# COSTLY BUTTONS.

They Were Worn Once Too Often by Gambler Sonzalo of New Orleans. From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

In 1851, when New Orleans was reached by flatboats, the cargoes of apples, hay, corn or meats were disposed of as fast as purchasers could be found, after which the crewslooked up the local sights, particularly the "tiger." Of all the curiosities then to be found there, they preferred, beyond all dispute, the tiger. This popular quadruped was to be seen nowhere in more vigor or beauty of coat than in the glided rooms of the Gonzalo Brothers. In his saloon Gonzalo was invariably habited in a short jacket of green, closely fitting his rotund body. Down the front was a row of very large buttons made from Mexican dollars, the front faces of which were so polished that they reflected light as mirrors. Shortly after the noon lay lunch had been served in the front saloon on a cool Sunday a tall, gaunt flat-boatman sauntered in toward the tables where little groups were watching with intense anxiety the turning up of the cards by one of the dealers. Thegame was Mexico's favorite, monte, and large sums were scattered about the table. The new-comer was at once recognized by many of those present, who saluted him with "How are you Bowers?"

Bowers nodded pleasantly to the right and left, and took a seat at one of the tables where Gonzalo was presiding. The visitor was a man who would be conspicuous in any crowd. A q\_ick eye, long, somewhat hooked nose, a face bronzed by exposure, and a thin, attenuated black mustache gave him the appearance of either a frontiersman or a veteran circus manager. He watched the game closely for some time, when his eye fell upon the large silver buttons on Gonzalo's coat. These seemed to hold his gaze, for, without removing his scrutiny. he moved his chair directly opposite the little Mexican. In a few minutes a smile overspread his features, and he got up and went to the bar for a drink. Wiping his monstache on a big yellow bandana handkerchief, he stepped behind the table and whispered something in the Mexican's ear. The little proprietor bowed graciously, saying loud enough for those around him to hear:

small ante-room in the rear, which was lighted by a large glass skylight. The smile of Bowers did not leave his face. It seemed to glow even more and would not be back until after midradiantly when they sat down facing night. In order to fill in the time uneach other, and when he took from til that hour, the party went to Miss his pocket a large purse filled with

gold it widened into almost a laugh. "Ei you've no objections, pardner," said Bowers, with somewhat of a drawl the young lady in tears. in his enunciation, "we'll make it old sledge." At that time old sledge, known later as seven up, was a favor-ite American game, and its popularity shoulder, shook him violently. The had penetrated even the wild woods doctor yawned deeply; he arose, and

ing: "Pardner: Et's too good to keep, so I'll tell et to you. When you play with a gringo take off that ar green coat and silver buttons. I seen every hand you held rite in one of those buttons, like looking inter a looking glass. Much 'bliged for the cash, all the same. Yours till death, Bowers.'

# A Strange Romanc

## From The Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. Hardin, as his name shall be for this occasion [now dead], had but lately arrived in Americus, Ga., from Savannah. Being a gentlemen of polished address he soon found admission into the best circles of society, and at once became indispensable at all social gatherings. With the ladies he was a prime favorite. With one in particular he formed a close friendship, for it developed that he had fought in the trenches with her brother, and it was into his arms that the wounded man fell, when he was staggered by the bullet which caused his death.

One day Miss Julia, with her widowed mother, went out on that most important duty of a woman's lifethe purchase of a bridal trosseau. Society had pretty well guessed the course of affairs. Congratulations poured in upon the young lady, all of which she accepted with becoming modesty. The groom expectant, however, acted mysteriously. He never made reference to the happy affair with which his name was linked. When a friend congratulated him he looked puzzled, but offered no invitation to proceed.

Thus weeks passed, until the date popurlarly supposed to have been set for the nuptials had gone by. The doctor moved about the city in his usual unconcern. The young lady held her grief and disappointment sacred, and ventured no word of censure or complaint. In fact the mystery became so great that the question as to whether the couple had ever been engaged or not became one of violent local agitation.

The soldier friends of the young lady's brother, feeling that she was without male protection, determined that she should not be imposed upon. They met, to the number of a dozen, late one eveving, by the cotton ware-"Si, senor, I play whatever game house of Harold & Johnson, and you like." They both withdrew to a agreed to call on the doctor and get house of Harold & Johnson, and an explanation. They reached his room, and were told that he had gone out not five minutes before for a walk, Julia's house to consult her about the matter. They were surprised to find the doctor there, while near him sat

One of the men, maddened at the doctor's icy indifference, rushed over rubbed his eyes, and looking around "Eet maker not de slight diferans him in the utmost bewilderment,

#### The Life of a Diver.

There is always a peculiar concern felt in the operations of a diver, and while the subjoined report of a conversation of one of these submarine workmen had with a Boston Traveller reporter does not contain a great deal that is strikingly new it can hardly fail to be generally interesting. Having described the suit and explained the system of feeding the diver with air, he said: "A diver does not care to go below the surface more than 100 feet on ordinary occasions, although there are some who can go to a depth ot 150 feet, but he does not care to remain at this depth for any length of time.

"Of course, there are many dangers attendant upon a diver's life, but he is apt to become indifferent to them. Until within a year or two it was sure death for a man to have his air pump give out or a break to occur in his supply pipe; but recently a valve has been attached to the pipe, which pre-vents the air within the dress from eacaping if an acrident occurs to the air supply. Then again, some people have an idea that divers are attacked by fishes when in the water, but this

is a very cowardly fish, and will seldomattack & man; but if one becomes too familiar we let the air escape out of our sleeves, which have elastic wristbands, and the hissing sound which it makes invariably frightens the fish away.

Many people have the idea that the bottom of the ocean is one vast treasure bed, and the divers must reap a rich harvest when they go below. There are undoubtedly many treasures in the sea, but no one knows their location, and, therefore, the divers seldom find anything of any value.

"Many divers carry on what is called the 'wrecking' business; that is, they purchase the hulks of wrecks in hope of obtaining enough out of them to make considerable money. But this is very speculative business, as, in many instances, the wreck will be broken to pieces by the sea before anything can be taken from it. A wrecker of Boston, a few years ago, purchased for \$10,000 a large ocean steamer which had been wrecked, and in less than a week the vessel went to prices, and he was \$10,000 out of pocket.

"Another and most important part of a diver's business is the rescuing of bodies of those who have been drowned. Until within a lew years these bodies were recovered, if at all, by means of grappling irons, and the bodies were often thus badiy mutilated, but now-adays a diver can go down and rescue the body with no trouble at all The bodies of the drowned in wrecks are generally in all manner of positions, and the diver often sees most horrible things in these places. But it is not only in the ocean that divers rescue bodies, but in ponds and rivers, and the diver's work is a most humane one, and his endeavors should be recognized. "But the greater part of the diver's work at present is what is termed the rcientific branches; that is, the repairing of dams, building of seawalis or breakwaters, the cleaning of steamships bottoms, the clearing clogged propellers. By improvements in the armor in recent years, the diver can new do about all the work under water that he can do on land. He carries an electric light attached to his breast, and by it he is enabled to see without difficulty in those places where he would be unable to work were it not for the light. Divers undoubtly see many things which, if they had a training in sience, would help the world of sience to the solution of many problems which now vexes it; but the diver becomes used to the sights, and therefore sees nothing remarkable in them. But many stories published in the papers of the sights and experiences of divers under water are of the wildest character, and have in them no shadow of truth, and," continued the diver to whom the Traveller 5 business some thirty-five years, and have been in all kinds of waters, and I never so much as heard of a fish attacking a diver. But if one should take it into his head to do this, it would be a sad day for the diver, for a fish developes surprising strength when he is seen in his native element, and could walk all around a man in no time. "When an accident happens to a diver's air supply he feels as if he was in a vise, and as the flexible rubber suit is not able to withstand the great pre-sure while the helmet is, all the blood in a man's body is lorced to his head, and he has to have exceedingly strong blood vessels in his head to be able to withstand this pressure, and in nine cases out of ten the man's death is caused by the bursting of these blood vessels before he can be pulled to the surface.



of the extreme west.

for me what a game eet is," replied the asked: dapper Gonzalo, as he took a new pack of cards from the hands of a servant.

"All right, then, old boy; old sledge it is, and we'll make it for \$50 a game," and Bowers laid his black felt hat on the floor.

The game commenced, and at first Bowers lost. This, however, did not coming at 9 o'clock, when he was not expected. His manner was somewhat He chewed at the end of his stiff and formal, but he pressed his cigar, as was his habit, ran his hand suit with perseverance. He would through his long, black hair, played never make the remotest reference to with a large steel ring that adorned any other subject. He never thought his left little finger, and still smiled. of leaving until a few minutes before A few idlers drifted back to where 1 in the morning. His lave hour in they were playing, but the two an. coming, his late hour in leaving, altagonists were so quiet that they lost | ways seemed strange, but as his beinterest and went back to more enlivening games.

Bowers after some time began to win. At first every second game; then two out of every three. The Mexican sent for another pack of cards, as he said, "to change de luck." After of the events of the night before. Bowers had examined them critically he accepted them as "fair and square pasteboards."

The flatboatman did not move one as if carved or stone. Facing his opponent, he kept his eye fixed on the handsome green jacket of the proprietor and the silver buttons. They appeared to have some fascination for the rough river man. Gonzalo sat listlessly in a seat, evidencing but little interest in the game. His cards he held low, as his hand rested on the out in Savannah with such virulence table.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon Bowers was \$1,800 ahead, and that Mexican had awakened to a decided interest in the game. He proposed to in-crease the bet to \$100 on each came, and he now sleeps with the silent mawhich offer was promptly adopted, jority. The other tables had become deserted now, and there was a crowd gathered about the two players. Side bets were offered on each game by the spectators, and the excitement was growing intense.

Bowers paid no heed to those around him. He had come, he said, "to get all the honey out of the gum tree, and he was a goin' to do it."

and at 4 o'clock, when he called for a drink, he was \$4.000 in gold ahead.

Gonzalo was somewhat pale, but ly the limits of his pile, but would play two more hands for \$500 each. from the table and shooks hands with in great distress she turned away, abhis antagonist, and both adjourned solutely crying as she went to her imto take a glass of wine together. Bowers received the admiring glances of the crowd as he strolled leisurely out of the saloon, still chewing his be afraid; the grandest dames only clear.

ing, however, when he received a note, nute, and I was told extremely accuwritten in a bold, scraggy hand, say- rate, and nobody found any fault.

"How came I here? This is so very strange. I went to bed in my room at 8 o'clock, and thought until this moment that I was still there."

He was a somnambulist! In the talk which followed the whole

matter was made plain. After having visited Miss Julia twice, he began havior was most circumspect, it was not thought of after the first few nights. Thus he proposed, was accepted, and the date appointed, and passed it over. In his waking

hours he had no recollection whatever After the matter had been thus

made plain, the doctor said: "Now, Miss Julia, since all this has

transpired in my sleep, I may as well inch in his cl ir. He seemed as rigid tell you that your image has been impressed upon my heart all a'ong. Will you consent again to my proposal." It was too plain that no opposition existed there. Soon the license was procured, the minister called in, and the happy pair made one.

But one chapter more remains to be told. When the yellow fever broke about ten years ago. Dr. Hardin was one of the most zealous in waiting upon the sick in that city. He never refused the call of duty. At last he, too,

### Love of Publicity.

Not long ago a famous critic told me a story about a journal with which he was connected. The editor sent a little girl, who was writing for him, to the opera on an opening night, to describe the dresses of the famous wom-At 3:30 o'clock he Lad won \$2,600, en as only a woman could. This you will remember, was not at a court ball in London, or the Elysee in Paris, there was not a tremorin his hand. He but at the Metropolitan opera house explained that they had reached near- in New York. The poor little thing was shy and unused to her trade. She knocked so timidiy at the doors of Bowers won both. The Mexican rose the boxes that no one heard her, and portant colleage and declared that she dared not ask the ladies about their gowns. But he told her not to dressed to be admired; they all want-The game was the talk of the town | ed to be in print and would correct

for a number of days, and Gonzalo her notes themselves, if necessary; I was teased considerably about it by don't know how many doors were his comrodes. All this second as noth- opened, but the descriptions were mi-

"But after all, in spite of the danger, it is a facinating business, and I wouldn't change it for any other."

#### The Princess of Wales.

In less than a month the princess of Wales will complete her 42d year. Her royal highness remains one of the youngest looking women of her age in England, despite a married life that has not been all sugar plums and coffee. During the past year or two, however the princess has reg etfully enough aged somewhat, as those who knew her most intimately and love her best have been forced to admit. Time is tracing lines about her kindly eyes, and her neck, that sure caronicle of a women's age, has its disagreeable little tale to tell, but these little things detact nothing from the magnetic charm of her presence and it is a satisfaction to know that she makes as good a portrait as ever-a satisfaction, be cause it is by means of her photographs that the princess is principally known to the rommon people.-Lon don Letter in the Chicago Tribune.