

FAMOUS GAMESTER.

Amazing Skill of Captain John Scott at Whist.

HIS RAPID ROAD TO WEALTH.

The Winnings of the "Gentleman Gambler" at White's, in London, in the Eighteenth Century Exceeded \$5,000,000—Fox's Reckless Play.

Of all the gentlemen gamblers of the eighteenth century in England a single one is noted for the intensity and the regularity of his winnings. This was John Scott, who, beginning as a penniless captain, wound up his career as a millionaire general. In the subject of the campaigns he conducted history is silent, but contemporary London was full of talk of his marvelous luck with dice and cards, and the marital misfortunes of his later life gave more material for the gossips. Writing to Richard Bentley from Arlington street on Feb. 25, 1755, Horace Walpole says:

"The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has flung away his whole fortune at hazard. He other night lost in reckless play an immense sum to a Captain Scott, who is present has nothing but a few debts on his commission."

Sir John Bland, to conclude here the history of this luckless dicer, shot himself dead, after losing the last of his fortune, in Kippax park.

Captain John Scott was of that branch of the numerous Scott family which Sir Walter Scott was a member, and his ancestor in the thirteenth century was that famous chemist, Michael Scott, who won the name of wizard. After Scott distinguished himself in the time of Charles II. by marrying, when he was himself only fourteen years old, a lady who was three years his senior. The bride was Mary, countess of Buccleuch, in her own right the richest heiress in Scotland. The marriage was a secret one, and none of the friends and few of her family were informed of it until the day after. The youthful bridegroom did not profit greatly by this match, for his bride died thirteen. Her sister Anne, who succeeded to her titles and estates, made marriage with the pet son of Charles II., Monmouth, and had a numerous family.

It was sixty years later, or about 1750, at young Scott, son of the laird of Scott's Tarvet, entered King George's army. Two years later he was in London and in the midst of the most reckless set of spendthrifts, rakes and gamblers that English society has ever known. Sir John Bland was only one of a thousand rich young Englishmen who threw away fortunes over the gaming table at White's. The one historic loser of that era was Charles James Fox, Pitt's rival. Fox gambled away, all told, no less than \$5,000,000. Scott was the very antipodes of Fox. When he died, at a ripe old age, he left a fortune as great as that with which Fox had begun, and every penny of it had been won at the gaming table. Fox was a ripe scholar. Scott was almost illiterate. Fox said that losing was the next greatest pleasure to winning. Scott never lost or so rarely that it did not affect the serenity of his career as a winner. Fox would go home in the morning after a night in which he had gambled away £10,000 or £20,000 and immediately lose himself in a study of Sophocles or Æschylus. Scott, like the sensible fellow he was, would button his coat over the portemonnaie which he carried away winnings of an equal or even greater amount and immediately go to bed so as to be fresh for play in the evening.

When Scott found himself in London amid the wild young men of his era, he determined that gaming was his only chance of getting money. When he engaged himself to throw a series of mains with Sir John Bland, he had, as Horace Walpole puts it, "nothing but a few debts and his commission." His shrewdness taught him that there was nothing in doing, at which a stupid man has as good a chance as a bright one, and so he speedily gave up hazard and applied himself to whist, at which game fortune fights on the side of the skillful player. Never in the history of play did men gamble for such high stakes as Scott and his victims did at White's between 1753 and 1759. Scott's system was an exceedingly simple one. He gave himself the best of it in every possible way. He never went to the gaming table unless his head and his stomach were in the very best order. He never lost his composure or his good nature for an instant. He played perfectly fair and honorable game, and at first he made it a rule never to play for more than a fixed sum, which he could afford to lose. He won so readily that it wasn't long before he was prepared to risk any sum which even the wealthiest or the most reckless of his adversaries would venture to propose.

A story which illustrates capitally Scott's patience in the face of hard luck has been preserved. One night while he was at the card table news was brought to him that his wife, the late Mrs. Scott, had given birth to a child.

"Ah," he said, "I shall have to double my stakes to make a fortune for my young lady."

But in a few hours he was £2,000 to the bad. Retaining his invariable serenity, he said he was sure of his luck turning, and at 7 a. m. he went home a winner of £15,000. That's the sort of play that went on at White's night after night during the years that John Scott was winning the largest fortune ever accumulated by a gentleman gambler.

TROPICAL TITBITS.

Some of the Native Dishes That Are Served in Jamaica.

In Jamaica, as everywhere else, there are two ways to do things. There is the beaten track of the tourist to follow, with its hotels of varying excellence, conventional drives and all that sort of thing. To know the island and the allurement of its ingratiating tropical beauty, however, to appreciate the double interest of British resident customs, together with the quaint oddities of the negro native life "next to the earth," one must travel a different course. Courtesy to visitors to the island is everywhere manifest. There are native dishes that no hotel on the island can make to taste so good. There I learned the indescribable deliciousness of a properly devilled Jamaica black crab. There were served curries that would make a habitué of Delmonico's sit up and take notice—turtle, real turtle, prepared with a delicacy to delight an epicure, and native oysters that Jamaicans facetiously say "grow on trees." Tropical fruits in all their fragrance and juicy prime gave an intimation of the productive possibilities of the island. The green tinted Jamaica orange, thin of skin and richly juicy, grape fruit of superior quality, the avocado pear, oily in composition and nutty in flavor; pineapples—in Jamaica they cut them in half horizontally and eat them with a spoon—mangoes, akee, breadfruit, ochra, chocho, yams, and more yams, were there to tempt the inexperienced palate.—Travel Magazine.

THE ARKANSAS HOG.

It Can Outrun a Greyhound and Whip a Wolf or a Bear.

An esteemed contemporary gave space to the following communication from a subscriber on "The American Hog:"

"Arkansas has a greater variety of hogs and less pork and lard than any state in the Union. An average hog in Arkansas weighs about fourteen pounds dressed with its head on and about six pounds and a half with its head off. It can outrun a greyhound, jump a rail fence, climb like a parrot and live on grass roots and rabbit tracks. It hasn't much tail or bristle, but plenty of gall. It will lick a wolf or a bear in a fair fight. It is called razorback because it is shaped like a sunfish. In hunting a razorback it is always shot at sideways, for there is not a ghost of a show to hit it otherwise, any more than to shoot at a split shingle. It can drink milk out of a quart jar on account of its long, thin head. This type of razorback is known as the stone hog because its head is so heavy and its nose so long that it balances up behind. The owner of this type of hogs usually ties a stone to its tail to keep it from overbalancing and breaking its neck while running. If the stone is too heavy, it will pull the skin over its eyes, and it will go blind."

Switzerland a Modern Babel.

Switzerland, with its mixture of races and tongues, is a sort of modern Babel, a fact which causes much trouble in particular to the military authorities. At Wallenstadt the other day at the recruiting station there was a guard composed of five men. The chief was a lieutenant who spoke German only, the second a sergeant who spoke Italian only, the third a corporal who could speak French and Spanish, the fourth a private who could speak French and German, and the fifth a private who could speak French and Italian. When the lieutenant had to transmit an order to the sergeant he had to get the last named man to interpret for him. When he wanted to communicate with the corporal he had to requisition the fourth man, and so on, great delay and confusion being thus occasioned.—London News.

Shelley as a Boy.

Here is a glimpse of Shelley offered by Andrew Lang: "It seems almost incredible, but it is true, that I once knew a man who was at Eton with Shelley, who left in 1810. This was Mr. Hammond, a senior fellow of Merton college when I was an inquiring junior. About 1870 he told me all that I could extract from him about the poet. 'Shelley was not a clever boy; he never was sent up for good,' which means, I conceive, that he never did a remarkable exercise in Latin verse. Mr. Hammond added that Shelley had a habit when he was walking alone of suddenly breaking into a sprint at a hundred yards pace. That was all."

She Didn't Do It.

The family jar waxed fiercer. "You talk about my being to blame for our marrying?" shrilly exclaimed Mrs. Vick-Senn. "John Henry, did I hunt you out and make love to you?" "No!" he snorted. "But you could have given me the glassy eye and sent me about my business, and you didn't do it, madam—you didn't do it!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Gentleman.

"Supposing I decide to let you have the money, how do I know that I shall get it back at the time you mention?" asked Brown.

"I promise it, my boy, on the word of a gentleman," replied Moore.

"Ah! In that case I may think better of it. Come around this evening and bring him with you."

None Left.

"A college education," declared the enthusiastic mother, "brings out all that is good in a boy."

"Yes," retorted William's father, "and in Bill's case I wish a little of it could have stayed in."—Cleveland Press.

MALE VISITORS.

Girls Should Be Careful Before Inviting Men to Call.

It almost goes without saying that in the matter of receiving calls from young men very young girls must be guided entirely by the wishes of their parents. Girls going to school are not supposed to receive any special attention from either men or boys and are not usually permitted by their parents to receive calls from their boy friends in the evening unless perhaps upon the night preceding the school holiday, when they may see several of their young friends, girls and boys together, but rarely a boy alone.

For older girls there are really no set rules as to how and when they may invite men to call upon them. Much depends upon the manner and place of meeting. A girl does not usually ask a man whom she meets casually for the first time to call upon her. She finds it a better and safer plan to wait until she has met him several times, knows him a bit better and has decided whether or not she would care to include him among her friends. She thus avoids the possibility of placing herself in an awkward position later by being obliged to discontinue his acquaintance. Giving pain in any way is always to be avoided as bad form and showing lack of nice feeling.

On the other hand, if she meets a man at the home of some well known friend and he shows her special courtesy, such, for instance, as accompanying her to her home after the entertainment, and she realizes by his manner and apparent interest that he would like to continue her acquaintance, she may, if she finds him agreeable, invite him to call upon her or say when she is thanking him for his attention that she hopes to see him again. If he really wishes to call upon her he will undoubtedly then say so, and if he asks when she will be at home she may tell him when she is usually at home or designate, if he wishes it, a certain time. In the instance of a man and girl being introduced by mutual friends who have specially arranged the meeting through compliment alone to this man and girl, the girl should invite the man to call upon her.

Men usually call between 8 and 9 o'clock when they are making evening calls and should never remain later than 10 o'clock or, at very latest, half past 10.—Pittsburg Press.

A bedspread with the worn portions cut out and the good trimmed into shape and hemmed makes excellent towels for the children's use in the bathroom.

It is important to call in medical help if the child appears stunned for a few minutes after a fall.

If women would take more milk and less meat, their skins would grow velvet.

Be Wise

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