

## WHEN TWO STIFF PLAYERS MET.

One With Two Jacks and the Other With a Bobtail Flush.

The passing of the Crystal saloon. Gone, but not forgotten. Erected in 1798. Razed only a few days ago. The crystal saloon, which adjoined the Frear House, was for over forty years the principal and about the only rendezvous for sporting men in this city. It was the resort of such well-known men as John Morrissey, John Daly, Col. Jim Scovel, and others. Stories have been told of plays of fare when the limit was the sky, and where the checks were piled on a card as high as the ceiling.

Many good stories are told of big games played in the Crystal. One of the best is of the great poker game in which the late John Morrissey and Col. Jim Scovel were the two important players. It was nearly thirty years ago. It was a bleak December night. This was before Scovel was sent to the United States Senate by the Jerseyites, and when Morrissey was at the height of his prominence. It was a six-handed game of draw. The game had been lagging on for three hours without any excitement. Morrissey was about \$3,000 winner. Scovel was a loser of about half that much. The play which made this story came up about 2 o'clock in the morning. John was the dealer. Scovel sat to his left, and was the first man to speak. It was a \$20 "jack."

"Pass," said the big Colonel, never looking at his hand.

The next man did the same as Scovel, but the player who followed him opened it for \$120, the size of the pot. The next man stayed, the next passed, and when it came to Morrissey, he tilted it \$360. It was now Scovel's turn. There was \$820 now in the centre. Scovel was a poker player of the old school. He would lay down fours as quickly as the amateur would draw four cards to an ace when it cost \$100, and he would play a three-card flush if the pot was worth winning at all. Scovel looked at his hand when Morrissey had finished putting in the checks. He stared at John for a few moments, all the time fumbling his checks, and then in a cool way went down in his inside pocket and pulled out a large wallet.

"I'll raise you \$810," Jim said.

The man who had opened the pot saw both raises, for he sat with a nice pat straight in his hand and the next fellow put in his \$1,170. Morrissey was nonplussed when it came to him. It was at least fifteen minutes before he put in the \$810.

"I'm in so much. I might as well stay," he remarked, as he picked up the deck. "How many, Jim?"

"Three," answered Scovel, and see that they are good ones.

"Oh! I've got you beat," chirped John, as he dealt out the required number.

"I'll play these," was the answer of the man who held the pat straight.

"That's a good thing," said Morrissey, looking in a surprised way at the man.

"Give me two," was the order of the next man, and he got them.

"Well, I only want one, and I don't need it at that," remarked Morrissey, as took the top card.

The man who had opened was one of these fellows who are always afraid of a one-card draw, and he merely clipped 25 cents. The next man was there with three aces cold, and he threw a \$50 green-back in the centre. It was now Morrissey's turn. He had "skinned" his hand off two or three times.

"Five the play Scovel had been leaning back in his chair watching his opponents. The 'gallery,' which is the name used for the spectators who congregate around the table, was more excited than the players. The centre of the table was piled with pills.

"It seems like a shame," exclaimed Scovel, "but I'm going to raise you \$2,500, John," and putting the action to the word he counted off that amount in bills and threw it in the middle.

The man with the pat straight passed without hesitating, and the next with three aces concluded that his hand wasn't worth \$3,000 any more, so he, too dropped out.

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"How about splitting the pot, Jim?" asked Morrissey.

"Never," replied Scovel, "but I'll let you take your last raise out."

"Make it \$1,000," said Morrissey, "and I'll go you."

"All right," said Scovel, "what'd you have?"

"A lalla-pa-loosa," answered big John and threw his hand to Scovel. There was a jack, and the deuce, tray, four, and five of diamonds.

Scovel turned his hand over and showed the jack and ten of diamonds, queen of hearts, seven of clubs, and ace of spades. He had a solitary pair of jacks. Talk about consternation. The man who had passed with three aces made the air blue, and the pat-straight fellow fell unconscious.

Scovel tilted the house and took a cab to Albany. "If I had only thought you was bluffing," said Morrissey. "I'd have sent you to Philadelphia on a freight train."

There was \$8,071 in the pot, which Scovel won with a pair of Jacks.

### BORING FOR NATURAL STEAM.

It is a Said That It Can be Found Two Miles Down.

The deepest well in the world will soon be completed near Pittsburgh, Pa. It is now more than one mile deep, and, when finished, it may reach down two miles into the earth. It is being bored in the interest of science. The object in penetrating so deeply is to determine just what the interior of the human footstool is like. From a commercial point of view, the well was a success long ago. A comparatively few feet below the surface both gas and oil were struck in paying quantities, but the company owning the plant determined to dedicate to science, and invited Prof. William Hallock of Columbia College to carry on a series of temperature investigations as the whole is carried deeper and deeper into the earth. The results of these investigations are very interesting, and it is the opinion of several well-known scientists that the ultimate result of the boring will prove to be of widespread economic as well as of scientific value. Most significant of all the facts so far ascertained is that the well grows steadily hotter as its depth increases.

It is the intention of the company to continue the boring process until some thing entirely new and original is developed. This may seem a crude way of putting the statement, but it has long been a theory among well-men that if it is possible to go deep enough, some new geologic condition or economic feature would be found to exist. At the very least they claim natural steam would be encountered, or the well-walls would finally become so hot that water could be pumped down cold and pumped up in the form of steam, and thus the natural power of the future be obtained. At any rate, there is material for much speculation and the interest becomes greater in increased ratio as the drill descends, and a startling event is expected to happen almost any day. One remarkable feature of the well is that the gas found near the surface is now used to operate the powerful engines which do the drilling. Thus the natural power already issuing from the well is utilized for the purpose of deepening it.

### USEFUL TATTOOING.

It Would be Very Useful in Many Cases for Identification.

Why should we not all of us be identified from youth upward by a tattooed mark? ask the Boston Home Journal. Men who travel have often found difficulty in getting checks cashed in strange places and women who entertain are frequently taken in by "distinguished guests," who prove to be any persons except the distinguished ones expected. A tattoo mark, registered somewhere and placed on record so as not to be imitated without punishment from the law, would be every bit as useful on human beings as the brand is on cattle.

Human beings, when disassociated from their usual attire and surroundings are distinguished from each other with even more difficulty than attends the picking out of a particular cow or horse from a large number. It was Thomas Hughes who declared that a man would refuse to recognize his best friend if the latter was set down in ragged clothing at the street crossing—and he was right. Men escape justice easily by just such simple devices as shaving the mustache or growing a beard, and the lady in stageland who isn't recognized by her own family merely because she puts

on a different dress is not unknown in real life. A Philadelphia man has been discovered with his name and address tattooed on his arm, and he takes great pleasure in getting checks cashed at banks where he is unknown by merely exhibiting his arm.

Properly arranged, the name and address of a fair debutante, with her family crest and a few incidentals added, would not disguise her above-glove arm, and similar markings would be very useful for all the boys who went in for athletics, and who desired to be known to the world than was possible through letters pinned on the back and bound to blow off during the first bit of wind.

### HOW HE GOT A STORY.

A Chicago Newspaper Man's Pursuit of One That Has Not Been Printed in Detail.

The other evening the head of the news staff of a local daily was standing in front of the Palmer House. An elegantly dressed young woman suddenly stopped before him, and with evident embarrassment inquired the way to the Casino. The direction was given and the newspaper man added that the place was closed.

"Closed?" echoed the woman in surprise. "Yes; it hasn't been open for several months."

"Oh, well," she continued, "I guess it is all right, anyway. I am a stranger in the city; a gentleman and his wife from New York asked me to meet them at 8 o'clock in front of the Casino to go to the theatre. I supposed we were going to the Casino. My friends evidently are going to some other theatre and asked me to meet them where they thought would be most convenient for me."

She thanked him and gave him a smile which he remembered afterward, and passed on. A minute later the newspaper man threw away the remnant of his cigar. A bit of ashes, caught by the wind, fell upon his coat lapel. In brushing it off his hand accidentally touched his cravat. The scarf-pin which had nestled there a moment before was gone.

"It wasn't worth a dollar, anyway," he said to himself consolingly, "and she's welcome to it; but I'd like to know how she did it. There's a great story in that woman if I could only find her again and make her talk."

His intended visit to the theatre was given up forthwith, and he began patrolling the downtown streets in search for that story. An hour later he came face to face with the woman he was looking for. She evidently had seen him first, but she made no attempt to avoid him.

"I want you," he said bluntly. She laughed. "Well," she said, "I suppose all of us sometimes want what we can't get."

"And some of us," he said, "it seems, help ourselves to what we want."

"Oh, did you miss it, really?" she asked, smiling like a houri. "I couldn't help taking it, you know; really I couldn't. But it wasn't worth keeping, after all. You'll find it in your left-handed overcoat pocket."

And he did. "Come," he said, "there's a restaurant across the street. I owe you a dinner."

When the last particle of the broiled lobster had been washed down and she had told told a fairy story which he mentally concluded would make at least a column they arose to go.

"Do you know," she said, "you were pretty lucky to night? Well you were. When I was talking to you on the street I tried for your watch. Your coat was buttoned, and it covered the pocket so tightly that I couldn't get the watch without your noticing it. 'See,' she continued, pointing to his tightly buttoned cutaway, 'I couldn't get my hand under there without your knowing it. Notice how tight the coat is over that pocket. There's a pointer for you—always keep your coat buttoned in a crowd. Then you're safe."

The newspaper man offered to escort his companion to her hotel. She declined. He insisted. She hailed a passing hansom, jumped in, and was whirled away. He lighted another cigar and strolled toward the theatre. He wondered if he would be in time to see the second act.

What he said when he reached for his watch couldn't be printed.—Chicago Times Herald.

### Music in a Bicycle.

I know a young man who, in cleaning his wheel a day or two ago, struck one of the spokes in such a way that it emitted a clear tone, and on a little investigation he was able to find six spokes that furnished as many notes of an octave. The other two notes were missing, but might have been easily secured by tightening or loosening other spokes. As it was, he was able to play a few simple airs, either in whole or in part.

### Uncooked Rice for the Complexion.

The wholesale eating of uncooked rice, which is supposed to insure a good complexion, appears to be the latest idea among fashionable women. These unfortunate individuals, however, would do well to bear in mind the fact that the result of eating raw rice is an aræmic condition, and that the ghastly whiteness of a person suffering from aræmia is far from being fascinating or desirable to gaze upon.—London Figaro.

### A Chance in a Life Time.

He got his first coupon last week. We will give it to you. Start now on the 30 to get the shirt. We dye and clean in 3 days only, at Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works. Phone 58.

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### A STRONG DEFENCE.

He was Told to Help Himself and Took the First Chance.

Justice (to colored prisoner)—"You plead innocent of the charge of theft, and yet you were caught with two of Mr. Pankinseed's chickens in your possession. How do you explain the circumstance?"

C. P.—"De 'cumstance is easy 'nuff to splain, yer honor. I took de chickens by permission."

Justice—"How's that? You don't mean to say he gave them to you?"

C. P.—"Well, not 'zactly, but sumphen 'quivalent, yer honor. Yer see, it was dis way; I asks de gent'lman to gib some 'istance to a po' nigger out ob a job, an' he say, 'I ain't goin' to help any beggar, but I's willin' enough to help a man to help himself.' I says, 'Dat's all I want, massa, a chance to help mesself.' Well, just den he steps 'side de barn, an' I was left alone 'side de chicken-coop, so I takes de fust chance he gibs me to help mesself, an' dat's how I comes in 'pession ob de chickens. Dar wa'n't no 't'bout it, yer honor."—Brooklyn Life.

### AN ABANDONED MOUNTAIN MINE.

One Man Made a Fortune out of it Forty Years Ago.

Far up on the left shoulder of Bald Mountain is the old Higgenbottom mine. It is an old mine, so old and so long abandoned that even local tradition concerning it is very hazy. There is an old trail leading down from it, dim and hardly traceable, bearing easterly and north around Black Top, and out over Ni Wot hill. Over this trail, it is said, ore came down, hundreds of tons of it, and by ox teams was dragged over the rough country thirty miles to the smelter at Central City. In those days it cost \$60 a ton to smelt ore, \$60 more to freight it in, \$10 to pack it down the trail, \$20 to mine it, and yet they say this old Higgenbottom made a fortune from the mine and lived in affluence all his remaining days. All this was forty years ago, while yet Denver was a sheep pasture, and the great mines like the Ni Wot, Utica, Dew Drop and Star, that have since made the reputation of Ward, were undreamed of. All these years the old mine, despite its traditions, has lain untouched, high up among the almost perpetual snows, its shaft house of logs standing stiffly against the winds and its old shaft filled to the collar with perpetual ice. Few people visit it. Few people even know of its existence, and it is only recently that your correspondent went upon the ground, for rumor has it that the old mine is to be brought to life. It is a slightly spot; behind it rises the snowy range, before it the endless foothills, merging into the plain. There is something impressive in its splendid isolation. To the east and north Ward nestles far below, while directly before in perfect descending line are the many dumps marking the projected course of the great Adit tunnel, at whose mouth Camp Frances seems to stand, like a cluster of hives. Elsewhere nothing of life—snow, endless snow, and limitless waste of mountain.—Denver Times.

### Game Counter.

An improved baseball score-card has a middle plate, to which are secured a series of circular revolvable discs, with printed matter, and a front plate provided with openings, so arranged as to show any desired disc, one side of the card showing the errors, two and three-base hits and home runs of both teams, the other side showing the one-base hits of both teams and also recording the innings played, number of balls pitched for each player, number of strikes and the men out of each side at any time during the inning.

### The Usual Way.

"Will you kindly hand these little things to the editor? What is the usual way? I've never done any work for the paper before."

Office Boy—Well, the usual way is just to leave them, and then come round in a day or two again—and get them back.

### Hands Off!

In connection with the recent death of Blondin, the greatest of funambulists, it is recalled that President Lincoln once made use of him for one of his characteristically apt illustrations. To a fault-finding delegation that visited him, Mr. Lincoln said:

Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had to put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara Falls on a rope would you shake the cable, or keep shouting to him, 'Blondin stand up a little straighter! Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean a little more to the south? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over.

### Easily Enough.

Determination accomplishes a good deal, and the student in the following incident, taken from an exchange, was determined to reply.

"Mr. Gibbons," said the teacher of the class in rhetoric, "point out the absurdity in this figure of speech: 'At this time the Emperor Frederick hatched out a scheme,' etc."

"It seems to me all right," replied the young man, after some reflection. "It does? Explain, if you please, how he could have 'hatched out a scheme.'"

"Well, he might have had his mind set on it."

### Animals are Left-Handed.

Somebody has found out that animals are left-handed—if the expression may be used about creatures that have no hands. Several different zoologists have noticed this condition. Parrots take objects preferably with the left claw, the lion strikes with the left paw and so competent an authority as Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, asserted that in his opinion all animals are left-handed.—Orange Journal.

### Where It Went.

Old Party—Why are you crying, my little man?

The Little Man—Please, sir, I—I—lostn—me ball.

Old Party—Well, well; don't cry. Here's a quarter to buy another. Now tell me where you lost it?

The Little Man—Please, sir, troo de font winder of yer house, sir.

### A Promise.

"It is customary to remember the waiter, sir," said the waiter, as the guest was about to take his leave without feeling him.

"Oh, rest easy, said the guest. I shall not forget you. Next time I come I shall have another waiter, or I lunch elsewhere."

"You seem so cheerful when you have to move, Mrs. D'gs."

"Yes; such a lot of our ugly wedding presents always get broken."

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