon the foibles of mankind," istutely remarked "one of them" to reporter, the other day, as the two vere seated in the main room of a vatering-place gambling resort, and as he reporter glanced down the vista of Furkish carpets and frescoed ceilings, of rich draperies and costly furnishngs, and saw the obsequious servants aden with their viands and expensive wines gliding to and fro at the beck of he players, the thought obtruded that fall this elegance and luxury were the superstructure the foibles of mankind

nade rather a satisfactory bedrock. "Yes," went on the card diplomat, it is a truism to state that the sucressful gambier must be a close stulent of human nature. Of course he must, for his whole business is an evoution, simple and direct, of certain chases of human na tree. Why, the other day, while running down to New York on the special from here, I heard wo or three rich old Jews talking about this very place. One of them was complaining that he had left \$2, 200 to enrich the house.

" 'Oh!' said another, spreading out is pudgy hands, I felt more than hat, much more,' with a chuckle. But what do you expect, man? We

must have our pleasure. "And that is just the keynote of the whole thing. There is a large class of men who find their pleasures at the gaming table alone, and it is this class which supports it. No other form of dissipation so panders to certain natures as a game of chance, and these make and maintain the bank.

'There goes a man now," he continued, "passing into the restaurant, who is a fair type of the bone and sinew of these places. He does not come often, but with fair regularity. He was in ten days ago and made a night of it. I took a cocktail with him just before he went to breakfast. ficed his sleep, and would waste the coming day in making it up, yet he confessed with entire honesty to having had a fine night's sport. He often leaves \$500 behind him, rarely wins, but he can afford it, or thinks he can, and counts it only as paying for

'pleasure.' Of course others than these find their way into this and similar places, but they are comparatively few. Men come to retrieve fortunes lost in natural channels, to drown grief or disappointment, etc., but not in the numbers that come to indulge in the, to them, pleasurable rack of suspense, the pain of loss, and the always to-behoped-for flush of victory."

I suppose, then," observed the reporter, quietly, "that when a man gambling den the pleasurable pain of

"It is possible," was the reply, ignoring the sarcasm, "Nothing annoys a proprietor more than a tragedy. He ry, with walls twenty feet thick, and will take any measure to keep such some of the stones composing this Ti- emotional, high-strung temperaments traversed. He never seemed more so that they must have been conveyed and sinew of the gambling harvest. It

"Undoubtedly," assented a report-er, reflecting that the average commonplace man helps along most of the stupendous movements of the world's machinery. Then, not eager to discuss the moral ethics of gambling, a more

practical question was put. "Can you tell me what is the real percentage of risk the bank possesses

against the player?" "Well," was the reply, "the apparent percentage is small, and varies in the several games-roulette, faro, and others carrying different rates-but the real percentage is enormously in the bank's favor. It lies in the same principle of human nature that I have just commented upon. The average player if he wins several consecutive bets becomes cautious, anticipates a change in luck, and ventures his money accordingly. The result is if his good fortune continued his winnings are small and unimportant. On the other hand, let him lose continuously and in Melanesia and Micronesia. If he is he becomes excited. He loses his head, allowed to continue this hunting in and pursuing the same line of argument the Pacific ocean, the English and that it is a long lane which has no American vessels engaged in the China, | turning, he increases his stakes. This India, Australia and New Zealand policy, with continued misfortune, ends in large lesses. Thus, when the bank is loser it is for small sums, but

when winning the gains are large. "What the bank is afraid of are the conservative, persistent players, but there are not many of them. There is a class of men at the European gamis claimed on the ground of very an bling places, and a very small class, cient but not very reliably reported who have reduced the thing to a fine point. These men risk every evening a single bet, always the same amount. If the bet wins they continue to play, but only so long as their profit will permit. If, however, the first venture fails they quit the table until the following evening. In this way their loss is limited to the original bet, while, if fortune favors them they may win a lands will be all the better for it, for large amount. This policy is pursued daily, and a single night's winning will often furnish capital enough for a long period of bad luck. These mendo not enjoy gambling, but it supports them, and I have no doubt that they accumulate valuable statistics in the ratio and proportion of games of chance. They are detested by the officials of the place, but their right to play as they please can not be questioned."

"But if this be a fact," said the reporter," "why is not the practice more universal?" "Because," was the emphatic re-

sponse, "not one man in a thousand possesses the requisite characteristics to so control himself under the spur of such excitement as thegaming table can offer.

Do professional gamblers, as a rule, always have money?" "The average professional gambler," was the reply, "is dead broke nine months out of the twelve."-New York Times.

Mr. Blaine has only 150 more pages of his book to write.