

## BOHEMIAN UPS AND DOWNS.

Way up in a garret high  
Just a few feet from the sky  
Dwell I in Bohemia.  
What care I for aught below?  
There have I nor friend nor foe;  
Pity I the struggling throng  
While I live my life of song  
Up here in Bohemia.

Twain my teeth my brier root—  
Root of friends, since always mute,  
Rare thing in Bohemia.  
Upward as the thick smoke curls  
What care I for simpering girls?  
Love is weak; my pipe is strong.  
Why for love, then, be the song  
Sung here in Bohemia?

Of my little songs fall that  
Hungry? What care I for that.  
Feasting in Bohemia?  
Put my only coat in pawn,  
Live on that and still sing on.  
Puff my pipe and think I've dined—  
Barnyard feast I find  
Often in Bohemia.

Haply, then, my rhymer take  
With a check my fast to break,  
Feast we in Bohemia.  
Round the corner of the block,  
Sign, o'erhead a crowing cock,  
Mug of beer and sandwich fine,  
What care we how nabobs dine,  
Feasting in Bohemia?

Friends have I some three or four—  
Quite enough, for who has more,  
In or out Bohemia?  
With them joy is always young;  
Grief is but a song that's sung.  
Live we, laugh we, delectate,  
Skies are bright and winds are fair  
Always in Bohemia.

—J. E. Campbell in Kate Field's Washington.

## THE DOOMED SKATER.

We had cast our lot, my twin brother and myself, in the roughest township of upper Canada. Twenty years are in their graves since then—20 years rung out and rung in by the clang of the woodman's ax—and still that township lies in the heart of its primeval forest. Clotted woods overhang the solitary village, composed of a few log huts, nightly drenched as with a death sweat from the malaria of the swamp. But we came, young and impressionable, from the old country on a venturesome quest after fortune, and the disheveled wilderness of thickets had its charms for us.

A river left the huge tangle of the woods with its dark, sluggish waters, which crept and oozed in among decaying trees on either side. Banks there were none, and the bleached skeletons of the rotten trees alone marked off the channel of the river from the dark fen, fetid with myriad impurities. Such was the aspect of the melancholy Scugog. Our village was by no means a large one. The scattered huts which made it up had been knocked together by a sprinkling of hardy pioneers on a solitary bluff which repelled the river from its base and gave the fearless settlers some ground of vantage over the surrounding swamp. There was not, however, much cleared ground—nay, very little. Everywhere we were hemmed in by battalions of monotonous trees. As for our fellow settlers, we found them of a piece with the country—rough and hardy, as they had need to be who 20 years ago colonized the Scugog.

We were twins, Jack and I, but otherwise unlike. He was a fine fellow. I acknowledged his supremacy and rejoiced in his bold, free spirits. From his childhood he had been the most impulsive creature that ever pointed a moral for headlong youth. Ever in scrapes and difficulties, but never to his dishonor. Jack fought one-half his acquaintances into loving him, which the rest did of their own free will, and my heart still warms involuntarily toward the wild, impulsive boy, with his headstrong soul all agog for mischief.

I confess I was somewhat dismayed by the aspect of our new country. Fresh from the sunny lanes of Kent and the loved circle at home, could it be otherwise? But as for Jack, he was in raptures with everything that disquieted me. Nothing was more charmingly romantic than our lot on the bluff and no river could equal the brown, melancholy Scugog.

We did not settle down to the regulation life of the settler all at once. We determined to sip the nectar of life on the Scugog, if indeed there was any of that ambrosial draft to be drained in the township. The fascination of the swift canoe kept us almost constantly on the dark, mysterious river, and, in truth, there was scarcely any other outlet from our dwelling save on its waters. By day we fished, and we shot from our frail skiffs, and by night, when the moon was up, we would paddle them in her silvery wake.

I have said that a few rough settlers formed our society on the Scugog. Among them were some half-breeds—a species of degenerate Indian—who had sunk from the dignity of forest life to the servitude and buffeting of the white settlers. They were lazy, good for nothing fellows, except in the matter of fishing or shooting, wherein they were proficient. We found them useful in giving instruction in the canoe life of our river home. I preferred, for my own part, to go pretty much by myself on our water excursions. Jack, however, had no such idea of placid enjoyment, and speedily leaving me to my aquatic reveries he hired a hard dog looking scoundrel named Olier to assist him in the management of his canoe. I am no great disciple of Lavater, but I never liked that half-breed. All these dregs of Indian nobility are sallow, bleared creatures, with a world of cunning, but this fellow was chief of them all for every repulsive trait. Of course Jack ridiculed my sentiments about his new servant. He was a match for half a dozen—20 fellows like Olier, he said, and it was all right, and I was not to bother my head about him.

It was getting late in the fall. The Indian summer—that beautiful dream of loveliness—had restored to us in evanescent beauty the glories of a Canadian autumn. The forests were as gay with color as a herald's tabard, and the air was yet balmy with the lingering sweetness of summer. One exquisite evening, born of one of these lovely days, I was listlessly smoking as I lay

on the top of the bluff, vacantly sketching home landscapes in the dark Scugog rolling beneath. A canoe shot round the bend of the river below the village. It was paddled by a solitary figure, who turned out to be Jack. I knew he had gone down the Scugog to fish along with Olier, but now no half-breed squatted in the opposite end of the canoe. A vague dread seized upon me as Jack, running his little bark sheer up the bank, shouldered his paddle and marched up to me.

"How now, Jack? What have you done with your charming companion?" I inquired, disguising my conjectural fear.

"Gad! I don't know," replied my brother, sitting down oriental fashion beside me.

"Not know?"

"Not a bit," was his answer. "How should I be acquainted with all the ins and outs of that Rosamond's bower?" Here he indicated as much forest with his arms as would have made a few thousands of the bower in question.

"Oh, I perceive. He's gone tracking deer or something of that sort," said I, immensely relieved by Jack's manner. There was a slight pause. My fears returned. I felt there was something wrong.

"Well," said Jack, "I'll tell you. I don't see why there need be any secret about it. You were quite right about that Olier, you were. He's a good for nothing fellow and coolly refused this afternoon to paddle me when I wanted to go down the river a bit farther than usual."

"And you?"

"I ran the canoe upon a yard of bank—whether an island or not I cannot tell—gave the insolent rascal a good bastinado with the paddle and set him ashore."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, with horror. "Don't you know, Jack—haven't you sense enough to understand—that these Indian fellows are vindictive to the last degree; that they will never forget or forgive a blow?"

"Pooh!" said he, getting up quite merrily and marching homeward, saying over his shoulder: "Oh, don't you bother yourself! Olier will be down on his marrow bones tomorrow, see if he isn't. Besides, I owe him half a dollar."

Tomorrow came, unfruitful with the half-breed's submission. The story got abroad among the huts, and the old settlers, who knew their man, shook their heads ominously and boded no good to my impulsive brother. However, two days passed harmlessly, during which Jack and I fished and shot together. Olier had not reappeared, and I began to breathe more freely. Doubtless he had left the district. He was an unsettled fellow, at any rate, and had no property or tie in the village to tempt his stay.

Twenty miles below the village the dark Scugog whitens into rapids and is hurled with gigantic power over a lofty precipice. I had often wished to see the falls, but it had been hitherto impossible to accomplish the distance by my single arm. At last my wish was to be gratified. A shooting party was made up by some of the villagers, and at my urgent request I was included. The arrangement was to spend a night at the falls, camping out on the bank, and return the following day. Instead of canoes we were to sail down in a large flat-bottomed boat, termed in Canadian parlance a scow. Strange to say, Jack did not care about going, saying that he would enjoy himself more in his own canoe, and as we were already crowded for room we did not press him to change his resolution.

Our expedition had little in it noteworthy. The river for over 20 miles remained the same monotonous, melancholy Scugog, never varying for the space of a hand. Not a vestige of clearance was there between our village and the falls, not a glimpse of bark. The trees lined the waters like a wall, and save the wild game no one ever tried to force a way through their close knit ranks, wooded at the base by a table of unwholesome verdure. This aspect I had stern reason for remembering. The only bright thing was the patch of cloudless blue sky seen at the extremity of this long reach of wood and water. Over all brooded the intensest silence. No bird trilled as a single song; all was still save for the lugubrious woodpecker, which, perched on a rotting tree, hammered its hollow sides with its beak. Tap, tap, tap! It was a most unearthly sound.

We had seen the stupendous falls in their lonely majesty and were steering homeward in our scow. As we neared the village again, distant only some five or six miles, the sun was sinking behind the tree horizon. A slight blue haze bathed the long reaches of the river with ineffable softness and beauty. We voyaged on a liquid field of cloth of gold. But ever and again, marring my intense perception of its loveliness, came the ghastly tap, tap, tap of the woodpecker. I could not resist a chilly sensation of horror as I listened to the measured cadence echoing through the solitude. It sounded like a coffin maker hammering at his dismal task. A relief suggested itself. Some of my companions were French Canadians and the evening before had cheered our bivouac with some gay refrains of sunny France. I asked them for a stave, but I said nothing about the woodpecker, whose note I wished them to drown. A strong chorus soon vanquished the bird of ill omen and rang up the vaulted river. I recollect the strain well. It was a favorite voyagers' ditty, sung to the dash of the oar.

Suddenly the song lulled, and again I shuddered as I heard the reverberating tap, tap of the ominous bird aloft on a spectral fir. My companions had ceased rowing, too, and called my attention to a canoe which was floating down the river a few yards ahead of us. They thought it was a break loose and stood by to strike a boat hook into it, with the prospect of a reward from the owner up at the village. It soon dropped down to us and came, like the note of that ghostly woodpecker, tapping against our skiff. There was a stifled cry of horror

from the settler at the bow, and as we crowded forward to see what was the matter another cried out the awful tale of blood. "Here, young fellow, see your brother—stalked by Olier as sure as there's death in a rifle bullet!"

It was an awful end! My poor brother lay bent over his little paddle in the canoe, weltering in his heart's blood. An avenging bullet had passed through his heart. Stalked by Olier! Fiendish Indian, that was thy work, and my brother's blood rested on thy head! I shall not now detail the agonies of that Indian summer. Through all my grief ran the thought of an exterminating vengeance. Vengeance? Nay, scant justice. I sought what has been law since the world began—blood for blood. It was vain in those early times of a judicial system in Canada to seek for a rigorous pursuit from the dispensers of legal justice. The criminal executive might be willing, but their arm was weak. Retribution in the trackless wild of wood and water where I dwelt could proceed only from my own steady purpose and solitary endeavor.

I could depend but for small aid on the settlers. Some of them indeed cursed the foul murder in no stinted speech, but others again imputed little crime to the blood stained redskin and even went so far as to justify his sneaking code of vengeance. Olier had left the district, but a certain instinct told me he would ere long come back again. Likely enough he would suppose I could not long remain in a place to which such hateful memories clung, and then he might safely venture back. I waited my time. Safe he was in the tangled thickets, but to the end I knew that no covert under heaven would preserve him harmless from my wrath.

Winter set in, hard and white and cold. The river Scugog was a level road of ice. The trees were choked up with snow, and on each side of the ice bound river the forests towered like massive cliffs of chalky rock. No path could now be forced into the recesses of the forest below our village. Scarcely had winter settled down for his undisturbed reign when I heard whisperings that the villain half-breed was again hovering on the outskirts of the settlement. It was told me that he was living in a kind of wigwag above the village, and also that he had more than once come to the very dwellings of the settlers by night to visit his friends and obtain various articles for his camp. I knew it would be vain to attempt to track him to his wigwag, or, at all events, to surprise him. His woodcraft was much too deep to admit of such a possibility. But a strange, wild joy trembled through my being when I heard he came by night to the village. A terrible scheme of vengeance swept across my soul, and I felt, no matter how fiendish the spirit, that the doom of the half-breed was fixed, and that I was to be his unrelenting executioner.

Night after night I lay concealed at the bluff awaiting the murderer. I was armed with pistols and wore skates. Skating was an amusement which I had excelled in when a schoolboy, and facility in the art was of the last importance to my scheme of retribution. At length he came. It was an exquisite night. The white expanse around sparkled in the sheen of a young Canadian moon which sailed calmly through a cloudless sky. I could have shot the villain as he skated by me within 50 yards, but I would not risk the chance, and besides my vengeance cried for a sterner fate than death by the pistol. No sooner was he past my hiding place, than with a shout of exultation, I started on his track. Olier swerved a moment to see who his pursuer was, then, quick as lightning, tried to double up the river again. But I had anticipated this, and with a cocked pistol in either hand I barred his passage. With a curse he turned and sped swiftly down the ice.

And now the race for life began. Mile after mile we swept along in silence. An awful, portentous silence it was, through which nothing broke save the hollow boom of the swift steel cutting its way over the imprisoned river. The moon lit me nobly to my vengeance. He could not escape me, for I found with savage glee that I was a match for the swift footed Indian. Olier soon became aware of this, too, for now and again he would skate close to the woods looking in vain for an aperture. But no; there was but one outlet from this walled in river, and that was over the falls!

Faster and faster yet we skated toward the cataract. It could not be far off. I pictured to myself what Olier's thoughts might be. Did he know whither he was hastening, or had that awful light yet to flash on his guilty mind? The half-breed made answer to my thought. I saw him in the pale shimmer start convulsively and throw his arms in the air. But he dared not stop, and on he darted again with a yell of despair, which echoed weirdly up the frozen channel. Another sound came to my ear, and I knew what had caused that cry of agony to burst from Olier; it was the dull thunder of the falls! We were nearing them fast. Still the walls of snow shut in my victim, and every moment lessened his frail hopes of escape. One chance was left him—to distance me and hide somewhere in the snow from my scrutiny. Vain hope; the wings of the bird could scarce have saved him!

Hoarser and louder grew the noise of the waters. If I thanked the Almighty in frantic prayer that the murderer was delivered into my hand, I humbly trust that it is forgiven me now. From the time I had first started on Olier's track we had maintained exactly the same distance between us—perhaps about 100 or 150 yards. I still grasped my loaded pistols ready for any stratagem on the part of the murderer.

And now the crash of the falls came loud and ominous on the ear. Another five minutes would decide the hunt. Suddenly Olier turned and stood at bay. He was not armed. I had felt certain of that all along, for otherwise he would have measured strength with me before. Without abating my pace, I skated down

upon him, holding a leveled pistol in each hand. Still my purpose was as fixed as ever only to shoot the villain as a last resource. When I was within 20 yards of him, the coward faltered and again turned swiftly down the river. With a yelling laugh I pursued him, pressing still more hotly on his track.

Deafening was the roar of the cataract. High into the pale sky ascended the mist of its spray, through which the splintered lines of the moonlight darted in rainbow tinted beauty. I could see directly in front the jagged line of the ice where it was broken by the rapids immediately above the cataract, and beyond I could trace the dark volume of the Scugog as it emerged from its prison of snow and ice. For an instant the half-breed turned his face toward me as I pressed, with concentrated hate, on his footsteps. Never shall I forget the horrible despair that distorted the villain's features. It was a mercy that the sullen roar of the falls drowned his curses—I knew he was shrieking curses on me—for they would have haunted me in after years.

With the courage which is begotten of the darkest despair, he dashed on to the brink of the rapids, and the next moment I was alone on the ice! I gazed with stern joy on the dark flood which had seized in its resistless hands the shedder of blood and was hurrying him over the falls. For a moment I thought I could perceive the murderer struggling in the eddies, but the illusion, if it was one, could live only for an instant. The cataract was within pistol shot, and as I turned back over the dreary wilderness of ice and snow I knew that the doom of the guilty skater had been fulfilled.

—Chambers' Journal.

## Old Manchester.

About 1690 there were 300 burials in the parish of Manchester in eight years. A century later the population of the town, township and parish of Manchester and Salford had increased to 50,000. The wealth of the district grew with strides which were equally rapid. At the close of the seventeenth century the houses of wood and plaster gave place to more commodious buildings of brick. The manufacturers attended at their warehouses before 6 o'clock in the morning, a breakfast of milk and porridge was provided in huge bowls for all, and masters and apprentices alike dipped therein on terms of equality, with coarse wooden spoons. A dancing assembly opened about 1710. Ten years later there were but three or four carriages in the town. Sedan chairs were introduced half way through the century, and it was not until 1758 that anyone in business presumed to set up his carriage.

At the accession of George III the dinner hour was still fixed at midday. Afternoon visits were paid by the fashionable ladies at 2 o'clock, and they met in the old collegiate church at prayers when the hour of 4 was striking. In the evening the gentlemen assembled at a club, where the entertainment was at first limited to fourpence for ale and a single halfpenny for tobacco, reaching at last to the unprecedented extravagance of "a sixpenny worth of punch." This was at the house of John Shaw, who had been a trooper in Queen Anne's forces, and had brought from the Low Countries the art of brewing punch. The hours of gathering began at 6, and at 8 the guests were summarily ordered from the room by the burly landlord, and if his behests did not effect their purpose the floors were flooded with water by the surly maidservant. —Temple Bar.

## Tannin.

The extraction of tannin from palmetto leaves has now become a practical industry, and it is claimed that leather tanned with this product can be more economically produced than that which is treated with oak or hemlock bark, while the residue forms a valuable paper stock, which is also utilized. In the process of extraction the leaves and stems are separated, the stems are crushed flat through rollers, while the leaves are finely shredded. This material is then placed in a large wooden tank and covered with water, the mass is brought to the boiling point, but not allowed to boil violently, being kept near but below the boiling point for 48 hours, the liquid being then ready for the tannery. After the tannin has been extracted the palmetto is steamed in a chemical solution, which removes the silicate contained in the palmetto and changes the glossy shield to a gummy mass, which can be removed without injury to the fiber, but in making imitation horsehair this gummy mass is allowed to dry, as it adds to the elasticity of the fiber. There are several combinations in which the production of tannin and fiber is said to be practicable and advantageous, so that tanneries situated in the vicinity of paper mills can grind the palmetto in the same manner as bark, and the residue, after bleaching, is in proper shape for the paper mill. —New York Sun.

## A Ten Inch Vermiform Appendix.

The vermiform appendix, or cul de sac, the death trap attached to the large intestines in the human and allied species, and which of late has received much attention, has been believed by some to be an organ just developing. It has even been argued that the babies of three or four centuries hence will all have to be operated on for the purpose of removing that useless appendage. Recent developments, however, in dissecting a gorilla, proved that the animal's appendix vermiformis was 10 inches in length, whereas in the human being it seldom exceeds 3 inches. From this it is argued that the appendix is really breeding out, and that the future man, instead of having that organ developed to the size of a ten pound sugar sack, will really have none at all. —St. Louis Republic.

## To His Taste.

"Ah," said the old printer, who had just come down to be a waiter in a cheap restaurant, "this is like old times. Here I am distributing pi!" —Philadelphia Record.

## MUSCLE SUASION.

I was on the road to Jericho. At a place called Bluebird we stopped 15 minutes. There had been a cock fight, and several other fights, and a big crowd there that day, and everybody was in high glee.

The New Jericho delegation returned by our train, and rougher looking samples of rustic rascality it would have been difficult to find, even in that favored region. Among them was a strapping six footer, a very Hercules in proportions, with a cock of the walk sort of swagger about him, who took possession of two seats, depositing his body on one and deadheading his legs on the other. One cheek was puffed out by an underlying quid, while ever and anon, with a back action jerk, he would send near a gill of tobacco juice over his shoulder, which those within range had the privilege of dodging or taking the consequences of, as they liked. As for his conversation, the curse of Krumpholtz in Uncle Toby's time, in point of maledictory power, was weak in comparison.

At the next station a young lady came on board, beautiful as Venus and modest as Dian. How so rare a flower came to blossom in such a wild was a question to puzzle over. But there was no time to settle it. The lady was standing, and all the seats were occupied. I was on the point of offering mine, when a youthful looking gentleman, of prepossessing manners and appearance, stepped forward and addressed the couchant Hercules:

"Allow me," he said politely, "to turn over the back of this seat."

"Hey!" the other grunted.

The request was repeated.

"See you darned first!" was the gruff response.

"But, sir," the gentleman began to expostulate.

"Looker here, you," blustered the bully, "don't you offer to go for to rile me! That's my advice, an' I gives it free, 'cause I feel a trust in you."

"But this lady is entitled to a seat," the stranger persisted.

"Give her your own then an stop your chin music, or by hoky, you will rile me!"

As a last resort, the gentleman appealed to the conductor, who chanced to be passing. But the latter declined to interfere. Such things must be left to take part in the disputes of passengers. So saying, he went his way, pushing tickets and taking no further heed.

"Don't that you, you hev riled me!" shouted the bully, springing to his feet and striding up to the young man, who didn't seem quite sensible of his danger. "You've gone an' stuck your nose inter other people's business, an' I'm goin to pull it!"

An attempt was made to suit the action to the word, but before the metaphorically offending member had been so much as touched something—'t moved so swiftly I couldn't be positive it was the gentleman's fist—tore Hercules on the jaw and sent him sprawling to the other end of the car. He didn't get up immediately, and when he did he seemed a little bewildered as to whether he had been knocked down or the train had run off the track. He had had enough, at all events, wherever it came from, as was manifest from the subdued air with which he took his departure for the smoking car, whither his companions soon followed, no doubt secretly chuckling at the result, as usually do the chums of a whipped bully.

Pap Kildarkin, the proprietor of the New Jericho Rest, was the most communicative of hosts. Before bedtime that night I was thoroughly and accurately "up" in all the gossip of the place and had his scandalous statistics at my fingers' ends.

Among other things, I learned that "stated preaching" had hitherto been among the wants of the community, but that a "supply" had been at length obtained, and the new minister was expected to enter on his duties on the morrow.

"And a refreshin season he'll hev of it," said Pap.

"Why so?" I asked.

"Oh! Bill Grinkev an' other chap's goin to break him in tomorrow, an' if you want to see fun I'd advise you to go thar."

And I did go—not "to see fun," but, I trust, from better motives. Pap went, too—by what prompted I prefer not judging.

When we reached the church, the minister had not yet made his appearance, though a goodly number of hearers had already assembled. A few minutes later yesterday's delegation to the Bluebird cock fight, headed by the vanquished bully, sauntered in and walked noisily down the aisle.

"That's Bill Grinkev," whispered Pap, "an' them's 'other chaps'."

"Make way for the mourners!" sang out Bill, crowding with his companions into a front seat, where a boisterous conversation was struck up, mingled with an incessant crackling of peanuts.

"I kin tell you thar programme," Pap continued. "A pack of crackers'll be tetched off doarin the first hymn, an pair o' game chickens as a couple o' them chaps got thar pockets'll be not fightin as soon as the text's gin out, arter which gen'ral Ned'll be in order."

A sudden silence fell upon the congregation. Not a murmur was heard, and the peanuts ceased to crackle. Looking up, I saw the new minister in the pulpit, and guess my surprised recognizing him as the young man that had struck out so deftly from his shoulder the day before!

With a clear, manly voice he gave out a hymn, which was sung through without interruption. A prayer was offered amid profound and devout silence. Another hymn followed, and then a sermon, earnest, plain, practical and without a word of cant in it. From the beginning to the end of the exercises not an uneasy sound was heard, save a single impatient crow, promptly choked off, from one of the invisible chickens.

"I say, Bill," I overheard from one of "other chaps" as they made their way out, "that parson's a trump. He preaches a downright good look an' fights fair."

It was easy to see the new minister's status was settled. I have since heard that Bill Grinkev became an exemplary member of the church and the parson the happy husband of the lady whose champion he first achieved popularity. —Judge Clark in New York News.

## A Smart Clerk.

"Joseph," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best of references, "the bookkeeper tells me you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at the books."

"Yes, sir, one of them. You gave me two, you remember."

"Yes; I had duplicated them in case of accident. And the other one?"

"Oh, sir, I took care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know."

"And is the other all right?"

"Yes, sir; I put it where there is no danger of its being lost. It is in the safe, sir!" —The Pitt.

## POKER LIKE A WOMAN

THIS IS THE WAY A WRITER SIZES UP THE NATIONAL GAME.

The Better You Think You Know Either the Greater Becomes the Mystery—But Both Are Fascinating—The Three Important Things in the Game.

"Do you know anything about the game of poker?" I asked of a friend.

"Just enough to stay out of it," said he.

There is a curious unanimity of modesty about poker, especially among those who know something of its fascination. I never saw an old poker player who claimed to be familiar with the game. Poker is something like a woman—longer you know her the less you know her and understand her. That is to say, familiarity with poker, instead of breeding contempt, inspires that respect which waits upon uncertainty and attends the unknowable. The best poker players are married men. The oftener a man is married the more modest he is about "sizing up" womanhood. He loses confidence in his own judgment of human nature. He becomes wary. He lies in wait, never thoroughly satisfied in his own mind as to what will turn up next—never absolutely certain whether one against him is ace high or a royal flush—"bluff" or "a dead, lead pipe cinder."

I hope no lady—especially a married lady—will read this. It is no desire of mine to raise the ante on their possibilities. This out of sincere regard for my sex.

It is only the young and inexperienced who know all about women. It is only the fresh young amateur who knows all about poker. And, like the man who staggers up against a roulette wheel for the first time, this sort of daring not infrequently wins where ripper experience and caution quit the loser. Everybody has heard of the innocent who step up and call \$1 or so on the winning 00 and calls the turn on the last cards out of the box on the first deal—while the expert, with or without a system, is content with odd or even or plays the seven open and uncontentiously covers the ace. So the same inexperienced player will sit down at poker and for a time baffle the wit of the keenest card sharp. His very ignorance of the rules of the game protects him.

Poker has been defined by a cynic as a game at which one friend sits down to rob another. For the man of wisdom not a gambler will not rashly engage with strangers or tempt fickle fortune with professional players. He must therefore confine his speculation to his known acquaintances and friends. Notwithstanding the apparent solidity of this definition, it is not very difficult to find men willing to be robbed, so they enjoy the opportunity of holding up the other fellow. What is commonly known as the "gentleman's game" is usually made up of amateur sports and a very expert or two worked in to lighten the lamp. Men who make a living by cards affect the "gentleman's game" about the hotels and clubrooms, the real gentlemen being their lambs for the shearing. The professional game, strictly as such, is almost unknown. In these times of anti-gambling laws every hotel in the city has become a gambling house, poker being the ruling game. Go through any down town hotel during the summer when doors are ajar and you will find scores of games in full blast.

There are three things of importance besides knowing the game—cards, courage and judgment of human nature. The last is the greatest of all. The ability to read the human countenance—to cast the probable value of a flutter of an eyelid, to detect the slightest tremor of a muscle, to accurately gauge the intonation of a voice—these are requirements, and to be able to do all of these with each and every new opponent would be perfection. Men are very different, and no two men at poker can be measured by the same standard. If to study man is the proper study of mankind, poker is the greatest school ever invented.

Theoretically four aces beat any lesser hand held against them. As an interesting fact, perfectly familiar to every lover of the game, no hand at all is necessarily a winner, the outcome largely depending upon the nerve and judgment of the player. A pair of deuces and a royal flush of nerve have been known to work wonders. There is where the fun comes in. You can count safely on nothing—except of course that the other fellow will "do" you if he gets an opening. Just keep your eyes on him. If you have an eye in the back part of your head, too, it will be of great assistance.

Never presume on human honesty in a game of poker. It will save hard feelings, if not money. The man who is the soul of integrity in ordinary business will turn you down in a horse trade and do you up at poker without a twinge of conscience. The essence of poker skill lies in deceit—and the more deceitful you are the more likely you will be to come out ahead.

Women make good poker players, but never play any game with money in it with a woman. She can't help cheating and when you catch her at it, you can punch her in the nose or kick her out.

When a man can draw one card, with fours in hand, with exactly the same impassive countenance or expression of confidence he will wear in drawing to do badly flush, he will have almost mastered the art of poker. There is but one higher step, and that is to be able to read such a face correctly.

In poker checks or any other promise don't count. It is c. o. n.—cash on the nail. Nobody of experience of the game will trust anybody who plays it. That is to say, other than the institution. You just shake off all moral obligations and meet every man on the dead level of a common humanity. A man's check or word of honor may go for thousands in Wall street and be no good at poker. Cash is a necessary rule of the game. If you haven't cash and cash to spare, you'll better stay out of it. Better to stay out anyhow. —New York Herald.